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THE

PLAYS

OF

PHILIP MASSINGER,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

HAUD TAMEN INVIDEAS VATI QUEM PULPITA PASCUNT.

43723

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

THE CITY MADAM.
THE GUARDIAN.
A VERY WOMAN.
THE BASHFUL LOVER.
THE OLD LAW.

LL-b-9

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; PAYNE; BARKER; CADELL AND DAVIES; MILLER; EVANS; MAWMAN; AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND CO.

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1805.

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Mas/Pla
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THE

CITY MADAM.

THE CITY MADAM.] This "Comedy," of which it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, May 25th, 1632, and acted by the king's company.

"The plot, the business, the conduct, and the language of the piece," as *the Companion to the Playhouse* justly observes, "are all admirable;" yet I do not know that it was ever revived till the year 1771, when the late Mr. Love made some changes in it, and procured it to be acted at Richmond.

Mr. Waldron, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, is in possession of a very old alteration of this Play, in which, as usual, not only the titles, but the names of the dramatis personæ are changed. I have looked through it, but can find nothing to commend: it is called *the Cure of Pride*.

The City Madam was received, as the quarto says, with great applause; it was, however, kept in the players' hands till 1659*, when it was given to the press by Andrew Pennycuicke, one of the actors.

* This is the date of all the copies which I have seen, with the exception of one, that lately fell into my hands: this has the year 1658 on the title-page. It was probably thrown off in 1658-9.

TO

The truly Noble and Virtuous

LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD.*

HONOURED LADY,

IN that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises, it is commendation enough to call it MASSINGER'S; *if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,*

Madam,

your most humble servant,

ANDREW PENNYCUICKE.

* Daughter of Paul Viscount Binning, and wife of Aubrey de Vere Earl of Oxford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lacy.
Sir John Frugal,* *a merchant.*
Sir Maurice Lacy,* *son to lord* Lacy.
Mr. Plenty, *a country gentleman.*
Luke Frugal, *brother to sir* John.
Goldwire *senior*, } *two gentlemen.*
Tradewell *senior*, }
Goldwire *junior*, } *their sons, apprentices to sir*
Tradewell *junior*, } John Frugal.
Stargaze, *an astrologer.*
Hoyst, *a decayed gentleman.*
Fortune, } *decayed merchants.*
Penury, }
Holdfast, *steward to sir* John Frugal.
Ramble, } *two hectors.*
Scuffle, }
Ding'em, *a pimp.*
Gettall, *a box-keeper.*†
Page, Sheriff, Marshal, Serjeants.

Lady Frugal.
Anne, } *her daughters.*
Mary, }
Milliscent, *her woman.*
Shave'em, *a courtezan.*
Secret, *a bawd.*

Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians, Porters, Servants.

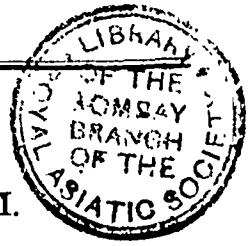
SCENE, London.

* In the old list of dramatis personæ these two characters are named Sir John Rich and Sir John Lacy, notwithstanding the former is called Sir John *Frugal* in every part of the play, and the latter Sir *Maurice* Lacy, in the only two places in which his christian name is mentioned.

† Gettall, *a box-keeper.*] Or, as we say now, *Caster* to a gambling-house.

THE

CITY MADAM.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter GOLDWIRE *junior and* TRADEWELL *junior.*

Gold. The ship is safe in the Pool then?
Trade. And makes good,
In her rich fraught, the name she bears, *the Speedwell:*
My master will find it; for, on my certain knowledge,
For every hundred that he ventured in her
She hath return'd him five.
Gold. And it comes timely;
For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.
Trade. Who? Nan and Mall?
Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition,
Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Than *scandalum magnatum.*

Trade. 'Tis great pity
Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.
Gold. The want of one,
Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,
With hopes above their birth, and scale: their dreams are
Of being made countesses; and they take state
As they were such already. When you went
To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:
There are few great ladies going to a mask
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.
Trade. 'Tis strange, my master, in his wisdom, can
Give the reins to such exorbitance.
Gold. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home:
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured
For his indulgence, and, for sir John Frugal,
By some styled sir John Prodigal.
Trade. Is his brother,
Master Luke Frugal, living?
Gold. Yes; the more
His misery, poor man!
Trade. Still in the counter?
Gold. In a worse place. He was redeem'd from the hole,

To live, in our house, in hell;[1] since, his base usage
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady
Admits him to her table, marry, ever
Beneath the salt,[2] and there he sits the subject
Of her contempt and scorn; and, dinner ended,
His courteous nieces find employment for him

[1] ——— *He was redeem'd from the* hole,
To live, in our house, in hell;] This passage alludes to a pastime called Barley-brake. M. MASON.

Never did so strange a conceit enter mortal head. What is there in the miserable situation of Luke that could possibly put Goldwire, or rather Mr. M. Mason, in mind of a pastime? The *hole* was one of the wretched departments of a gaol, in which prisoners, who could not afford to pay for better accommodations, were obliged to take up their residence. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers. Thus Wilkins: Can it "accord with the state of gentry to submit myself from the feather-bed in the master's side, or the flock-bed in the knights' ward, to the straw-bed in the *hole?*" *Miseries of inforced Marriage.*

Hell was a spot yet more wretched than the *hole:*

"For in the lowest deep, a lower deep
"Still threaten'd to devour."

It was a cant name for the darkest part of the *hole*, or for an obscure dungeon in some of our prisons, for which the former appellation appeared too favourable a term. Thus in *the Counter-rat*, 1658:

"In Wood-street's *hole*, or Poultry's *hell.*"

And to this sense of the word Goldwire alludes. The counter, from the *hole* of which Luke *was redeemed*, stood in Wood-street.

[2] ——— *marry, ever*
Beneath the salt,] Thus Cartwright:

"——— Where you are best esteem'd
"You only pass under the favourable name
"Of humble cousins that sit *beneath the salt.*"
Love's Convert.

And see Vol. I. p. 170.

Massinger generally opens his plots with great ingenuity; but here he is particularly happy. We are at once admitted into the interior of the merchant's family, and prepared for the conduct of the different branches of it, before they appear, by a dialogue as natural as it is easy and unforced.

Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman,
And not an uncle.
Trade. I wonder, being a scholar
Well read, and travell'd, the world yielding means
For men of such desert, he should endure it.
Gold. He does, with a strange patience; and to us,
The servants, so familiar, nay humble!

Enter STARGAZE, *Lady* FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLISCENT, *in several postures, with looking-glasses at their girdles.*[3]

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these
Like a citizen's wife and daughters?
Trade. In their habits
They appear other things: but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?
Gold. The young wagtails
Expect their suitors: the first, the son and heir
Of the lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,
As his daughter does his honour; the second, Mr. Plenty,

[3] ——— *with* looking-glasses at their girdles.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that it was customary, not only for ladies, but for gentlemen, to carry mirrors about them. The former, we see, wore them at their girdles. Thus Jonson:

"I confess all, I replied,
"And the *glass hangs by her side*,
"And the girdle 'bout her waist,
"All is Venus, save unchaste." *Underwoods.*

The latter, I hope, like the fine gentlemen of the present day, kept them in their pockets:—and yet there are instances of their displaying them as ostentatiously as the vainest of the fair sex. Thus Jonson again:

"Where is your page? call for your casting bottle, and place *your mirror in your hat*, as I told you." *Cynthia's Revels.*

A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate; and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.
L. Frug. You have done your parts here:
To your study, and be curious in the search
Of the nativities. [*Exit Stargaze.*
Trade. Methinks the mother,
As if she could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curiosity,[4] to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.
Gold. Keeps the first place;
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her
Than if they tax'd her honesty: t'other day
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,
But one she never saw, being brought before her,
For saying only, *Good young mistress, help me*
To the speech of your lady-mother, so far pleased her,
That he got his lease renew'd for't.
Trade. How she bristles!
Prithee, observe her.
Mill. As I hope to see
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you
When you are a countess, as you may be one
When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I, continuing
Your principal woman, take the upper hand
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must
By the place you give me; you look now as young
As when you were married.
L. Frug. I think I bear my years well.

[4] *Nay curiosity, to appear lovely,*] *Curiosity* here, as in many other passages of these plays, signifies scrupulous attention, anxiety, &c.

Mill. Why should you talk of years? Time hath not plough'd
One furrow in your face; and were you not known
The mother of my young[5] ladies, you might pass
For a virgin of fifteen.
Trade. Here's no gross flattery!
Will she swallow this?
Gold. You see she does, and glibly.
Mill. You never can be old; wear but a mask
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
In your other parts. What a waist is here? O Venus!
That I had been born a king! and here a hand
To be kiss'd ever;—pardon my boldness, madam.
Then, for a leg and foot you will be courted
When a great grandmother.
L. Frug. These, indeed, wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face;
Their comeliness lasts longer.
Mill. Ever, ever!
Such a rare featured and proportion'd madam
London could never boast of.
L. Frug. Where are my shoes?
Mill. Those that your ladyship gave order
Should be made of the Spanish perfumed skins?
L. Frug. The same.

[5] *The mother of* my young *ladies,*] So the old copy; the modern editors, in compassion to the author's *irregularities*, have reformed his text, and printed, *The mother of* these *ladies:* in the preceding line too, they have interposed their aid, and removed the copulative! Seriously, these impertinent deviations cannot be too strongly reprobated. Massinger's ear was so exquisitely touched, that I could almost venture to affirm he never made use of his ten fingers in the construction of a single verse; and his bungling editors, therefore, who try his poetry by such coarse mechanism, will more frequently injure his sense, than improve his metre.

Mill. I sent the prison-bird this morning for them,
But he neglects his duty.
Anne. He is grown
Exceeding careless.
Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle!
L. Frug. He is your slave,
And as such use him.
Anne. Willingly; but he's grown
Rebellious, madam
Gold. Nay, like hen, like chicken.
L. Frug. I'll humble him.

Enter LUKE, *with shoes, garters, fans, and roses.*

Gold. Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shews like a walking frippery.[6]
L. Frug. Very good, sir:
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you?

[6] *He shews like a walking* frippery.] A *frippery* is an old-clothes shop; the word is pure French, but occurs in most of our ancient dramatists:

"If I carry——any lady of the laundry,
"Chambering or wantonness behind my gelding,
"With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
"As if I were a *running frippery*,
"I'll give them leave," &c. *Wit without Money.*

The *roses* mentioned among the articles brought by Luke, were not the flowers of that name, but knots of ribands to be fixed on the shoes: it appears from old paintings, and, indeed, from the description of them in various authors, that they were of a preposterous size. Thus Jonson:

"Service! 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
"Till I had view'd his shoes well, for these *roses*
"*Were big enough* to hide a cloven foot." *Devil's an Ass.*

Luke. Drunk, an't please you!
L. Frug. Drunk, I said, sirrah! dar'st thou in a look
Repine, or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
(Thy patrimony spent,) ragged, and lousy,
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat,[7]
Were your festival-exceedings! and is this
So soon forgotten?
Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, madam.
L. Frug. And good reason why
You should continue so.
Anne. Who did new clothe you?
Mary. Admitted you to the dining-room?
Mill. Allow'd you
A fresh bed in the garret?
L. Frug. Or from whom
Received you spending money?
Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

[7] *When the sheriff's* basket, &c.] "The poorer sort of prisoners," says Stowe, "as well in this counter, as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the *sheriff's table* of all the *broken* bread and meat." B. III. p. 51.
For *festival-exceedings*, see Vol. III. p. 211.

Gold. Here was a walk
To breathe a footman!
Anne. 'Tis a curious fan.
Mary. These roses will shew rare: would 'twere in fashion
That the garters might be seen too!
Mill. Many ladies
That know they have good legs, wish the same with you;
Men that way have the advantage.
Luke. I was with
The lady, and delivered her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;
This night she vows she'll pay you.
[*Aside to Goldwire.*
Gold. How I am bound
To your favour, master Luke!
Mill. As I live, you will
Perfume all rooms you walk in.
L. Frug. Get your fur,[8]
You shall pull them on within. [*Exit Luke.*
Gold. That servile office
Her pride imposes on him.
Sir John. [*within.*] Goldwire! Tradewell!
Trade. My master calls. We come, sir.
[*Exeunt Goldwire and Tradewell.*

Enter HOLDFAST, *with Porters.*

L. Frug. What have you brought there?
Hold. The cream o'the market;
Provision enough to serve a garrison.
I weep to think on't: when my master got
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,

[8] L. Frug. *Get your* fur,] To put under her feet while he tried on her shoes. M. MASON.

And necks of beef on Sundays.——
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;
Butcher's-meat will not go down.
L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it
At your expense? what cooks have you provided?
Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought at my lord mayor's.
Anne. Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane, and Pie-corner.
Mary. And think the happiness of man's life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.
L. Frug. I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver:
Hold. You may want, though,
A dish or two when the service ends.
L. Frug. Leave prating;
I'll have my will: do you as I command you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street before Frugal's *House.*

Enter Sir MAURICE LACY *and* Page.

Sir Maur. You were with Plenty?
Page. Yes, sir.
Sir Maur. And what answer
Return'd the clown?
Page. Clown, sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition;[9]

[9] *And grown a gallant* of the last edition;] i. e. of the newest fashion. It was the application of this common phrase to Edwards (who misunderstood it) which provoked that gentleman so highly against Warburton.

More rich than gaudy in his habit; yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,
Of his two daughters, had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,
He smiled in scorn.

Sir Maur. In scorn!

Page. His words confirm'd it;
They were few, but to this purpose: *Tell your master,*
Though his lordship in reversion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,
And will not yield, in the way of affection,
Precedence to him: I will visit them,
Though he sate porter to deny my entrance:
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.
Deliver thou this: then gave me a piece,
To help my memory, and so we parted.

Sir Maur. Where got he this spirit?

Page. At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers; where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter PLENTY *and three Servants.*

Sir Maur. You, sir!

Plenty. What with me, sir?
How big you look! I will not loose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move mine;

Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out; though I keep not
A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew
A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs,[1] 'tis scurvy,
And the women will laugh at us.

Sir Maur. You presume
On the protection of your hinds.

Plenty. I scorn it:
Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a footman and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,
And clothe them too, my gay sir.

Sir Maur. What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!

Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary,
I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgive it!
I have other faults, too, very incident
To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison
With my neighbours in the country, and present not
My pheasants, partridges, and growse to the usurer;
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.

[1] *Work for shopkeepers and their* clubs,] See Vol. II. p. 140.

I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too
As are not encumber'd; no annuity
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,
An it please your future honour, and why, therefore,
You should forbid my being suitor with you,
My dullness apprehends not.

Page. This is bitter.

Sir Maur. I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shewn
Too much of the stoick. But to parley further,
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.
This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher,[a]
And his son a grazier; thy sire, constable
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,
You and your thrashers.

Plenty. Stir not, on your lives.
This for the grazier,—this for the butcher.
[*They fight.*

Sir Maur. So, sir!

Page. I'll not stand idle; draw my little rapier
Against your bumb blades; I'll one by one dispatch you,
Then house this instrument of death and horrour.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, LUKE, GOLDWIRE *junior, and* TRADEWELL *junior.*

Sir John. Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffian's hall!
What insolence is this?

[a] *This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher*, &c.] Massinger did not intend Lacy for a fool, and yet his reply to the high-spirited and characteristick speech of his competitor savours strongly of fatuity. It must be confessed that the young gentleman is warm, yet he should not, for that, have adopted the language and sentiments of a fishwoman.

Luke. Noble sir Maurice,
Worshipful master Plenty—
Sir John. I blush for you.
Men of your quality expose your fame
To every vulgar censure! this at midnight,
After a drunken supper in a tavern,
(No civil man abroad to censure it,)[3]
Had shewn poor in you; but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by, monstrous!
Plenty. Very well, sir;
You look'd for this defence.
Sir Maur. 'Tis thy protection;
But it will deceive thee.
Sir John. Hold, if you proceed thus,
I must make use of the next justice' power,
And leave persuasion; and in plain terms tell you,

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLISCENT.

Neither your birth, sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it! can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swords? i'the street too?
Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace: he that draws back, parts with
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] This is as it should be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathize with yours, they shall not come,

[3] *No* civil *man abroad*] No citizen, or perhaps, no man invested with civil authority. See Vol. II. p. 215.

On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Sir Maur. May I have the honour
To support you, lady? [*To Anne.*

Plenty. I know not what's supporting,
But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.
[*To Mary.*

[*Exeunt all but Luke.*

Enter HOYST, PENURY, *and* FORTUNE.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I will help you
To the speech of my brother.

For. Have you moved him for us?

Luke. With the best of my endeavours, and I hope
You'll find him tractable.

Pen. Heaven grant he prove so!

Hoyst. Howe'er, I'll speak my mind.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Do so, master Hoyst.
Go in: I'll pay my duty to this lord,
And then I am wholly yours.
[*Exeunt Hoyst, Penury, and Fortune.*
Heaven bless your honour!

L. Lacy. Your hand, master Luke: the world's much changed with you
Within these few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear

For those follies, my good lord; and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.
Your honour, in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses
Too late repented.

L. Lacy. I nor do, nor will;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes; how deals your brother with you?

Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for't.
I am a freeman, all my debts discharged,
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty's a blessing to me;
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever lived till now.

L. Lacy. You bear it well;
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whose ruins he builds upon.

Luke. In that, report
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his heap, and will not lose
What the law gives him: such as are worldly wise
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet.[4]
But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you

[4] ——— *or they will ne'er wear* scarlet.] i. e. never rise to city honours. Our old writers have innumerable allusions to the *scarlet* gowns of the mayors and aldermen of London.

Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men, whose making, or undoing,
Depends upon his pleasure.[5]
L. Lacy. To my wish:
I know no object that could more content me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Counting-room in Frugal's *House.*

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, HOYST, FORTUNE, PENURY, *and* GOLDWIRE *junior.*

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a chair.
When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel;
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.
Hoy. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,
For as I am a gentleman——

Re-enter LUKE, *behind, with Lord* LACY.

Luke. There you may hear all.
Hoy. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value:
Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries.

[5] The old copy has a marginal direction here, to *set out a table, count book, standish, chair and stool.* Nothing can more fully demonstrate the poverty of our ancient theatres, than these hints to the property-man. Of what we now call *scenery*, there is not the slightest indication in any of these dramas; what was the street before the merchant's house, is converted, by simply thrusting forward a table, into a counting-room: Luke and lord Lacy go out, the others take their places, and then the former two re-enter behind them.

And a livery punk or so, and trade not with
The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me:
'Tis a hard case; you must give me longer day,
Or I shall grow very angry.
Sir John. Fret, and spare not.
I know no obligation lies upon me
With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose,
How much owes Penury?
Gold. Two hundred pounds:
His bond three times since forfeited.
Sir John. Is it sued?
Gold. Yes, sir, and execution out against him.
Sir John. For body and goods?
Gold. For both, sir.
Sir John. See it served.
Pen. I am undone; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.
Sir John. More infidel thou,
In not providing better to support them.
What's Fortune's debt?
Gold. A thousand, sir.
Sir John. An estate
For a good man! You were the glorious trader,
Embraced all bargains; the main venturer
In every ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife
As a lady; she had her caroch, her choice
Of summer-houses, built with other men's monies
Ta'en up at interest, the certain road
To Ludgate in a citizen.[6] Pray you acquaint me,
How were my thousand pounds employ'd?
For. Insult not

[6] ——— *the certain road*
To Ludgate *in a citizen.*] This prison was anciently appropriated to the freemen of the city, and to clergymen: it is, says

On my calamity; though, being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.

Sir John. Suppose this true,
What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.

For. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

Luke. [*comes forward.*] Not as a brother, sir, but with such duty,
As I should use unto my father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.

Sir John. What would you say?

Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is or should be contemn'd, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are

the Companion for Debtors, (a book of Massinger's age,) the best prison about London, both in regard to its endowment and government.

Divided from them, is, that you are styled,
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others miseries, (I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable.
Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.
Luke. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability, and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your [thankful] debtors' breath,[8]
Shall every where, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others
Brought under their subjection.
L. Lacy. A rare fellow!
I am strangely taken with him.
Luke. Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,[7]

[8] *In the garments of your* [thankful,] *debtors' breath*] A foot is wanting in the former editions. I do not flatter myself that the genuine word was that which is here enclosed between brackets, though it was not improbably somewhat similar to it.

[7] *The goods of this poor man sold at an* outcry,] i. e. at a publick auction. So Jonson:

"Their houses and fine gardens given away,
"And all their goods, under the spear, at *outcry*." *Catiline.*

Again,

"Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
"And only virtue made it, not the market,
"That titles were not vented at the *drum*,
"Or common *outcry*." *The New Inn.*

His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate,
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?
Hoy. If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will damn him,
If he be not converted.
Luke. You are too violent.——
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge, (pray you pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement,) in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offered; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
L. Lacy. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.
Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?
Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
Sir John. How, my good brother?
Luke. By making these your beadsmen.[9] When they eat,

[9] Luke. *By making these your* beadsmen.] *Beadsmen* is pure Saxon, and means prayersmen i. e. such as are engaged, in consequence of past or present favours, to pray for their benefactors.

Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests, and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.
Sir John. No more.
Luke. Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you everywhere.
Sir John. If this could be—
Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich,
In being the instrument.
Sir John. You shall prevail;
Give them longer day: but, do you hear, no talk of't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time,
But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar;
Drink a health, and thank your orator.
Pen. On our knees, sir.
For. Honest master Luke!
Hoy. I bless the counter, where
You learn'd this rhetorick.
Luke. No more of that, friends.
[*Exeunt Luke, Hoyst, Fortune, and Penury.*
Lord Lacy comes forward.
Sir John. My honourable lord.
L. Lacy. I have seen and heard all,

The name was formerly given with great propriety to the inhabitants of alms-houses, and in general, to the objects of our publick charities.

Excuse my manners, and wish heartly
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your debtors
I do commend; but where you should express
Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you
You shew yourself an atheist.
Sir John. Make me know
My errour, and for what I am thus censured,
And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty cause.
L. Lacy. It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.
Sir John. Is that all?
L. Lacy. 'Tis more
Than can admit defence. You keep him as
A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife; an underling
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?
Sir John. Pray you, take me with you;
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on him,
And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.
L. Lacy. You could not do less.
Sir John. Was I bound to it, my lord?
What I possess I may with justice call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposure?
L. Lacy. I would have you,

What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.
Sir John. Outward gloss
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him!
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,
And what trust, or employment you think fit,
Shall be conferr'd upon him: if he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.
L. Lacy. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Frugal's *House.*

Enter LUKE, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE *junior, and* TRADEWELL *junior.*

Hold. The like was never seen.
Luke. Why in this rage, man?
Hold. Men may talk of country-christmasses, and court-gluttony,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the carcases
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's.
Trade. What dear dainty
Was it thou murmur'st at?

Hold. Did you not observe it?
There were three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made
Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that dress'd it
Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.
Gold. Yet all this
Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.
Hold. I am rather
Starved to look on't. But here's the mischief—though
The dishes were raised one upon another,
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd
To furnish out a banquet;[1] yet my lady
Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out,
There was nothing worth the eating.

[1] ——————— *most of the shops*
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd
To furnish out a banquet;] A *banquet* was what we now call a *dessert*; it was composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c.:

" ——————— your citizen
" Is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plumbs;
" Six will destroy as many as might make
" A *banquet* for an army." *The Wits.*

The *banquet* was usually placed in a separate room, to which the guests removed as soon as they had dined: thus, in *the Unnatural Combat*, Beaufort says:

" We'll *dine* in the great room, but let the musick
" And *banquet* be prepared here."

The common place of banqueting, or of eating the dessert, among our ancestors, was the garden-house, or arbour, with which almost every dwelling was once furnished: to this Shallow

Gold. You must have have patience,
This is not done often.
Hold. 'Tis not fit it should;
Three such dinners more would break an alderman,
And make him give up his cloak: I am resolved
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accompts,
And since my master longs to be undone,
The great fiend be his steward; I will pray,
And bless myself from him! [*Exit.*
Gold. The wretch shews in this
An honest care.
Luke. Out on him! with the fortune
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now
Busy on all hands; one side eager for
Large portions, the other arguing strictly
For jointures and security; but this
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look! in the mean time, how intend you
To spend the hours?
Gold. We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our wills.
Trade. Being prentices,
We are bound to attendance.
Luke. Have you almost served out
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience
By starts to use your liberty! Hast thou traded
[*To Tradewell.*

alludes in a simple passage, which has had a great deal of impertinent matter written to confound it:

Shal. "Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, *in an arbour*, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways," (a small kind of comfit,) "and so forth."
Henry IV. Part II.

In the other world,* exposed unto all dangers,
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure?
Or wilt thou, [*To Goldw.*] being keeper of the cash,
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
Of gentry in you? you are no mechanicks,
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
His every-day takings: you have in your keeping
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at you poverty of spirit; you,
The brave sparks of the city!

Gold. Master Luke,
I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What misery follows riot.

Trade. And the penance
You endured for't in the counter.

Luke. You are fools,
The case is not the same; I spent mine own money,
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon wasted;
But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,
If cautelous, may make bold with your master's.
As, for example, when his ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty;
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,
A piece of each deducted from the gross
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

Trade. Ay, but our fathers' bonds, that lie in pawn
For our honesties, must pay for't.

* *In the* other world] i.e. the East Indies, from whence, as the first scene informs us, Tradewell was just returned.

Luke. A mere bugbear,
Invented to fright children! As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing lechery it is to enter
An ordinary, cap-à-pié, trimm'd like a gallant,
For which in trunks conceal'd be ever furnish'd;
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd pockets,
Commands from the attendants, and poor porters——

Trade. O rare!

Luke. Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrents from all corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure them; the city wits
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them;
Judgment having nought to do there.

Trade. Admirable!

Luke. My lord no sooner shall rise out of his chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant; drink your health as freely,
And striking in a lucky hand or two,
Buy out your time.

Trade. This may be; but suppose
We should be known?

Luke. Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible. Or, if
You love a madam-punk, and your wide nostril
Be taken with the scent of cambrick smocks,
Wrought and perfumed——

Gold. There, there, master Luke,
There lies my road of happiness!
Luke. Enjoy it.
And pleasures stolen being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a coach
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.
Gold. 'Tis enchanting,
I have proved it.
Luke. Hast thou?
Gold. Yes, in all these places
I have had my several pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten-pound suppers
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night
The shaking of the sheets, which I have danced
Again and again with my cockatrice:—master Luke,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn brothers;
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.
Trade. Is't possible?
Luke. You can instruct your tutor.
How, how, good Tom?
Gold. Why, look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions: I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest; and, when they want,
As my master's monies come in I do repay it:
Ka me, ka thee![2]

[2] *Ka me, ka thee!*] This, I believe, is a Scotish proverb, and means, indulge, or serve me, and I'll serve thee in my turn. It is not uncommon in our old dramas. Thus in *Ram-Alley*:

"*Ka me, ka thee*, one thing must rub another."

Again, in *Eastward Hoe*:

"Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee for thy couzenage. *Ka me, ka thee*, runs through court and country."

Luke. An excellent knot! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloosed; for me it shall not.
You are shewn the way, friend Tradewell, you may make use on't,
Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company
With the cater,[3] Holdfast.
Trade. No, I am converted.
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then, a crash at the ordinary!
Gold. I am for
The lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.
Luke. Go to, Tom;
What did you make me?
Gold. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.
Luke. If you are enquired for
I will excuse you both.
Trade. Kind master Luke!
Gold. We'll break my master to make you. You know——
Luke. I cannot love money. Go, boys! when time serves,
It shall appear I have another end in't. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *With the* cater, *Holdfast.*] i. e. the purveyor. This word was in very general use in Massinger's time: though the editors of some of our old dramatists do not seem to be aware of it. Thus Jonson:

"He is my wardrobe-man, my *cater*, cook,
"Butler, and steward." *Devil's an Ass.*

Here Mr. Whalley reads, with sufficient harshness,

"He is my wardrobe-man, *m'ácater*, cook," &c.

And Fletcher:

"See, sweet, I'm cook myself, and mine own *cater*."
Women pleased.

Here the editors propose to read *caterer*, which they say is the more probable word! I suppose—because it spoils the metre.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, *Lord* LACY, *Sir* MAURICE LACY, PLENTY, *Lady* FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLISCENT.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them, for their jointures;
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail
A thousand more upon the heirs[4] male
Begotten on their bodies.
L. Lacy. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.
Plenty. You, my lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.
L. Frug. You say right:
There are counsels of more moment and importance,
On the making up of marriages, to be
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,
In which a mother's care must be exacted;
And I by special privilege may challenge
A casting voice.
L. Lacy. How's this?

[4] *A thousand more upon the* heirs *male*] *Heirs* must be pronounced (as they say) as a dissyllable, though I do not profess to know how it can be done.

L. Frug. Even so, my lord;
In these affairs I govern.
L. Lacy. Give you way to't?
Sir John. I must, my lord.
L. Frug. 'Tis fit he should, and shall:
You may consult of something else, this province
Is wholly mine.
Sir Maur. By the city custom, madam?
L. Frug. Yes, my young sir; and both must look my daughters
Will hold it by my copy.
Plenty. Brave, i'faith!
Sir John. Give her leave to talk, we have the power to do;
And now touching the business we last talk'd of,
In private, if you please.
L. Lacy. 'Tis well remember'd:
You shall take your own way, madam.
[*Exeunt Lord Lacy and Sir John Frugal.*
Sir Maur. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?
L. Frug. Such as wisdom warrants
From the superiour bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes?
Mill. Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure.
Sir Maur. Stargaze! lady: what is he?
L. Frug. Call him in.—[*Exit Milliscent.*]—You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician,
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me: but an absolute master

In the calculation of nativities;
Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd,
Judicial astrology.
Plenty. Stargaze! sure
I have a penny almanack about me
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,
In his name publish'd.
L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

Re-enter MILLISCENT, *followed by* STARGAZE, *with two schemes.*

Sir Maur. I believe so.
Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?
L. Frug. Be silent;
And ere we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.
Star. *In omni*
Parte, et toto.
Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English;
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.
Star. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.
L. Frug. Pray you observe him.
Star. Venus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in conjunction of Luna; and Mars almuthen, or lord of the horoscope.
Plenty. Hey-day!

L. Frug. The angels' language! I am ravish'd: forward.

Star. Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she in her exaltation, and he in his triplicite trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent, prosperous, and happy.

L. Frug. Kneel, and give thanks.

[*The Women kneel.*

Sir Maur. For what we understand not?

Plenty. And have as little faith in?

L. Frug. Be incredulous;[5]
To me 'tis oracle.

Star. Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches, you mean?

L. Frug. Touch that point home:
It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,
Of main consideration.

Star. This is infallible: Saturn out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust: and Venus in the south angle elevated above him, lady of both their nativities, in her essential and accidental dignities; occidental from the sun, oriental from the angle of the east, in cazini of the sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he dejected: the disposers of marriage in the radix of the native in feminine figures, argue, foretel, and declare rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women.[6]

[5] L. Frug. *Be incredulous;*] This is the reading of Mr. M. Mason. The old copy has *Be* credulous, meaning, perhaps, follow my example, and believe; and so may be right; though incredulous is better adapted to the measure.

[6] I have contented myself with correcting the errours of the

L. Frug. Is't possible!

Star. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroastes the first and greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

L. Frug. Are you yet satisfied?

Plenty. In what?

L. Frug. That you
Are bound to obey your wives; it being so
Determined by the stars, against whose influence
There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must
Be married by the almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the calendar.

Sir Maur. With the date
Of my apprenticeship.

L. Frug. Make your demands;
I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard conditions.

Sir Maur. Mine hath the van;
I stand your charge, sweet.

Star. Silence.

Anne. I require first,
And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,
In civil manners you must grant, my will
In all things whatsoever, and that will
To be obey'd, not argued.

L. Frug. And good reason.

Plenty. A gentle *imprimis!*

former editors in printing the obsolete jargon of this ignorant impostor, without attempting to explain any part of it. If the reader will follow my example, and not waste a thought on it, he will lose nothing by his negligence.

Sir Maur. This in gross contains all:
But your special items, lady.
Anne. When I am one,
And you are honour'd to be styled my husband,
To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher,
My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms,
Postillion, and footmen.
Sir Maur. Is there aught else
To be demanded?
Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor,
French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters,
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:
A friend at court to place me at a mask;
The private box ta'en up at a new play,
For me and my retinue; a fresh habit,
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw
The gallants' eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me;
Some decayed lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams;
And there ends my ambition.
Sir Maur. Your desires
Are modest, I confess!
Anne. These toys subscrib'd to,
And you continuing an obedient husband,
Upon all fit occasions you shall find me
A most indulgent wife.
L. Frug. You have said; give place,
And hear your younger sister.
Plenty. If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend,' booted and spurr'd,

——— *may the great fiend*, &c.] This

With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat!
Sir Maur. Curse not the judge
Before you hear the sentence.
Mary. In some part
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's; and must say,
Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.
Sir Maur. How like you this exordium?
Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief!
Mary. Yes, too modest:
I know my value, and prize it to the worth,
My youth, my beauty——
Plenty. How your glass deceives you!
Mary. The greatness of the portion I bring with me,
And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.
Sir Maur. She bears up close.
Mary. And can you, in your wisdom,
Or rustical simplicity, imagine
You have met some innocent country girl, that never
Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew more
Than the price of corn in the market; or at what rate
Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?
That could give directions at what time of the moon

is one of Ray's Proverbs. It is found in *the Tamer Tamed:* "A Sedgly curse light on him! which is, Pedro, The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a sithe at his back." And also in *the Goblins,* by Sir John Suckling.

To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas,
Or when to raise up goslings?
Plenty. These are arts
Would not misbecome you, though you should put in
Obedience and duty.
Mary. Yes, and patience,
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
Then make provision for your slavering hounds,
When you come drunk from an alehouse, after hunting
With your clowns and comrades, as if all were yours,
You the lord paramount, and I the drudge;
The case, sir, must be otherwise.
Plenty. How, I beseech you?
Mary. Marry, thus: I will not, like my sister, challenge
What's useful or superfluous from my husband,
That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me
What I think fit; I'll have the state convey'd
Into my hands, and he put to his pension,
Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—
I will receive your rents.
Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.
Mary. Make sale or purchase: nay I'll have my neighbours
Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to answer,
The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?
The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose oxen?
The lady Plenty's.
Plenty. A plentiful pox upon you!
Mary. And when I have children, if it be enquired

By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still echo,
My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on.
Plenty. In their begetting: I think so.
Mary. Since you'll marry
In the city for our wealth, in justice, we
Must have the country's sovereignty.
Plenty. And we nothing.
Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,
With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,
Now if you like me, so.[8]

[8] ——— *I have said, sir,*
Now if you like me, so.] Before we accuse the poet of abusing the license of comedy in these preposterous stipulations, it may not be improper to look back for a moment on the period in which he wrote, and enquire if no examples of a similar nature were then to be found in real life. It was an age of profusion and vanity; and the means of enjoying them both, as they persuaded to condescension on the one side, so they engendered rapacity on the other: it is not, therefore, a very improbable conjecture, that Massinger has but slightly taxed our credulity, and but little overcharged his glaring description of female extravagance and folly! The reader who is still inclined to hesitate may peruse the extract here subjoined. A short time before this Play was written, Elizabeth Spencer, daughter and heir of sir John Spencer, lord mayor of London, (whom I once considered as the prototype of sir Giles Overreach,) was married to William lord Compton. With less integrity and candour than the daughters of sir John Frugal, she made few previous stipulations, but not long after the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony, sent her husband a modest and consolatory letter, which is yet extant; and from which the following *items*, among many others, are verbally taken:

"Alsoe, I will have 3 horses for my owne saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrowe; none lend but I, none borrowe but you. Alsoe, I would have two gentlewomen, leaste one should be sicke, or have some other lett. Alsoe beleeve yt, it it is an undecent thinge for a gentlewoman to stand mumpinge

L. Frug. At my entreaty,
The articles shall be easier.
Plenty. Shall they, i'faith?
Like bitch, like whelps.
Sir Maur. Use fair words.
Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one:
A whirlwind overturn it!
Sir Maur. On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady?
Plenty. A lady in a morris:
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first—
Sir Maur. Tinker's trull,
A beggar without a smock.
Plenty. Let monsieur almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.

alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady w^th^ a greate estate. Alsoe, when I ride a huntinge or a hawkeinge, or travayle from one howse to another, I will have them attendinge; soe for either of those said woemen, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Alsoe, I will have 6 or 8 gentlemen; and I will have my twoe coaches, one lyned with velvett to myselfe, w^th^ 4 very fayre horses, and a coache for my woemen, lyned w^th^ sweete cloth, one laced w^th^ gold, the other w^th^ scarlett, and laced with watched lace and silver, w^th^ 4 good horses. Alsoe, I will have twoe coachmen, one for my own coache, the other for my women. Alsoe, att any tyme when I travayle, I will be allowed not only carroches, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carryadgs, as shal be fittinge for all orderly; not pestringe my things w^th^ my woemens, nor theirs w^th^ either chambermayds, or theirs w^th^ wase maids. Alsoe, for laundresses, when I travayle I will have them sent away before w^th^ the carryadgs to see all safe, and the chambermayds I will have goe before w^th^ the groomes, that a chamber may be ready, sweete and cleane. Alsoe, for that yt is undecent to croud upp myself w^th^ my gentl. usher in my coache, I will have him to have a convenyent horse to attend me either in citty or country. And I must have 2 footemen. And my desire is, that you defray all the chardges for me." *Ex. Antog in Bibl. Harl.*

Sir Maur. The general pimp to a brothel.
Plenty. Though that now
All the loose desires of man were raked up in me,
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench them,
I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder,
On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace thee.
Anne. Wooing do you call this!
Mary. A bear-baiting rather.
Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and I hope
I shall live to see it.
Sir Maur. I'll not rail, nor curse you:
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great portions
Add much unto your handsomeness; but as
You would command your husbands, you are beggars,
Deform'd and ugly.
L. Frug. Hear me.
Plenty. Not a word more.
[*Exeunt Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty.*
Anne. I ever thought it would come to this.
Mary. We may
Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us
T' articulate thus with our suitors.
[*Both speak weeping.*
Star. Now the cloud breaks,
And the storm will fall on me.
L. Frug. You rascal, juggler!
[*She breaks Stargaze's head, and beats him.*
Star. Dear madam.
L. Frug. Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me!
Star. My art cannot err;
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own star

I did forsee this broken head, and beating;
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.
L. Frug. Did you?
Star. Madam,
Have patience but a week, and if you find not
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the planets
Appointed for their husbands; there will come
Gallants of another metal.
Mill. Once more trust him.
Anne. Mary. Do, lady-mother.
L. Frug. I am vex'd, look to it;
Turn o'er your books; if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere: come, girls.
Star. I am glad I scaped thus. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Lord LACY *and Sir* JOHN FRUGAL.

L. Lacy. The plot shews very likely.[9]
Sir John. I repose
My principal trust in your lordship; 'twill prepare
The physick I intend to minister
To my wife and daughters.

9 L. Lacy. *The plot shews very likely.*] It appears from this that Sir John had instilled his suspicions of his brother into lord Lacy. It is finely contrived, to confirm them in the execution of their design by a new instance of unfeeling pride in his family.

L. Lacy I will do my parts
To set it off to the life.

Enter Sir MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY.

Sir John. It may produce
A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors;
When we understand how they relish my wife's humours,
The rest is feasible.
L. Lacy. Their looks are cloudy.
Sir John. How sits the wind? are you ready to launch forth,
Into this sea of marriage?
Plenty. Call it rather
A whirlpool of afflictions.
Sir Maur. If you please
To enjoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the north passage to the Indies sooner,[1]
Than plough with your proud heifer.
Plenty. I will make
A voyage to hell first.—
Sir John. How, sir!
Plenty. And court Proserpine
In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter,
Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies
With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I Jeffrey
Take you, Mary, for my wife.
L. Lacy. Why, what's the matter?

[1] *To find the* north passage to the Indies *sooner*,] This was the grand object of our maritime expeditions in those days, and was prosecuted with a boldness, dexterity, and perseverance which, though since equalled, perhaps, in the same fruitless pursuit, have not yet been surpassed.

Sir Maur. The matter is, the mother (with
your pardon,
I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable,
Proud, insolent lady.
Plenty. And the daughters worse.
The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her belly.
Sir Maur. I must tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same leaven.
Plenty. Take my counsel;
'Tis safer for your credit to profess
Yourself a cuckold, and upon record,
Than say they are your daughters.
Sir John. You go too far, sir.
Sir Maur. They have so articled with us!
Plenty. And will not take us
For their husbands, but their slaves; and so
aforehand
They do profess they'll use us.
Sir John. Leave this heat:
Though they are mine, I must tell you, the per-
verseness
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.
Sir Maur. True; but what's bred in the bone
Admits no hope of cure.
Plenty. Though saints and angels
Were their physicians.
Sir John. You conclude too fast,
Plenty. God be wi' you![2] I'll travel three years,
but I'll bury
This shame that lives upon me.

[2] Plenty. *God be wi' you!*] For this valedictory phrase, so common in our old writers, the modern editors with equal elegance and judgment have substituted; *Good-by to you!*

Sir Maur. With your license,
I'll keep him company.
L. Lacy. Who shall furnish you
For your expenses?
Plenty. He shall not need your help,
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.
Sir Maur. Ere we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.
Plenty. And till then leave you.
[*Exeunt Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty.*
L. Lacy. They are strangely moved.
Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.
L. Lacy. Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad, the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.
Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Secret's *House.*

Enter SHAVE'EM *and* SECRET.

Secret. Dead doings, daughter.
Shave. Doings! sufferings, mother:
[For poor] men have forgot[3] what doing is;

[3] [For poor] *men have forgot* &c.] A foot is lost in the original: I have substituted the words between brackets in the hope of restoring the sense of the passage.

And such as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or eunuchs.
Secret. You have a friend yet,
And a striker too, I take it.
Shave. Goldwire is so, and comes
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one friend?
I would have a hundred;—for every hour, and use,
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one.
'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,
And not a single lambkin. I am starved,
Starved in my pleasures; I know not what a coach is,
To hurry me to the Burse,[4] or Old Exchange:
The neathouse for musk-melons, and the gardens
Where we traffick for asparagus, are, to me,
In the other world.
Secret. There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.
Shave. You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon there
In expectation of nuts and pippins;
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of drum-wine for me.[5]

[4] *To hurry me to the* Burse,] To the New Exchange, which was then full of shops, where all kinds of finery for the ladies, trinkets, ornaments, &c. were sold. It was as much frequented by the fashionable world in James's days, as Exeter Change in those of Charles II.

[5] *Or a pint of* drum-wine *for me.*] So the old copy; meaning perhaps sutler's wine, or such sophisticated stuff as is disposed of at the drum-head. Thus Shirley:

"What we have more than to supply our wants,
"Consumes on the *drum* head."

Or it may signify such wine as is to be found at common

Secret. You are so impatient!
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole sisterhood.
Shave. What's that?
Secret. I am told
Two ambassadours are come over: a French monsieur,
And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi,
A hot-rein'd marmoset.[6] Their followers,
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,
Will make a full term with us.
Shave. They indeed are
Our certain and best customers:—[*knocking within.*]—Who knocks there?
Ramb. [*within.*] Open the door.
Secret. What are you?
Ramb. [*within.*] Ramble.
Scuff. [*within.*] Scuffle.
Ramb. [*within.*] Your constant visitants.
Shave. Let them not in;
I know them, swaggering, suburbian roarers,
Sixpennny truckers.
Ramb. [*within.*] Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.
Scuff. [*within.*] Force the doors!
Secret. They are outlaws, mistress Shave'em, and there is
No remedy against them. What should you fear?
They are but men; lying at your close ward,
You have foil'd their betters.
Shave. Out, you bawd! you care not
Upon what desperate service you employ me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.

auctions, or *outcries*, to which the people were, at this time, usually summoned by beat of drum. See p. 24. Coxeter and M. Mason read *strum*-wine; Dodsley, *stum*-wine.

[6] *A hot-rein'd marmoset.*] i. e. a monkey, a libidinous animal.

Secret. Sweet lady-bird,
Sing in a milder key.

Exit, and Re-enters with RAMBLE *and* SCUFFLE.

Scuff. Are you grown proud?
Ramb. I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden alleys,[7]
And would come to a sailor's whistle.
Secret. Good sir Ramble,
Use her not roughly; she is very tender.
Ramb. Rank and rotten, is she not?
[*Shave draws her knife.*
Shave. Your spittle rogueships[8]
[*Ramble draws his sword.*
Shall not make me so.

[7] Ramb. *I knew you a* waistcoateer, &c.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old plays, that *waistcoateer* was a cant term for a strumpet of the lowest kind; probably given to them from their usually appearing, either through choice or necessity, in a succinct habit. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— Do you think you are here, sir,
"Amongst your *waistcoateers*, your base wenches,
"That scratch on such occasions." *Wit without Money.*

Again:

"This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
"In which I use to catch my *waistcoateers*:
"I hope they have not left their walk."
The Noble Gentleman.

[8] *Your* spittle *rogueships*, &c.] Mr. M. Mason, following his usual practice of altering what he dislikes or misunderstands, changed *spittle* into spital, which he, probably, conceived to be an abridgment of hospital. But our old writers carefully distinguished between these two words; with them a hospital or spital always signified a charitable institution for the advantage of poor, infirm, and aged persons, an alms-house, in short; while *spittles* were mere lazar-houses, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequence of debauchery and vice. "Dishonest women," says Barnaby Rich, in his *English Hue and Crie*, "thrive so ill, that if they

Secret. As you are a man, squire Scuffle,
Step in between them: a weapon of that length
Was never drawn in my house.
Shave. Let him come on:
I'll scour it in your guts, you dog!
Ramb. You brache![9]
Are you turn'd mankind? you forgot I gave you,
When we last join'd issue, twenty pound—
Shave. O'er night,
And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the constable.

Enter GOLDWIRE *junior, disguised like a Justice of Peace,* DING'EM *like a Constable, and Musicians like Watchmen.*

Secret. Ah me! here's one unsent for,
And a justice of peace too.

do not turne bawd, when they be some foure or five and thirty yeeres of age, they must either be turned into some hospitall, or end the rest of their days in a *spittle*."

[9] Ramb. *You* brache!

Are you turn'd mankind?] i. e. are you become masculine? is your nature changed into that of a man? this is the common acceptation of the word, though, as Upton observes, it sometimes bears a stronger sense, and signifies violent, ferocious, wicked. It is singular, however, that not one of Upton's examples justifies his position, or means more than masculine, or mannish; he is, notwithstanding, correct in his assertion. Thus Chapman:

"*Cor.* I will hear thee no more, I will take *no compassion* on thee.

"*Page.* Good signior Cornelio, be not too *mankind* against your wife." *All Fools.*

And Hall:

"I ask't phisitians what their counsell was
"For a mad dogge, or for a *mankind* asse."

Brache has been already explained. See Vol. I. p. 209.

Shave. I'll hang you both, you rascals!
I can but ride:[1]—you for the purse you cut
In Paul's at a sermon; I have smoak'd you, ha!
And you for the bacon you took on the high-way,
From the poor marketwoman, as she rode
From Rumford.
Ramb. Mistress Shave'em.
Scuff. Mistress Secret,
On our knees we beg your pardon.
Ramb. Set a ransome on us.
Secret. We cannot stand trifling: if you mean to save them,
Shut them out at the back-door.
Shave. First, for punishment,
They shall leave their cloaks behind them; and in sign
I am their sovereign, and they my vassals,
For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish!
[*Exeunt Ramble and Scuffle.*
Gold. My brave virago! The coast's clear; strike up.
[*Goldwire, and the rest discover themselves.*
Shave. My Goldwire made a justice!
Secret. And your scout
Turn'd constable, and the musicians watchmen!
Gold. We come not to fright you, but to make you merry:
A light lavolta.[2] [*They dance.*
Shave. I am tired; no more.
This was your device?
Ding. Wholly his own; he is
No pig-sconce, mistress.
Secret. He has an excellent headpiece.

[1] *I can but* ride.] i. e. I know the worst of my punishment; I can but be carted for a strumpet.

[2] *A light* lavolta.] See Vol. II. p. 489.

Gold. Fie! no, not I; your jeering gallants say
We citizens have no wit.
Ding. He dies that says so:
This was a masterpiece.
Gold. A trifling stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.
Shave. I must kiss thee for it
Again, and again.
Ding. Make much of her. Did you know
What suitors she had since she saw you——
Gold. I'the way of marriage?
Ding. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other thing too,
The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd her
Five pound a week.
Secret. And a cashier'd captain, half
Of his entertainment.
Ding. And a new-made courtier,
The next suit he could beg.[1]
Gold. And did my sweet one
Refuse all this for me?
Shave. Weep not for joy;
'Tis true. Let others talk of lords and commanders,
And country heirs for their servants; but give me
My gallant prentice: he parts with his money
So civilly, and demurely, keeps no account
Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd.—
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.

[1] *The next* suit *he could beg.*] *Omnia cum pretio!* Justice was extremely venal in this age:—but the allusion, perhaps, is to the crying grievance of the times, monopolies. A favourite, who could obtain a grant of these from the easy monarch, considered his fortune as established by the vast sums at which he disposed of them to rapacious adventurers, who oppressed the people without shame, and without pity.

Gold. I have it here, duck; thou shalt want
for nothing.
Shave. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get
you, sirrah,
His cap and pantofles ready.
Gold. There's for thee,
And thee: that for a banquet.
Secret. And a caudle
Again you rise.
Gold. There.
Shave. Usher us up in state.
Gold. You will be constant?
Shave. Thou art the whole world to me.
[*Exeunt; Gold. and Shave. embracing, musick playing before them.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter LUKE.

Anne. [*within.*] Where is this uncle?
L. Frug. [*within.*] Call this beadsman-brother;[4]
He hath forgot attendance.
Mary. [*within.*] Seek him out;
Idleness spoils him.
Luke. I deserve much more
Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but
justice
That I should live the family's drudge, design'd
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me; since, if now I sat
A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude

[4] L. Frug. [within]. *Call this* beadsman-*brother*:] i. e. this poor dependent on our charity. See p. 25.

I am not worth their pity. Such as want
Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion; but I,
That knew profuseness of expense the parent
Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
To riot out mine own, to live upon
The alms of others, steering on a rock
I might have shunn'd! O Heaven! it is not fit
I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, STARGAZE, *and* MILLISCENT.

L. Frug. What are you devising, sir?
Anne. My uncle is much given
To his devotion.
Mary. And takes time to mumble
A paternoster to himself.
L. Frug. Know you where
Your brother is? it better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)
To give your attendance.
Luke. In my will I do:[5]
But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy,
I have not seen him.
L. Frug. And why went not you
By his stirrup? How do you look! were his eyes closed,
You'd be glad of such employment.
Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.

[5] This penitential speech of Luke is introduced with admirable artifice, at the period of his breaking forth in his true character; nor is the insolence of lady Frugal and her daughters less judiciously timed.

L. Frug. I know you can speak well;
But say and do.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Here comes my lord.
L. Frug. Further off:
You are no companion for him, and his business
Aims not at you, as I take it.
Luke. Can I live
In this base condition! [*Aside.*
L. Frug. I hoped, my lord,
You had brought Frugal with you; for I must ask[6]
An account of him from you.
L. Lacy. I can give it, lady;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortified patience, I desire you
To give it hearing.
Luke. My heart beats.
L. Frug. My lord, you much amaze me.
L. Lacy. I shall astonish you. The noble merchant,
Who, living, was, for his integrity
And upright dealing, (a rare miracle
In a rich citizen,) London's best honour;
Is——I am loth to speak it.
Luke. Wonderous strange!
L. Frug. I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?
L. Lacy. Your supposition's true, your hopes are false;
He's dead.

[6] *You had brought Frugal with you;*] The old copy has *Mr.* Frugal; for *Mr.* we should surely read *Sir John;* there seems a strange carelessness in the names of the characters in many parts of this play. It should be remembered that it was not published till many years after the author's death.

L. Frug. Ah me!
Anne. My father!
Mary. My kind father!
Luke. Now they insult not.
L. Lacy. Pray hear me out.
He's dead; dead to the world and you, and now
Lives only to himself.
Luke. What riddle's this?
L. Frug. Act not the torturer in[7] my afflictions;
But make me understand the sum of all
That I must undergo.
L. Lacy. In few words take it:
He is retired into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.
Luke. More strange.
L. Lacy. I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,
And ere long will be at Lovain.
L. Frug. Could I guess
What were the motives that induced him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.
L. Lacy. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride
Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from you:
At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrow'd from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispersed upon you,
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to

[7] L. Frug. *Act not the torturer* in *my afflictions;*] Mr. M. Mason reads, it is impossible to say why,
Act not the torturer of *my afflictions!*

This strict retirement: and thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.
L. Frug. I confess
A guilty cause to him, but in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.
L. Lacy. In fact you have.
The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son, and Plenty, men that loved
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in them
For three years travel.
L. Frug. I am much grieved for it.
L. Lacy. One thing I had forgot; your rigour to
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries, made him a coagent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.
Luke. Hum! this sounds well.
L. Frug. 'Tis now past help: after these storms, my lord,
A little calm, if you please.
L. Lacy. If what I have told you
Shew'd like a storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[*Giving the will to Luke.*]—With it take
The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left you,
Which you can call your own.
L. Frug. Undone for ever!
Anne. Mary. What will become of us?
Luke. Hum!
L. Lacy. The scene is changed,

And he that was your slave, by Fate appointed
[*Lady Frugal, Mary, and Anne kneel.*
Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust
Imposed upon me. This humility
From him may gain remission, and perhaps
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

L. Frug. Am I come to this?

L. Lacy. Enjoy your own, good sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour; to these shew it,
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you,
Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise, [*Raises them.*
And rise with this assurance, I am still,
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,
My will is still the same. O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for; and much less
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

L. Lacy. Honest soul,
With what feeling he receives it!

L. Frug. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it,
To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means;
The weight shall rather sink me, than you part
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures
Which you were born to, in your care to aid me:
You shall have all abundance. In my nature
I was ever liberal; my lord, you know it;
Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see.
Before my face the jubilee of joy,
When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,
His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,
With pæans to my praise will celebrate!
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,
The interest never paid after three years,
When I demand my principal: and his servants,
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
Hath not the power to alter.

L. Lacy. Yet take heed, sir,
You ruin not, with too much lenity,
What his fit severity raised.

L. Frug. And we fall from
That height we have maintain'd.

Luke. I'll build it higher,
To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen
Bless'd with abundance.

L. Lacy. There, sir, I join with you;
A fit decorum must be kept, the court
Distinguish'd from the city.

Luke. With your favour,
I know what you would say; but give me leave

In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
Wide the whole region,[8] in what I purpose.
Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
May challenge their prerogatives: and it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
To be their handmaids. And when you appear
Like Juno in full majesty, and my nieces
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardrobes richer
Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy
Of our western world upon you; only hold me
Your vigilant Hermes with aërial wings,
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,)
Prest[9] to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.

L. Lacy. A strange frenzy!

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed; there dream
Of future greatness, which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you. [*Exit.*

[8] ——————— *You are wide,*
Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.] This is a most admirable stroke, and shews with what exquisite judgment Massinger discriminates his character. Lord Lacy had touched a discordant string, and the vanity of Luke, already raised to an inordinate pitch by his recent glimpse of wealth, is irritated and alarmed. The expression, *You are wide, wide the whole region*, is a Latinism, *toto cœlo, tota regione oberras.*

[9] Prest *to fetch in* &c.] i. e. ready, prepared, to fetch in. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, that it is unnecessary to produce any example of it.

L. Lacy. 'Are we all turn'd statues? have his strange words charm'd us?
What muse you on, lady?
L. Frug. Do not trouble me.
L. Lacy. Sleep you too, young ones?
Anne. Swift-wing'd time till now
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night!
Mary. Nay, morning rather.
L. Lacy. Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your good husband?
L. Frug. He was a vanity
I must no more remember.
L. Lacy. Excellent!
You, your kind father?
Anne. Such an uncle never
Was read of in story!
L. Lacy. Not one word in answer
Of my demands?
Mary. You are but a lord; and know,
My thoughts soar higher.
L. Lacy. Admirable! I'll leave you
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this
It will exceed belief, but he must know it. [*Exit.*
Star. Now I may boldly speak. May it please you, madam,
To look upon your vassal; I foresaw this,
The stars assured it.
L. Frug. I begin to feel
Myself another woman.
Star. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepared for my young ladies.
Mill. Princely husbands.
Anne. I'll go no less.[1]

[1] Anne. *I'll go no less.*] This is a gaming phrase, and means, I will not play for a smaller stake.

Mary. Not a word more;
Provide my night-rail.
Mill. What shall we be to morrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LUKE.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastick object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key.*]—that without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish, and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only[2] by the alchymist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.

[2] *Imagined* only *by the alchymist,*] i. e. which *only* exists in the imagination of the alchymist.

There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt.[3] And yet I found
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,

[3] ——— *and made the place*
Heaven's abstract, or epitome:—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt.] For these most beautiful lines, which I have faithfully taken from the old copies, the modern editors give us,

——— *and made the place*
Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of oriental *pearl; these seen, I could not*
But look on gold *with contempt!!!*

These vile and senseless interpolations utterly subvert not only the metre, but the meaning of the passage: indeed it is evident that neither Coxeter nor Mr. M. Mason (I am loth to speak of Dodsley,) understood a syllable of what they were mangling under the idea of reforming. The sense now is clear enough: the diamonds, which are described by one of the most magnificent figures to be found in all poetry, so ravished his sight, that he looked upon the other *precious stones*, rubies, sapphires, and pearls, (not the *gold*, which he had already dismiss'd from his thoughts,) with contempt. Errours of this nature are the more to be regretted, as they have induced many readers (and among them Dr Ferriar*) to complain of a want of harmony in a speech rhythmical and melodious almost beyond example.

* See *the Essay on Massinger*, prefixed to Vol. I.

If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air!—Who's there?

Enter Lord LACY, *with Sir* JOHN FRUGAL, *Sir* MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY, *disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!
L. Lacy. What strange passion's this!
Have you your eyes? do you know me?
Luke. You, my lord!
I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
Things as they now are with me well consider'd,
I do not like such visitants.
L. Lacy. Yesterday,
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
You could have sung secure before a thief;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good brother;
But let not this exalt you.
Luke. A good brother![*]

[*] Luke. *A* good *brother!*
Good *in his conscience, I confess,* &c.] Luke alludes here to the mercantile sense of the word *good*, i. e. rich. See Vol. III. p. 305.

Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,
Which your lordship may conceive great, no way answers
The general opinion: alas!
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.
L. Lacy. A poor man, say you?
Luke. Poor, compared with what
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters;
And, to the utmost of my power, obey
His will in all things,
L. Lacy. I'll not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make them Christians.
Luke. Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity; to send infidels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family? I neither can
Nor will consent to't.
L. Lacy. Do not slight it; 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplish'd.
Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose
To worldly cares again! I rather will

Sustain the burthen, and with the converted
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove
The greater feeders.
Sir John. *Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.*
Plenty. *Enaula.*
Sir Maur. *Harrico botikia bonnery.*
Luke. Ha! in this heathen language,
How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with them, or I use the means
For their conversion?
L. Lacy. That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes:[5] they have lived long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect; the business does concern you:
Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man. [*Exit.*
Luke. That is, interpreted,
A slave and beggar,
Sir John. You conceive it right;
There being no religion, nor virtue,
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus,
Luke. Oracle!
Sir John. Temples raised to ourselves in the increase
Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man;
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,
Of which we have no sense but in belief,
A superstitious fool.
Luke. True worldly wisdom!
Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.
Sir Maur. Now we are yours,

[5] *To your* good *purposes:*] Mr. M. Mason omits *good;* and, what is of more importance, the *exit* at the conclusion of the speech.

Be confident your better angel is
Enter'd your house.
Plenty. There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.
Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us; but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.
Luke. There's something whispers to me
These are no common men;—my house is yours,
Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter,
You are learned Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.
Sir John. You shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Frugal's *House.*

Enter DING'EM, GETTALL, *and* HOLDFAST.

Ding. Not speak with him! with fear survey me better,
Thou figure of famine!
Gett. Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now,[6]
The brave spark Tradewell—

[6] ——— *his dear* ingles *now,*] i. e. his bosom friends, his associates; *enghle,* which the commentators some-

Ding. And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire!

Enter LUKE.

Hold. I know them for his prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.
Ding. Not yours, you rascal!
Hold. No, don pimp; you may seek them
In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of your comrogues.[7]
Luke. One of them looks as he would cut my throat:
Your business, friends?
Hold. I'll fetch a constable;
Let him answer him in the stocks.
Ding. Stir an thou dar'st:
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks! they are fleabitings
I am familiar with. [*Draws.*
Luke. Pray you put up;
And, sirrah, hold your peace.
Ding. Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money, for as such
I now salute thee, the suburbian gamesters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am in person
Sent to congratulate.
Gett. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls[8]

times confound with this word, differs from it altogether, both in its derivation and its meaning.

7. *Here are none of your* comrogues:] This is absurdly changed in the modern editions into *comrades*, a very superfluous word after *fellows*.

8 ——— *the golden* golls &c.] *Golls* is a cant word for

Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Tradewell,
Your fine facetious factor.
Ding. I from Goldwire;
He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee;
For I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee
To quit old scores.
Gett. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can assure you,
There's half a million stirring.
Luke. What hath he lost?
Gett. Three hundred.
Luke. A trifle.
Gett. Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad.
Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not servants,
But in their care to enrich me; and these courses
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?
Gett. Gettall.
I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue.
Luke. Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up, he shall not
Sit long on Penniless-Bench.
Gett. There spake an angel.

hands, or rather fists: it occurs continually in our old poets. Thus Decker: "Hold up thy hands; I have seen the day when thou didst not scorn to hold up thy *golls*." *Satiromastix.*

Luke. You know mistress Shave'em?
Gett. The pontifical punk?
Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some two hours hence:
And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your mistress
Appear in her best trim.
Ding. She will make thee young,
Old Æson: she is ever furnish'd with
Medæa's drugs, restoratives. I fly
To keep them sober till thy worship come;
They will be drunk with joy else.
Gett. I'll run with you.
[*Exeunt Ding'em and Gettall.*
Hold. You will not do as you say, I hope?
Luke. Enquire not;
I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]
—To the door. [*Exit Holdfast.*
New visitants!

Re-enter HOLDFAST.

What are they?
Hold. A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.
Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fallen upon me.
Hold. Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.
Luke. I am simple; they
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.
Hold. All will come to ruin! I see beggary
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—
[*Speaking to those without.*
But use a conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;
'Twill shew like charity in you.

Enter FORTUNE, PENURY, *and* HOYST.

Luke. Welcome, friends:
I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad
You have changed your creditor.
Pen. I weep for joy
To look upon his worship's face.
For. His worship's!
I see lord mayor written on his forehead;
The cap of maintenance, and city sword,
Born up in state before him.
Hoyst. Hospitals,
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.
Pen. The city poet on the pageant day
Preferring him before Gresham.
Hoyst. All the conduits
Spouting canary sack.
For. Not a prisoner left,
Under ten pounds.
Pen. We, his poor beadsmen, feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.
Luke. May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour
To the utmost of my power!
Hold. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.
Luke. You are ever prating, sirrah.
Your present business, friends?
For. Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,
And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.
Luke. 'Tis very probable.
For. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be
prais'd for't!

Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.
Luke. Where are they?
For. Near Gravesend.
Luke. I am truly glad of it.
For. I find your worship's charity, and dare swear so.
Now may I have your license, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment, against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabled
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.
Luke. You much wrong me,
If you only doubt it. Yours, Mr. Hoyst?
Hoyst. 'Tis the surrendering back the mortgage of
My lands, and on good terms, but three days patience;
By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,
In my riots, to the merchant; for I am
Resolved to leave off play, and turn good husband.
Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours, Penury?
Pen. My state stands as it did, sir:
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commodity of a sailor
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for.
[*Gives him a paper.*
Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.

Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfied.
Pen. Heaven preserve you!
For. Happy were London, if within her walls
She had many such rich men!
Luke. No more; now leave me;
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt Fortune, Hoyst, and Penury.*]—Be careful, Holdfast;
I have much to do.
Hold. And I something to say,
Would you give me hearing.
Luke. At my better leisure.
Till my return look well unto the Indians;
In the mean time do you as this directs you.
[*Gives him a paper.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Shave'em's *House.*

Enter GOLDWIRE *junior*, TRADEWELL *junior*, SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GETALL, *and* DING'EM.

Gold. *All that is mine is theirs.* Those were his words?
Ding. I am authentical.
Trade. And that *I should not*
Sit long on Penniless-Bench?
Gett. But suddenly start up
A gamester at the height, and cry *At all!*
Shave. And did he seem to have an inclination
To toy with me?
Ding. He wish'd you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolved
To make a jovial day on't.
Gold. Hug him close, wench,

And thou mayst eat gold and amber. I well know him
For a most insatiate drabber: he hath given,
Before he spent his own estate, which was
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of,
A hundred pound a leap.
Shave. Hell take my doctor!
He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;
These ceruses are common.[7]
Secret. 'Troth, sweet lady,
The colours are well laid on.
Gold. And thick enough,
I find that on my lips.
Shave. Do you so, Jack Sauce!
I'll keep them further off.
Gold. But be assured first
Of a new maintainer ere you cashier the old one.
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt
Be my revenue; the whole college study
The reparation of thy ruin'd face;
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coachman;
Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel
To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange
Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget

[7] *He should have brought me some fresh* oil of talc;
These ceruses *are common.*] *Talc* is a fossil easily divisible into thin laminæ. From its smoothness, unctuosity, and brightness it has been greatly celebrated as a *cosmetic*, and the chymists have submitted it to a variety of operations for procuring from it *oils*, salts, tinctures, magisteries, &c. for that purpose; but all their labours have been in vain, and all the preparations sold under the name of *oil of talc*, &c. have either contained nothing of that mineral, or only a fine powder of it. To this information, which I owe to the Encyclopædia Britannica, I have only to add that a deleterious composition, under this name, was sold by the quacks of Massinger's time, as a wash for the complexion, and is mentioned by all his contemporaries. *Ceruse*, I fear, is yet in use.

There e'er was a St. Martin's: thy procurer
Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend veil
Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the door,
And let loud musick, when this monarch enters,
Proclaim his entertainment.
Ding. That's my office.
[*Flourish of cornets within.*
The consort's ready.

Enter LUKE.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.
Gold. Set your face in order,
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal master?
Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,
Rusty for want of use, appear again!
Gett. Make my ordinary flourish!
Shave. Welcome, sir,
To your own palace! [*The musick plays.*
Gold. Kiss your Cleopatra,
And shew yourself, in your magnificent bounties,
A second Antony!
Ding. All the nine worthies!
Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you,
And a strong back!
Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.
I am astonish'd! all this preparation
For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
To feed my appetite?
All. We are all your creatures.
Luke. A house well furnish'd!
Gold. At your own cost, sir,
Glad I the instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore

Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was
Derived from your brother's cash; the lease of the house,
And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.
Shave. But now you are master both of it and me,
I hope you'll build elsewhere.
Luke. And see you placed,
Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Tradewell,
I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become you.
What is your loss? speak truth.
Trade. Three hundred, sir.
Gett. But on a new supply he shall recover
The sum told twenty times o'er.
Shave. There's a banquet,
And after that a soft couch, that attends you.
Luke. I couple not in the daylight. Expectation
Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!
Your musick's harsh, discharge it; I have provided
A better consort, and you shall frolick it
In another place. [*The musick ceases.*
Gold. *But have you brought gold, and store, sir?*[8]
Trade. I long to wear the caster.[9]

[8] Gold. *But have you brought gold, and store, sir?*] This, as I have already observed, is a line of an old ballad.

[9] Trade. *I long to wear the* caster.] Tradewell is anxious for a supply of money, to return to the ordinary or gambling house. For *caster* Mr. M. Mason chooses to read *castor*: he then observes on his own sophistication, "alluding to the throwers of dice at hazard, *and* to the cloth made of the beaver's hair." The last supposition is unlikely, the former is probably right. The difficulty, however, is not in the word *caster*, but *wear*. Whether

Gold. I to appear
In a fresh habit.
Shave. My mercer and my silkman
Waited me two hours since.
Luke. I am no porter
To carry so much gold as will supply
Your vast desires, but I have ta'en order for you;

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, *and Officers.*

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.
Sher. Seize them all.
Shave. The city marshal!
Gold. And the sheriff! I know him.
Secret. We are betrayed.
Ding. Undone.
Gett. Dear master Luke.
Gold. You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
Shew yourselves city-sparks, and hang up money!
Luke. True; when it was my brother's, I contemn'd it;
But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd,
Trade. Will you prove yourself a devil; tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it?

wear the caster, signified, in the language of gaming to *tire the caster*, or had any other meaning more appropriate to the profession, I know not; but am willing to suppose so, in preference to tampering with the text.

It appears from Decker that a *caster* was also a cant term for a cloak. This explains a passage in *the Wandering Jew;* and, at the same time, corroborates the note "on Plymouth cloak," Vol. III. "Let Fortune snatch her wheel from you, a poor alehouse is your inn, an old freeze jerkin in summer your Sunday suite, and a *Plimouth cloak* ("a staff") your *caster*." Sign. D.

Luke. Argue that hereafter;
In the mean time, master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at livery
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in London;
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,
Ka me, ka thee! and knew in your accompts
To cheat my brother, if you can, evade me.
If there be law in London, your father's bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.
Gold. You often told us
It was a bugbear.
Luke. Such a one as shall fright them
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble
Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft hands,
When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their powders
And bitter almonds.
Shave. Secret. Ding. Will you shew no mercy?
Luke. I am inexorable.
Gett. I'll make bold
To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.
Luke. We must not part so, gentle master Gettall.
Your box, your certain income, must pay back
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's half a million stirring in your house,

This a poor trifle.—Master Shrieve and master
Marshal,
On your perils do your offices.
Gold. Dost thou cry now [*To Tradewell.*
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer
Like a Roman,[1] and now in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
Thou wert my pander.
Luke. Shall I hear this from
My prentice?
Mar. Stop his mouth.
Sher. Away with them.
[*Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers, with Gold. Trade. Shave. Secret. Gett. and Ding.*
Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd nature! these house-thieves removed,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes recover'd,
Will add unto my heap: increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon

[1] ——— *I'll suffer*
Like a Roman,] For *Roman* the old copy, by a slight errour of the press, reads *Boman*, and is followed by Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason, the latter of whom observes, "A *Boman*, in the language of Alsatia, means a gallant fellow." In the language of *Alsatia!* What, in the name of profundity, is this? and where did Goldwire acquire the knowledge of it? Alsatia has no particular language; it was a part of the empire, and talked German:—but there was a spot in England once called Alsatia, (White Friars,) which, being a privileged place, was a receptacle of fraudulent debtors, gamblers, thieves, &c. who had a kind of gipsey-jargon among themselves:—in the vocabulary of which, however, no such word as *Boman* occurs, though it is not improbable that some confused remembrance of the circumstance furnished the editor with his singular explanation. To die or to suffer like a *Roman*, occurs perpetually in our old plays, and, generally, in a kind of mock-heroick. Thus Lazarillo, in *the Woman-Hater*, "I will die bravely, *and like a Roman!*" indeed, the expression is found again in the very next speech; but there is no occasion for any thing more on the subject.

Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:
In my way, he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in cramm'd abundance,
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!
To me you are words only, and no more;
All human happiness consists in store. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Serjeants *with* FORTUNE, HOYST, *and* PENURY.

For. At master Luke's suit![a] the action twenty thousand!

1 *Serj.* With two or three executions, which shall grind you
To powder when we have you in the counter.

For. Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are used.

[a] *At master Luke's suit! The action twenty thousand!*] The old copy reads, *At* M. *Luke's suit!* &c. which I only notice for the sake of observing that our old writers assumed to themselves the privilege of abridging the word *master*, and pronouncing only the initial letter of it (em), as in the line before us. Of this there are too many instances in this single play to admit a doubt; since without some license of this sort, many lines could not be spoken. The practice, as I have said, is not peculiar to Massinger, for I find it in his contemporaries, Marston, Shirley, Cartwright, &c.

1 *Serj.* Yes, millstones.
Pen. He promised to lend me ten pound for a bargain,
He will not do it this way.
2 *Serj.* I have warrant
For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,
And there being little to be got by you,
In charity, as I am an officer,
I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,
And for mine own security.
3 *Serj.* You are a gallant,
And I'll do you a courtesy, provided
That you have money: for a piece an hour,
I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.
2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter,[3]
And search if there be aught else out against him.
3 *Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors: he's a prize,
And as we are city pirates by our oaths,
We must make the best on't.
Hoyst. Do your worst, I care not.
I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab there
In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honest.

[3] 2 Serj. *In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter*, &c.] Fielding has closely followed Massinger in his *Amelia;* indeed, he has done little more than copied him, or rather perhaps nature, which each of them had in view. The dialogue before us might have been written yesterday.

Enter LUKE.

3 *Serj* Here he comes
You had best tell so.[4]
For. Worshipful sir,
You come in time to free us from these bandogs.
I know you gave no way to't.
Pen. Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.
Hoy. I must tell you
I do not like such trials.
Luke. Are you serjeants
Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter
Is a safer place to parley in.
For. Are you in earnest?
Luke. Yes, faith; I will be satisfied to a token,[5]
Or, build upon't, you rot there.
For. Can a gentleman
Of your soft and silken temper speak such language?
Pen. So honest, so religious?
Hoy. That preach'd
So much of charity for us to your brother?
Luke. Yes, when I was in poverty it shew'd well;
But I inherit with his state, his mind,
And rougher nature. I grant then I talk'd,
For some ends to myself conceal'd, of pity,

[4] 3 Serj. *Here he comes*
You had best tell so.] Mr. M. Mason reads,
Here he comes;
You had best him *tell so.*
His false pointing made his barbarous interpolation necessary: the old copy is evidently right.

[5] Luke. *Yes, faith, I will be satisfied to a* token,] i. e. to a farthing. See Vol III. p. 484.

The poor man's prisons, and such like nothings:
But what I thought you all shall feel, and with rigour;
Kind master Luke says it. Who pays for your attendance?
Do you wait gratis?
For. Hear us speak.
Luke. While I,
Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,
Though you spake with the tongues of angels to me,
I am not to be alter'd.
For. Let me make the best
Of my ships, and their freight.
Pen. Lend me the ten pounds you promised.
Hoy. A day or two's patience to redeem my mortgage,
And you shall be satisfied.
For. To the utmost farthing.
Luke. I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I will not
Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to. Your ships to my use
Are seized on. I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum. I will likewise take
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds; the use and principal
Shall not serve. Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.
For. Broker!
Hoy. Jew!
For. Imposter!
Hoy. Cut-throat!
For. Hypocrite!
Luke. Do, rail on;
Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me.

Pen. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife and children
Shall hourly pray for your worship.
For. Mine betake thee
To the devil, thy tutor.[6]
Pen. Look upon my tears.
Hoy. My rage.
For. My wrongs.
Luke. They are all alike to me;
Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.
Do your duties, serjeants, I am elsewhere look'd for. [*Exit.*
3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor!
2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.
Penn. See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's marble.
Hoy. Buried alive!
For. There's no means to avoid it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, *and* MILLISCENT.

Star. Not wait upon my lady?
Hold. Nor come at her;
You find it not in your almanack.
Mill. Nor I have license
To bring her breakfast?

[6] For. *Mine* betake thee
To the devil, thy tutor.] That is, says Mr. Davies, "may the earth open to swallow thee up, or mayst thou be *undermined*"! Why, this "is the best fooling of all." To *betake* is to recommend, to consign, to give over: My wife and children, says Penury, shall pray for you. *Mine*, (i. e. my wife and children,) adds Fortune, shall consign you to the devil, your tutor.

Hold. My new master hath
Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long,
And after a carnival Lent ever follows.
Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll repent this;
I must know what gown she'll wear.
Hold. You are mistaken,
Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her daughters
Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all
Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid in their chamber,
If they please to put them on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look, master Stargaze,
As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold,
The end of the world, and on what day: and you,
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,
And eaten up your apricots.
L. Frug. [*within.*] Stargaze! Milliscent!
Mill. My lady's voice.
Hold. Stir not, you are confined here.
Your ladyship may approach them if you please,
But they are bound in this circle.
L. Frug. [*within.*] Mine own bees
Rebel against me![7] When my kind brother knows this,
I will be so revenged!
Hold. The world's well alter'd.
He's your kind brother now; but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

7 L. Frug. *Mine own* bees
Rebel against me!] This is a strange expression; but it is probably right: the lady seems still to consider herself as the *queen* of the hive.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY, *in coarse habits, weeping.*

Mill. What witch hath transform'd you?
Star. Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promised you should appear in?
Mill. My young ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear them off;
Rather shew all than be seen thus.
Hold. 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other whim-whams.
Mill. A French hood too,
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would shew better.
L. Frug. We are fool'd indeed: by whose command are we used thus?

Enter LUKE.

Hold. Here he comes that can best resolve you.
L. Frug. O, good brother!
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?
Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape?
Anne. You talk'd of Hebe,
Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they
Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandler's daughters
Bleaching linen in Moorfields.
Mary. Or Exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday
At Pimlico, or Islington.
Luke. Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear

Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

L. Frug. Is this spoken
In scorn?

Luke. Fie! no; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolved
You shall continue so.

L. Frug. It is confess'd, sir.

Luke. Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can bear it.

L. Frug. That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you, yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

L. Frug. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admired rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist: but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.

L. Frug. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was

An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your pride
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap,[8] a silver pin
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.

Mill. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other text;
Your rhetorick is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie!
I'll treat of you anon: but when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means

[8] *A dainty* miniver *cap,*] *Minever*, as I learn from Cotgrave, is the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small wesel, (*menu vair,*) called gris or gray. In the days of our author, and indeed, long before, the use of furs was almost universal. The nobility had them of ermine and sible, the wealthy merchants, of vair and gray, (the *dainty minever* of Luke,) and the lower order of people of such home materials as were easiest supplied, squirrel, lamb, and above all, rabbit's skins. For this last article the demand was anciently so great, that innumerable rabbit warrens were established in the vicinity of the metropolis.

By which you were raised, my brother's fond
indulgence,
Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the
court;
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis
follow'd!
No English workman then could please your
fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole dis-
course;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last mask, and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place
To walk before you——

L. Frug. Pray you end.

Hold. Proceed, sir;
I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets
That did adorn your neck, of equal value;[9]
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants;

[9] ——————— *your carcanets*
That did adorn your necks of equal value:]——with what he had mentioned before. I should not have noticed this had not Mr. M. Mason, to spoil the sense of a plain passage, read, *with* equal value.

Rich pantofles in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family:[1] you were served in plate,
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room.
Hold. Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.
Luke. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian die; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state
Like Pompey's Julia.
L. Frug. No more, I pray you.
Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in the daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright

[1] *And* roses *worth a family:*] I have already said that these *roses* (knots of ribands) were enormously large; (see p. 281;) and it appears from Stowe (who, as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes, is frequently the best commentator on Massinger) that they were extremely dear. "Concerning *shoe-roses* either of silke or what stuffe soever, they were not then (in the reign of queen Elisabeth) used nor known; nor was there any *garters* above the price of five shillings a payre, altho at this day (James I.) men of meane rank weare *garters* and *shoe-roses* of more than five pounds price." P. 1039. fol. 1631.

Others by your example: 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!
Hold. Will you pack?
Mill. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.
Luke. Not a rag; you came
Hither without a box.
Star. You'll shew to me
I hope, sir, more compassion.
Hold. Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed
An almanack for this year at his own charge,
Let him have the impression with him, to set up with.
Luke. For once I'll be entreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.
Star. O cursed stars
That reign'd at my nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor observer!
Anne. Must we part in tears?
Mary. Farewell, good Milliscent!
L. Frug. I am sick, and meet with
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn!
How justly am I punish'd!
Mary. Now we suffer
For our stubbornness and disobedience
To our good father.
Anne. And the base conditions
We imposed upon our suitors.
Luke. Get you in,
And caterwaul in a corner.
L. Frug. There's no contending.

[*Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary, go off at one door, Stargaze and Milliscent at the other.*

Luke. How
Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast?
Hold. Well in some part,
But it relishes, I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.
Luke. Thou art a fool:
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter LUKE, *Sir* JOHN FRUGAL, *Sir* MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY.

Luke. You care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our religion?
Sir John. We know no such word,
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.
Luke. I am glad that charge is saved.
Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means
To come to the city. Now to you we'll discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance,
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the colony was not to be purchased,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most precious venture, as you shall
Receive from us; far, far above your hopes,
Or fancy, to imagine.

Luke. It must be
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me
You will deal fairly,) that I would not hazard:
Give me the name of it.
Sir Maur. I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience to grant it.
Luke. Conscience! no, no; so it may be done with safety,
And without danger of the law.
Plenty. For that
You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an atom,
To the mountain it brings with it.
Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.
Sir John. Thus then in a word:
The devil—why start you at his name? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,
You must make haste to be familiar with him.—
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,)
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded,
With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom,
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We, groveling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian virgins, that with their pure blood
Might die his horrid altars; and a third,
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,
As an oblation unto Hecaté,
And wanton Lust, her favourite.
Luke. A devilish custom!
And yet why should it startle me?—There are

Enough of the sex fit for this[2] use; but virgins,
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.

Plenty. A mine of gold, for a fee,
Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.

Sir Maur. Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary
Of their own country?[3]

Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, than where
They have surfeited in felicity?

Luke. Give me leave——
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron! [*Aside.*
And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister,
Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd
For this employment? they are burthensome to me,
And eat too much; and if they stay in London,
They will find friends that to my loss will force me
To composition: 'twere a masterpiece,

[2] *Enough of the sex fit for* this *use;*] So the old copy, and rightly. The modern editors read, *fit for* his *use.*

[3] Sir Maur. *Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,*
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary
Of their own country?] I have silently reformed the metre of this (and indeed of every other) Play, in innumerable places: the reader, however, may not be unamused with a specimen, now and then, of the manner in which this most harmonious poet has been hitherto printed. The lines above are thus divided by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason:

Know you no distressed widow, or poor
Maids, whose want of dower, though well born,
Makes 'em weary of their own country?

If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title: should I urge,
Matching with these they shall live Indian queens,
It may do much: but what shall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are design'd? they absent,
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.——
I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service,
In mine own family, and my blood too.
Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall not contain
The gold we'll send you.
Luke. You have seen my sister,
And my two nieces?
Sir John. Yes, sir.
Luke. These persuaded
How happily they shall live, and in what pomp,
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must
Work them a belief that you are kings——
Plenty. We are so.
Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly.[4] Study you
For moving language. Sister! Nieces!

[4] Luke. *I'll put it in practice instantly.*] Hitherto the character of Luke has been supported with matchless judgment and dexterity: the present design, however, of sacrificing his brother's wife and daughters to *Lust* and *Hecaté* has always struck the criticks as unnatural and improbable in the highest degree. "Bloody, indeed, it is," but is it out of character? Luke is the creature of no ordinary hand, and he who conducted him thus far with such unexampled skill, was little likely to desert him at the end. It appears that Massinger was desirous of shewing, in the person of Luke, the hideous portraiture of avarice personified. The love of money is the ruling passion of his soul; it gathers strength with indulgence; and the prospect of such unbounded wealth as is here held out to him, is properly calculated to overcome the fear of law, and the remonstrances of the few scruples of conscience which yet torment him.

History furnishes examples of men who have sacrificed friends,

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY.

How!
Still mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds
That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
My personated reprehension, though
It shew'd like a rough anger, could be serious?
Forget the fright I put you in: my end,
In humbling you, was to set off the height
Of honour, principal honour, which my studies,
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to
Yourselves, nor let the strangeness of the means,

kindred, all, to the distant view of wealth; and we might have known, without the instance of Luke, that avarice, while it depraves the feelings, enfeebles the judgment, and renders its votaries at once credulous and unnatural.

With respect to another objection which has been raised, that "Luke is too much a man of the world to be so grossly imposed upon," it is more easily obviated. Instead of going back to the age of the poet, we inconsiderately bring him forward to our own, and invest him with all our knowledge. This is an evil as common as it is grievous. That the Indians do not worship the devil, we know; but did Massinger know it? Our old writers partook of the general credulity, and believed the wonders they told; they would not else have told them so well. All the first discoverers of America were themselves fully persuaded, and earnestly laboured to persuade others, that the natives worshipped the devil. Every shapeless block, every rude stone painfully battered by the poor savages into a distant resemblance of animated nature, and therefore prized by them, was, by their more savage visitors, taken for a representation of some mis-shapen fiend to whom they offered human sacrifices: nay, so rooted was this opinion, that the author of the *New English Canaan*, (printed not many years before this play,) a man well disposed towards the Indians, says, "some correspondency they have with the devil, *out of all doubt*"! (p. 31.) and, indeed, I scarcely know a writer of those times, who was not of the same belief.

With the shadow of some danger, render you
Incredulous.
L. Frug. Our usage hath been such,
As we can faintly hope that your intents
And language are the same.
Luke. I'll change those hopes
To certainties.
Sir John. With what art he winds about them!
Luke. What will you say, or what thanks shall
I look for,
If now I raise you to such eminence, as
The wife and daughters of a citizen
Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant,
Have written ladies of honour, and some few
Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise
You can in England hope for. What think you
If I should mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?
Anne. We desire
A competence.
Mary. And prefer our country's smoke
Before outlandish fire.
L. Frug. But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.
Luke. I'll do it:
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;
It is but to Virginia.
L. Frug. How! Virginia!
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech you,
What creatures are shipp'd thither.
Anne. Condemn'd wretches,
Forfeited to the law.
Mary. Strumpets and bawds,
For the abomination of their life,
Spew'd out of their own country.
Luke. Your false fears

Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there, but you
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them: they are kings of
Such spacious territories and dominions,
As our Great Britain measured will appear
A garden to it.

Sir Maur. You shall be adored there
As goddesses.

Sir John. Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp, and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretched arms, and willing hands, embrace it.
But this refused, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here, and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.

[*Exeunt all but Sir John Frugal and Luke.*

Sir John. Be not moved, sir;
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.

Luke. You say well: and now
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.

Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,
Did never equal; and such ravishing musick

As the Italian princes seldom heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.
Luke. I must have none.
Sir John. Not the city senate?
Luke. No;
Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter
Of too much hospitality; a virtue
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer
I have mark'd out to misery.
Sir John. You shall:
And something I will add you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-paced.
Luke. I have one business,
And that dispatch'd I am free.
Sir John. About it, sir,
Leave the rest to me.
Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Lord LACY, GOLDWIRE *senior, and* TRADEWELL *senior.*

L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn

This devil a saint. [5]M. Goldwire, and M. Tradewell,
What do you mean to do? Put on.[6]
Gold. With your lordship's favour.
L. Lacy. I'll have it so.
Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.
L. Lacy. You have received
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?
Trade. They are our only sons.
Gold. And as we are fathers,
Remembering the errours of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.
Trade. And pay for them
In a moderate way.
Gold. In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator.
L. Lacy. All my power

Enter LUKE.

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well met,
And to my wish,—and wonderous brave! your habit
Speaks you a merchant royal.
Luke. What I wear,
I take not upon trust.
L. Lacy. Your betters may,
And blush not for't.
Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

[5] ——— M. *Goldwire, and* M. *Tradewell,*] See p. 83.

[6] ——— Put on.] i. e. be covered: an expression that frequently occurs.

L. Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you stay:
I once held you an upright honest man.
Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,
To the point; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty, and opinions.
L. Lacy. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.
Luke. What is it? I am troubled.
L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's prentices.
Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.
L. Lacy. Goldwire, and Tradewell.
Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustain'd by their sons.
Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.
Trade. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.
Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation; for it would convince me
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.
L. Lacy. No moderation?
Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie

For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to't.
A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.

L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not shew thyself
Such a devil!

Luke. Good words.

L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your monies
Cannot justify your villainies.

Luke. I endure this.
And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger.[7]

L. Lacy. In thy danger?

Luke. Mine.
I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a lord,
An it please your good lordship! You are a nobleman;

[7] *So much* in my danger.] i. e. in my debt. See Vol. III. p. 336.

Pray you pay in my monies: the interest
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship.
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve
An extent[8] on lords or lowns' land. Pay it in;
I would be loth your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are angry
For my good counsel: look you to your bonds; had I known
Of your coming, believe't, I would have had serjeants ready.
Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:
I know you'll drink a health to me. [*Exit.*

L. Lacy. To thy damnation.
Was there ever such a villain! heaven forgive me
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.

Gold. We are undone.

Trade. Our families quite ruin'd.

L. Lacy. Take courage, gentlemen; comfort may appear,
And punishment overtake him, when he least expects it. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *An extent on lords or lowns' land,*] To *extend*, as has been already observed, is a legal term for "laying an execution on." Thus Shadwell, in *the Virtuoso:*

"Niece, my land in the country is *extended*, and all my goods seized on."

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL *and* HOLDFAST.

Sir John. Be silent on your life.
Hold. I am o'erjoy'd.
Sir John. Are the pictures placed as I directed?
Hold. Yes, sir.
Sir John. And the musicians ready?
Hold. All is done
As you commanded.
Sir John. [*at the door.*] Make haste; and be careful;
You know your cue, and postures?
Plenty. [*within.*] We are perfect.
Sir John. 'Tis well: the rest are come too?
Hold. And disposed of
To your own wish.
Sir John. Set forth the table: so!

Enter Servants with a rich banquet.

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,
His chair in state; he shall feast like a prince.
Hold. And rise like a Dutch hangman.

Enter LUKE.

Sir John. Not a word more.——
How like you the preparation? Fill your room,
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.

Luke. I can brook
No rival in this happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate?
Some wine. Jove's nectar! brightness to the star
That govern'd at my birth! shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gain'd
By vows to saints above, and much less purchased.
By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me
As a reward to piety, and religion,
Or service to my country: I owe all
This to dissimulation, and the shape
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,
To soar above the firmament. I am well;
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else
Such as malign my state can load me with,
I will not envy it. You promised musick.

Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and power of it,
The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,
And in those ravishing strains with which he moved
Charon and Cerberus to give him way
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.
Appear! swifter than thought!

Musick. Enter at one door, Cerberus, at the other Charon, Orpheus, *and Chorus.*

Luke. 'Tis wonderous strange!
Sir John. Does not the object and the accent take you?
Luke. A pretty fable.[9]
[*Exeunt Orpheus and the rest.*
But that musick should
Alter in fiends their nature, is to me
Impossible; since in myself I find,
What I have once decreed shall know no change.
Sir John. You are constant to your purposes; yet I think
That I could stagger you.
Luke. How?
Sir John. Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.
Luke. Not a mote.
The musick that your Orpheus made was harsh,
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their cries and groans: if it be in your power,
I would now see them.
Sir John. Spirits, in their shapes,
Shall shew them as they are: but if it should move you?—
Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity!
Sir John. Be your own judge.
Appear! as I commanded.

9 From this it appears that the fable of Orpheus and Eurydice was acted in dumb show. Few of Massinger's plays are without an interlude of some kind or other.

Sad Musick. Enter GOLDWIRE *junior, and* TRADEWELL *junior, as from prison;* FORTUNE, HOYST, *and* PENURY; *Serjeants with* TRADEWELL *senior, and* GOLDWIRE *senior;—these followed by* SHAVE'EM, *in a blue gown,*[1] SECRET, *and* DING-'EM; *they all kneel to* LUKE, *lifting up their hands.* STARGAZE *is seen, with a pack of almanacks, and* MILLISCENT.

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!
This move me to compassion, or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face!
You are deceived: it rather renders me
More flinty, and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans,
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so:
It sets my happiness off: I could not triumph
If these were not my captives.—Ha! my tarriers,
As it appears, have seized on these old foxes,
As I gave order; new addition to
My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—they now grow tedious,
Let them be removed. [*Exeunt Gold. and the rest.*
Some other object, if
Your art can shew it.
Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
Yet one thing real, if you please?
Luke. What is it?

[1] SHAVE'EM *in a* blue gown;] i. e. in the livery of *Bridewell.* It appears from many passages in our old plays, particularly from the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore,* that this was the dress in which prostitutes were compelled to do penance there.

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY.

Luke. There they hang;
In things indifferent I am tractable.
Sir John. There pay your vows, you have liberty.
Anne. O sweet figure
Of my abused Lacy![2] when removed
Into another world, I'll daily pay
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance;
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride
And insolence threw upon thee.
Mary. I had been
Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance;
But far unworthy of it, now I fall
Thus prostrate to thy statue.
L. Frug. My kind husband,
(Bless'd in my misery,) from the monastery
To which my disobedience confined thee,
With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,

[2] Anna. *O sweet figure*
Of my beloved Lacy!] There is some difficulty in understanding the mechanism of this scene. Massinger, like his contemporaries, confounds statue with picture, and this creates confusion:—it seems to me as if Lacy and Plenty, by some contrivance behind, stood within the frames, and in the exact dress and attitudes of their respective portraits, which Sir John appears to have procured, and hung up in the back part of the room; (see p. 107;) from whence, at a preconcerted signal, they descend, and come forward. The direction in the quarto, is, *Plenty and Lacy ready behind.* The attempt to mark the stage arrangements of this interesting scene will, I hope, be received with that indulgence to which, from the wretched assistance afforded by the old copies, it is, in some measure, intitled.

Look on my penitence. O, that I could
Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed,
With what humility would I observe
My long-neglected duty!

Sir John. Does not this move you?

Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow
My absent brother. If, by your magick art,
You can give life to these, or bring him hither
To witness her repentance, I may have,
Perchance, some feeling of it.

Sir John. For your sport
You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but
A superficies; colours, and no substance.
Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement,
I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice,
To make the great work perfect.

[*Makes mystical gesticulations. Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty give signs of animation.*

Luke. Prodigious!

Sir John. Nay, they have life, and motion.
Descend!

[*Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty descend and come forward.*

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off,
Against your will you shall know him.

Enter Lord LACY, *with* GOLDWIRE *senior and junior,* TRADEWELL *senior and junior, the Debtors, &c. &c.*

Luke. I am lost.
Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

L. Lacy. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

Sir John. What think you now
Of this clear soul? this honest pious man?
Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship have

A further trial of him? 'Tis not in
A wolf to change his nature.
L. Lacy. I long since
Confess'd my errour.
Sir John. Look up; I forgive you,
And seal your pardons thus.
[*Embraces Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary.*
L. Frug. I am too full
Of joy, to speak it.
Anne. I am another creature;
Not what I was.
Mary. I vow to shew myself,
When I am married, an humble wife,
Not a commanding mistress.
Plenty. On those terms,
I gladly thus embrace you. [*To Mary.*
Sir Maur. Welcome to
My bosom: as the one half of myself,
I'll love and cherish you. [*To Anne.*
Gold. jun. Mercy!
Trade. jun. and the rest. Good sir, mercy!
Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall find me,
As far as lawful pity can give way to't,
Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss
Unto myself. My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?
What a golden dream you have had in the possession
Of my estate!—but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,
Transcending all example!—but I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—
What wilt thou do? turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign

Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase: this key too
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some desart,
Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.

Luke. I care not where I go: what's done, with words
Cannot be undone. [*Exit.*

L. Frug. Yet, sir, shew some mercy;
Because his cruelty to me and mine
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court.
[*Exeunt.*[3]

[3] Every friend to the reputation of Massinger must cherish the remembrance of this Play. It exhibits equal power of thought and copiousness of matter. The circumstantial detail of the manners of the age, (though some part of it is to be regretted,) the impression with which the moral lessons are conveyed, and the strong incidents with which the scenes abound, fill the mind with variety of excellence. It is a powerful and a pregnant composition, and has the effect of history, satire, and comedy united.

The object of the Play is formally stated at the conclusion: but it is observable, that the person who incidentally partakes in the promotion of it, becomes the most marked character, and obscures those who are originally concerned. The effect is stronger through its own surprise; and the address of Massinger is proved in proportion as he produces so important an agency from so indirect a promise. There is another mark of his address. The real character of Luke is unusually suspended; and

even when suspicion begins, it is balanced by a new contrivance of regard. The final disclosure of the villain becomes, in this instance too, more striking, through the previous concealment, and we hate him the more on account of the good opinion we have wasted upon him. The character of Luke is so predominant, that it well deserves the particular attention of the reader.

He is originally self-indulgent, idle, riotous, prodigal, and vicious; supported by his brother, he appears penitent, pious, unusually humble, compassionate, charitable, and draws much of our pity and esteem. When he hears of his supposed fortune, he assumes the most imposing hypocrisy, offers protection that he may betray, talks of kindness that he may be finally severe, and masks a decided cruelty with the most deceitful promises of liberality. Every restraint being at length removed, the appearance of his soft feeling is changed into a savage and ferocious avarice; his glossy deceit becomes avowed and daring villainy: he is insolent, oppressive, insatiable, obdurate, inexorable, and impious. The character is true, though some of its parts are opposite. The sufferings from his former profuseness, and perhaps the exhaustion of its pleasures, might well prepare him for future avarice: nor are such changes unfrequent in common life. His intermediate shew of goodness is easily reconciled with the unextinguished viciousness of his mind. His penitence is deceit, his piety is hypocrisy, his strange humility an inbred baseness, and his talk of liberality a genuine disregard of money that is not his own.—In short, the character is at once bold and natural, and is described with uncommon art and effect.

The other characters lose part of their importance through the ascendency of Luke. Yet the women are well represented; and their ignorance and vulgarity, their admiration of the unintelligible jargon of Stargaze, and their contented forgetfulness of Frugal amidst the new promises of Luke, are very amusing. Nor is the outrageous treatment of the suitors unnatural, though the desire of getting them as husbands might have been expected to teach some caution. It appears that the predictions of Stargaze had convinced them of the certain submission of Lacy, &c. and therefore caution was unnecessary. The unexampled impudence of the demands is only explained by the blind credulity of the mother. Stargaze himself is humorously treated. In *the Picture*, Sophia speaks with all the seriousness of religion against the practice of magick. Ridicule alone is bestowed on judicial astrology. After various failures and renewals of credit, the wretched professor is driven off the stage, disgraced, poor, beaten, and, worse than all, compelled to acknowledge the futility of his art. In the midst of this excellence, there is an inadvertence not wholly unimportant. The moral purpose of the Play is accomplished,

even upon moral principles, by its most flagitious character. Luke is a declared villain, and a reformer too! He allows revenge to be the motive of his cruelty, yet he rises up a "new satirist" against the vices of the city!—It is obvious that Massinger has forgot himself. He has confounded in the same person his own general and patriotick views with the private malice of Luke: and in this mixture of design, Luke talks alternately for himself and for the poet!

An instructive moral yet remains to be drawn from the apparent humility of Luke. It is the excess of this quality which gives the reader the first suspicion of hypocrisy.

We must not administer to the follies or vices of others, by a base subserviency; nor must we console the disgrace of present submission with the prospect of future revenge. Humility, well understood, has true purity and true elevation. It raises us above all moral meanness; and, while it prescribes an unaffected lowliness of service, it dignifies the obscurest actions through the principle from which they flow. Dr. Ireland.

THE

GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN.] This "Comical History" was licensed by the Master of the Revels, October 31st, 1633; but not printed till 1655, when it was put to the press, together with *the Bashful Lover*, and *the Very Woman*, by Humphrey Moseley, the general publisher of that age.

Its plot is singularly wild and romantick; the most interesting and probable part of it is, perhaps, the poet's own; the incident of Iolante and Calipso is borrowed. The original tale is in *the Hectopades;* whence it was transferred to the *Fables* of Pilpay: it was translated into Greek about the end of the eleventh century, by Simeon Seth, a learned Orientalist; and thus found its way into Latin, and made a part of those quaint collections of ribald morality, which, in Massinger's time, were in every one's hands. A sneer at miracles was not likely to escape the wits of Italy; it was therefore inserted by Boccacio in his *Decameron*, where it is but poorly told. Beaumont and Fletcher have introduced it with some degree of dexterity into the plot of *Women Pleased;* and it has been recently versified (from a translation of the Sanscrit) with exquisite humour, by my ingenious friend Mr. Hoppner.

It would be a miserable waste of time to examine from what specifick work Massinger derived an adventure which probably existed in a hundred different publications, and which was scarcely worth the picking up any where: those, however, who wish for more on the subject, may consult the late Mr. Holt's *Remarks on the Arabian Nights Entertainments*, p. 230.

This popular Drama was produced "at the Private-house in Black-fryers." From a memorandum in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, we learn, that, shortly after its appearance, it was acted before the king. "*The Guardian*, a play of Mr. Massinger's, was performed at court on Sunday the 12 January, 1633, by the king's players, *and well likte*," *Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage.*

PROLOGUE.

After twice putting forth to sea,[1] his fame
Shipwreck'd in either,[2] and his once-known name
In two years silence buried, perhaps lost
In the general opinion; at our cost
(A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made
For good success in his uncertain trade)
Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
Forsaking the security of the shore,
Resolves to prove his fortune: what 'twill be,
Is not in him, or us, to prophesie;
You only can assure us: yet he pray'd
This little in his absence might be said,

[1] *After twice putting forth, &c.*] I scarcely know whether I understand this rightly or not, but it seems to me that the players allude to two pieces of Massinger, which were condemned on the first representation. This ill fortune appears to have induced the modest poet to give up all further thoughts of writing for the stage; the players, however, who knew his worth, prevailed on him to try his fate once more; and to obviate his objections to the uncertainty of popular favour, purchased the piece outright: this, indeed, was no uncommon circumstance. The event proved that they had made no wrong estimate of his talents, for *the Guardian* is said to "have been often acted with great applause."

A difficulty yet remains. The prologue speaks of *two years' silence*, yet *the City Madam* was licensed on the 25th of May, 1632, and the present Comical History, on the last day of October in the following year, an interval of only seventeen months: but, perhaps, accuracy of computation is not to be looked for in these occasional productions.

[2] ——————— *his fame*
Shipwreck'd in either,] Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *in neither!* but, according to his usual custom, assigns no reason

Designing me his orator. He submits
To the grave censure of those abler wits
His weakness; nor dares he profess that when
The criticks laugh, he'll laugh at them agen.
(Strange self-love in a writer!) He would know
His errours as you find them, and bestow
His future studies to reform from this,
What in another might be judged amiss.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; though he fear
His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear
Some things so writ, as you may truly say
He hath not quite forgot to make a play,
As 'tis with malice rumour'd: his intents
Are fair; and though he want the compliments
Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage,
Before their works are brought upon the stage,
Their parasites to proclaim them: this last birth,
Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,
As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast
Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.

for the variation, though it be important enough to require one, as it makes the passage arrant nonsense.

This Prologue has many sarcastick allusions to Old Ben, who produced, about this time, his *Tale of a Tub*, and his *Magnetick Lady*, pieces which failed of success, and which, with his usual arrogance, *(strange self-love in a writer!)* he attributed to a want of taste in the audience.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alphonso, *king of* Naples.
Duke Montpensier, *general of* Milan.
Severino, *a banished nobleman.*
Monteclaro, *his brother-in-law, (supposed dead,) disguised, under the name of* Laval.
Durazzo, *the* GUARDIAN.
Caldoro, *his nephew and ward, in love with* Calista.
Adorio, *a young libertine.*
Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, } Neapolitan *gentlemen.*
Cario, *cook to* Adorio.
Claudio, *a confidential servant to* Severino.
Captain.
Banditti.
Servants.

Iölante, *wife to* Severino.
Calista, *her daughter, in love with* Adorio.
Mirtilla, Calista's *maid.*
Calipso, *the confident of* Iölante.

Singers, Countrymen.

SCENE, partly at Naples, *and partly in the adjacent country.*

THE GUARDIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Naples. *A Grove.*

Enter DURAZZO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, *and two Servants.*

Dur. Tell me of his expenses! Which of you
Stands bound for a gazet? he spends his own;
And you impertinent fools or knaves, (make choice
Of either title, which your signiorships please,)
To meddle in't.
Camil. Your age gives privilege
To this harsh language.
Dur. My age! do not use
That word again; if you do, I shall grow young,
And swinge you soundly: I would have you know
Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry
An almanack in my bones to pre-declare
What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel
In adoration, at the spring and fall,
Before my doctor, for a dose or two
Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,
You are familiar with.
Camil. This is from the purpose.

Dur. I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you
When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
Out of the field: but bring me to a fence-school,
And crack a blade or two for exercise,
Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,
Following my hounds or hawks, (and, by your leave,
At a gamesome mistress,) and you shall confess
I am in the May of my abilities,
And you in your December.
Lent. We are glad you bear
Your years so well.
Dur. My years! no more of years;
If you do, at your peril.
Camil. We desire not
To prove your valour.
Dur. 'Tis your safest course.
Camil. But as friends to your fame and reputation,
Come to instruct you: your too much indulgence
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro,
Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.
Dur. Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me,
That understand myself and them, they are
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have me
Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep
A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe him
In canvas or coarse cotton; while I fell
His woods,[1] grant leases, which he must make good

[1] ——————— *while I* fell
His woods, *grant leases*, &c.] This is by no means an exaggerated description of the tyranny which was sometimes exercised by a *guardian* over the *ward* whom law had put into his

When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry
With a cast whore and three bastards; let him know
No more than how to cipher well, or do
His tricks by the square root; grant him no pleasure
But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse
With none but clowns and cobblers: as the Turk says,
Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons,
Light on such heathenish guardians!

Don. You do worse
To the ruin of his state, under your favour,
In feeding his loose riots.

Dur. Riots! what riots?
He wears rich clothes, I do so; keeps horses, games, and wenches;
'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?

Camil. With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve.

Dur. Out with it, man.

power. Thus Falconbridge threatens young Scarborow, who had fallen in love without his consent:

"My steward too;—Post you to Yorkshire,
"Where lies my youngster's land: and, sirrah,
"*Fell me his wood*, make havock, spoil, and waste:
"Sir, you shall know that you are *ward* to me,
"I'll make you poor enough:—then mend yourself."

Miseries of Inforced Marriage.

Wardship, which was a part of the royal prerogative under the feudal system, and another name for the most oppressive slavery, was happily abolished under Charles II. Before that time *wardships* were sold, with all their advantages, (which are detailed in Blackstone, Vol. II.) and sometimes *begged* by the favourite courtier of the day. Our old poets are full of allusions to these iniquitous transactions.

Camil. His rash endeavour, without your consent,
To match himself into a family
Not gracious with the times.
Dur. 'Tis still the better;
By this means he shall scape court-visitants,
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress:[2] but does he mean to marry?
Camil. Yes, sir, to marry.
Dur. In a beardless chin
'Tis ten times worse than wenching. Family! whose family?
Camil. Signior Severino's.
Dur. How! not he that kill'd
The brother of his wife, as it is rumour'd,
Then fled upon it; since proscribed, and chosen
Captain of the banditti; the king's pardon
On no suit to be granted?
Lent. The same, sir.
Dur. This touches near: how is his love return'd
By the saint he worships?

[2] *By this means he shall scape court-visitants,*
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress.] This stroke of satire must have been peculiarly well received; as many of the gentry had found those *summer progresses* of the court almost too expensive for them to bear.

Puttenham, who was well acquainted with these matters, tells us, that Henry VII. was offended with his host if he undertook to defray "the charge of his dyet if he passed moe meales than one." P. 247. And of Elizabeth he says, that "her majestie hath been knowne often times to mislike the superfluous expense of her subjects bestowed upon her in times of her progresses."

James was not so delicate: it appears from many scattered passages in the publications of those times, that he abused this part of the royal prerogative to a great degree, and lay heavy upon his subjects. Charles, who was now on the throne, was less burthensome; and in the succeeding reign, these predatory excursions, together with other oppressive claims of barbarous times, were entirely done away.

Don. She affects him not,
But dotes upon another.
Dur. Worse and worse.
Camil. You know him, young Adorio.
Dur. A brave gentleman!
What proof of this?
Lent. I dogg'd him to the church;
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,
But to make his approaches to his mistress,
Is often seen.
Camil. And would you stand conceal'd
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,
The matins ended, as she returns home,
You may observe the passages.
Dur. I thank you;
This torrent must be stopt.
Don. They come.
Camil. Stand close. [*They retire.*

Enter ADORIO, CALISTA, MIRTILLA, *and* CALDORO *muffled.*

Calis. I know I wrong my modesty.
Ador. And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant.
Calis. A hard sentence!
And to increase my misery, by you,
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sullied reputation; were deform'd,
As it may be I am, though many affirm
I am something more than handsome——
Dur. I dare swear it.
Calis. Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely,

You might, with some pretence of reason, slight
What you should sue for.
Dur. Were he not an eunuch,
He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:
Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At barley-break in my breeches.
Calis. Hear me, sir;
Though you continue, nay increase your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinced,
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,
And spare your further trouble.
Ador. I will tell you,
And bluntly, as my usual manner is.
Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the sex; for my ends, take me with you;
If in my thought I found one taint or blemish
In the whole fabrick of your outward features,
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin
Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you;
Your father Severino's dire disaster
In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,
A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours
The Italian princes might contend as rivals;
Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you,
(A noted libertine I profess myself,)
In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,
If justly you consider it, that I cannot
As you desire, affect you.
Calis. Make me know it,
I'll soon reform it.
Ador. Would you'd keep your word!
Calis. Put me to the test.
Ador. I will. You are too honest,

And, like your mother, too strict and religious,
And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break,
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with
My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck
Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,
For one commodity, before I prove it?
Venus forbid on both sides! let crook'd hams,
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks,
Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it,
And we'll meet merrily.

Calis. 'Tis strange such a man
Can use such language.

Ador. In my tongue my heart
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,
Or private mistress, is court rhetorick;
A wife, mere rustick solecism: so good morrow!

[*Adorio offers to go, Caldoro comes forward and stops him.*

Camil. How like you this?

Dur. A well-bred gentleman!
I am thinking now if ever in the dark,
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years
I was much of his religion.

Camil. Out upon you!

Don. The colt's tooth still in your mouth!

Dur. What means this whispering?

Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant you,
Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,
'Tis needless compliment.

Cald. There are some natures
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Received in corners; holding it an impairing

To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.
I am made of other clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,
How much I am your servant.
Ador. My designs
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense
With so much time.
Camil. Pray you now observe your nephew.
Dur. How he looks! like a school-boy that had play'd the truant,
And went to be breech'd.
Cald. Madam!
Calis. A new affliction:
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,
It being not to be granted.
Mirt. Hear him, madam;
His sorrow is not personated; he deserves
Your pity, not contempt.
Dur. He has made the maid his;
And, as the master of *the Art of Love*
Wisely affirms,[3] it is a kind of passage
To the mistress' favour.
Cald. I come not to urge
My merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value:
Much less to argue you of want of judgment
For following one that with wing'd feet flies from you,
While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal,

[3] *And as the master of the Art of Love*
Wisely affirms, &c.]
Sed prius ancillam captandæ nosse puellæ
Cura sit: accessus molliat illa tuos.
Hanc tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpe rogando:
Quod petis, è facili, si volet illa, feres. Lib. i. 356.

In vain pursue you; bringing those flames with me,
Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other
I never shall approach you,) which Adorio,
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,
With atheistical impudence contemns;
And in his loose attempt to undermine
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin
All holy altars by clear minds erected
To virgin honour.

Dur. My nephew is an ass;
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the purpose,
Of the delight to meet in the old dance,
Between a pair of sheets; my grandam call'd it
The Peopling of the World.

Calis. How, gentle sir!
To vindicate my honour? that is needless;
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice
Can throw upon it.

Cald. Your sweet patience, lady,
And more than dove-like innocence, render you
Insensible of an injury, for which
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
The scorn of being refused? I must confess
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced
Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill
No more shall make way for my good intents,
Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
The aids of vice.

Ador. You take that license, sir,
Which yet I never granted.

Cald. I'll force more;
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
As I will make apparent, but to do
A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong
And irrecoverable loss.[4] To thee I turn,
Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grown
Defensible,[5] the last descent to hell,
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,
And on her fame, (if it were possible,
Fairer than she is,) and if base desires,
And beastly appetite, will give thee leave,
Consider how she sought thee, how this lady,
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashion'd
In an inimitable mould, (which Nature broke,
The great work perfected,)[6] to be made a slave
To thy libidinous twines, and, when commanded,
To be used as physick after drunken surfeits!
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now
I heard with horrour, shewed like blasphemy,
And as such I will punish it.

[*Strikes Adorio, the rest rush forward; they all draw.*

Calis. Murder!
Mirt. Help!

4 *And* irrecoverable *loss.*] So the old copy. Mr. M. Mason discards it from the text, for an improvement of his own; he reads, *irrevocable!*

5 ——————— *in whom lust is grown*
Defensible,] i. e. as Mr. M. Mason observes, an object of his justification, rather than of his shame.

6 ——————— *which Nature broke,*
The great work perfected,] We have had this thought in several of the preceding plays: indeed, I know no idea so common; scarce a sonetteer or playwright from Surrey to Shadwell being without it. It must have had considerable charms in the eyes of our forefathers, since neither its triteness nor its folly could prevent the eternal repetition. *Twines*, which occurs in the next line, is constantly used by the writers of Massinger's time for *embraces*, in a bad sense.

Dur. After a whining prologue, who would have look'd for
Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear nothing:
Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir?
(And yet I love thee too) if you take the wench now,
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,
Thou wert beaten to it.

Ador. You think you have shewn
A memorable masterpiece of valour
In doing this in publick, and it may
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:
Wear it without my envy; but expect
For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you
To a strict accompt. [*Exit.*

Dur. Hook on, follow him, harpies!
You may feed upon this business for a month,
If you manage it handsomely:
[*Exeunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato.*
When two heirs quarrel,*
The swordmen of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference; some, I know,
Make a set living on't. Nay, let him go,
Thou art master of the field; enjoy thy fortune
With moderation: for a flying foe
Discreet and provident conquerors build up
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy! if I were
In thy shirt, how I could nick it!

Cald. You stand, madam,
As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My passion hath offended: I perceive
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness

* *When two heirs quarrel*, &c.] See Vol. III. p. 9.

To usurp their room; yet you may please to ascribe it
To my excess of love, and boundless ardour
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured
To me you are lost for ever: for suppose
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life
Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn,
So with a tear or two you would remember
I was your martyr, and died in your service.
Cal. Alas, you weep! and in my just compassion
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble
Should I not keep you company: you have sought
My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,
For my ingratitude, it is no better,
To your deservings: yet such is my fate,
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro!
In our misplaced affection I prove
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.[7]
If it be possible, learn to forget,
(And yet that punishment is too light,) to hate,
A thankless virgin: practise it; and may
Your due consideration that I am so,
In your imagination disperse
Loathsome deformity upon this face
That hath bewitch'd you! more I cannot say,
But that I truly pity you, and wish you
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,
I ever will remember.

[*Exeunt Calista, and Mirtilla.*

Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue.
Why, how now! thunderstruck?

[7] ——— *Cupid*
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.] See Vol. I. p. 19.

Cald. I am not so happy:
Oh that I were but master of myself,
You soon should see me nothing.
Dur. What would you do?
Cald, With one stab give a fatal period
To my woes and life together.
Dur. For a woman!
Better the kind were lost, and generation
Maintain'd a new way.
Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear
This profane language.
Dur. Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no hectick fever,
But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe
To my directions. First, you must change
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here; I must have you
To my country villa: rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.
Cald. You talk of nothing.
Dur. This ta'en as a preparative to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:—
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,
You shall hear such musick from their tunable mouths,
That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony; from the groves
And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,

Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes
Repeating it.
Cald. What's this to me?
Dur. It shall be,
And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,
For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for't; if a hare, my grayhounds
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a spar-
hawk
Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
Our horses bellies; a hearn put from her siege,
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air:
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,
Eying the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
Cleaving the purer element, make in,
And by turns bind with her;[8] the frighted fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak, a while defers her death,
But by degrees forced down, we part the fray,
And feast upon her.
Cald. This cannot be, I grant,
But pretty pastime.
Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew!
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,

[8] *And by turns* bind *with her;*] This exquisite description of rural amusements is from the hand of a great master. I lament that it is so technical; but, in Massinger's time, this language was perfectly familiar to the audience who heard it, in a greater or less degree, in every play that came before them. To *bind with*, as I learn from that authentick treatise, *the Gentleman's Recreation*, "is the same as to *tire* or *seize*. A hawk is said to *bind* when she *seizeth* her prey."

A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies,[9] as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier;[1] then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.

Cald. Yet all this
Is nothing to Calista.

Dur. Thou shalt find
Twenty Calistas there, for every night
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
At midnight shall contend to do thee service.
I have bred them up to't; should their fathers murmur,
Their leases are void, for that is a main point
In my indentures; and when we make our progress,

[9] *In such a* place *flies,*] So the old copy, and so, indeed, Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, who, without ceremony, alters every thing that he does not comprehend, (which, by the bye, is no small matter,) corrupts it into *pace:* a most injudicious attempt at improvement, for who ever heard of the *pace* of a bird, except, perhaps, of an ostrich! But *place* is the genuine word; and means, in falconry, the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight. "Eagles," says Col. Thornton, (who, probably, had no intention of becoming a commentator on Massinger,) "can have no speed except when at their *place;* then to be sure their weight increases their velocity, and they aim with an incredible swiftness, seldom missing their quarry." *Sporting Tour.*

[1] *To* cancelier,] "Cancelier is when a high-flown hawk, in her stooping, turneth two or three times upon the wing, to recover herself before she seizeth her prey." *Gent. Recreation.*

There is no entertainment perfect, if
This last dish be not offer'd.
Cald. You make me smile.
Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses, knaves!
'Tis but six short hours riding: yet ere night
Thou shalt be an alter'd man.
Cald. I wish I may, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Severino's *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE, CALISTA, CALIPSO, *and* MIRTILLA.

Iöl. I had spies upon you, minion; the relation
Of your behaviour was at home before you:
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,
With noted libertines! her fame and favours
The quarrel of their swords!
Calis. 'Twas not in me
To help it, madam.
Iöl. No! how have I lived?
My neighbour knows my manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular action of my life
I can be justly censured.
Calip. Censured, madam!
What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit
A competent judge on you?
Calis. Yet black detraction
Will find faults where they are not.
Calip. Her foul mouth
Is stopp'd, you being the object: give me leave
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction;

And if my young lady and her woman hear
With reverence, they may be edified.
You are my gracious patroness and supportress,
And I your poor observer, nay, your creature,
Fed by your bounties; and but that I know
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,
And with an emphasis, you are the lady
Admired and envied at, far, far above
All imitation of the best of women
That are or ever shall be. This is truth:
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd
From your oraculous ladyship, to act
The part of a she-parasite.
Iöl. If you do,
I never shall acknowledge you.
Calis. Admirable!
This is no flattery!
Mirt. Do not interrupt her:
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,
That she may peradventure forget us,
To feed on her own praises.
Iöl. I am not
So far in debt to age, but if I would
Listen to men's betwitching sorceries,
I could be courted.
Calip. Rest secure of that.
All the braveries of the city run mad for you,
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.
Iöl. I keep no mankind servant in my house,
In fear my chastity may be suspected:
How is that voiced in Naples?
Calip. With loud applause,
I assure your honour.
Iöl. It confirms I can
Command my sensual appetites.

Calip. As vassals to
Your more than masculine reason, that commands them:
Your palace styled a nunnery of pureness,
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,
Your clear soul standing centinel.
Mirt. Well said, Echo!
Iöl. Yet I have tasted those delights which women
So greedily long for, know their titillations;
And when, with danger of his head, thy father
Comes to give comfort to my widow'd sheets,
As soon as his desires are satisfied,
I can with ease forget them.
Calip. Observe that,
It being indeed remarkable: 'tis nothing
For a simple maid, that never had her hand
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it;
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there often,
And felt the sweetness of't——
Mirt How her mouth runs o'er
With rank imagination!
Calip. If such can,
As urged before, the kickshaw being offer'd,
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,
They may be sainted.
Iöl. I'll lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension; look to it:
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body.
Calip. Seek no other precedent:
In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*,
The *Palmerins*, and that true Spanish story
The Mirror of Knighthood, which I have read often,

Read feelingly; nay more, I do believe in't,
My lady has no parallel.[2]

Iöl. Do not provoke me:
If, from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,
Write letter, or receive one; or presume
To look upon a man, though from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner;
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,
Expect the usage of a Fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother. Come, Calipso.

Calip. Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady
And her woman shall obey them.

[*Exeunt Iölante and Calipso.*

Mirt. You shall fry first
For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give fire
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco!
Note the injustice, madam; they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep perpetual Lent,
And the whole year to them a carnival.
Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you!
Suffer this and suffer all.

Calis. Not stir abroad!
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us!

Mirt. Insufferable.

Calis. Nor write, nor yet receive
An amorous letter!

Mirt. Not to be endured.

Calis. Nor look upon a man out of a window!

Mirt. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny
To a lady of your blood.

[2] Calipso might pass for a pattern of perseverance even in these novel-reading days. Most of those old romances would outweigh a score of the flimsey productions of modern times: and *that true Spanish story, the Mirror of Knighthood*, which she had read often, consists of three ponderous tomes in quarto!

Calis. She is my mother,[3]
And how should I decline it?
Mirt. Run away from't;
Take any course.
Calis. But without means, Mirtilla,
How shall we live?
Mirt. What a question's that! as if
A buxom lady could want maintenance
In any place in the world, where there are men,
Wine, meat, or money stirring.
Calis. Be you more modest,
Or seek some other mistress: rather, than
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught
That may take from my honour, I'll endure
More than my mother can impose upon me.
Mirt. I grant your honour is a specious dressing,
But without conversation of men,
A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me
(And he, you know, is held a learned clerk)
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,
Wise children may evade them. She may as well
Command when you are hungry, not to eat,

[3] *She is my mother*, &c.] The language of this play is surprisingly beautiful, even for Massinger: it is every where modulated with the nicest attention to rhythm, and laboured into an exactness of which I know not where to find another example: yet it is in this very play that the modern editors have chosen to evince their sovereign contempt of their author's characteristick excellencies, and to turn his sweetest metre into weak and hobbling prose. The reader, who compares this with the former editions, will see that I have reformed what has already past of this act in numberless instances. A short quotation will give those who wish to decline that ungrateful trouble, a sufficient specimen of the disgraceful negligence to which I allude.

Calip. *She is my mother, and how should I decline it?*
Mirt. *Run away from't, take any course.*
Calis. *But without means, Mirtilla, how shall we live?*

Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,
Compared with the not seeing of a man,
As I persuade no further; but to you
There is no such necessity; you have means
To shun your mother's rigour.
Calis. Lawful means?
Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not urge
Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;
Make trial of Adorio.
Calis. And give up
My honour to his lust!
Mirt. There's no such thing
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him
What slavish hours you spend under your mother;
That you desire not present marriage from him,
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,
In which the rape of Proserpine, in little
Is to the life express'd: I'll be the messenger
With any hazard, and at my return,
Yield you a good account of't.
Calis. 'Tis a business
To be consider'd of.
Mirt. Consideration,
When the converse of your lover is in question,
Is of no moment: if she would allow you
A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,
A songster in the afternoon, a servant
To air you in the evening;[4] give you leave
To see the theatre twice a week, to mark

[4] ——— *a servant*
To air you in the evening; &c.] It has been already observed that *servant* was the authoris·. term for a lover. From a subsequent passage it appears that this forward young lady was barely sixteen. Juliet, however, still more forward, is still younger.

How the old actors decay, the young sprout up,
(A fitting observation,) you might bear it;
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,
Abominable!
Calis. Do not my blushes speak
How willingly I would assent?
Mirt. Sweet lady,
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Street near Severino's *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

Iöl. And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such gallants?
Calip. Gallant and active; their free breeding knows not
The Spanish and Italian preciseness
Practised among us; what we call immodest,
With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight
Under a velvet ensign at fourteen.
Iöl A petticoat, you mean?
Calip. You are in the right;
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,
They are not to be beaten off.
Iöl. You are merry, neighbour.
Calip. I fool to make you so; pray you observe them,
They are the forward'st monsieurs; born physicians.

For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss:
I owe my life to one of them, when I was
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,
And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,
And cured me in an instant, Venus be praised for't!

Enter ALPHONSO, MONTPENSIER, LAVAL, Captain, *Attendants.*

Iöl. They come, leave prating.
Calip. I am dumb, an't like your honour.
Alph. We will not break the league confirm'd between us
And your great master: the passage of his army
Through all our territories lies open to him;
Only we grieve that your design for Rome
Commands such haste, as it denies us means
To entertain you as your worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.
Mont. Royal Alphonso,
The king my master, your confederate,
Will pay the debt he owes, in fact, which I
Want words t'express. I must remove to night;
And yet, that your intended favours may not
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,
Without repentance. I forbear to give
Your majesty his character; in France
He was a precedent for arts and arms,
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples
Worthy the imitation.
[*Introduces Laval to the king.*
Calip. Is he not, madam,
A monsieur in print? what a garb was there! O rare!

Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion
of them!
A main assurance that he is within
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever
Make their conjectures.
Iöl. Peace, I have observed him
From head to foot.
Calip. Eye him again, all over.
Lav. It cannot, royal sir, but argue me
Of much presumption, if not impudence,
To be a suitor to your majesty,
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,
By some employment prosperously achieved.
But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine,
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness,)
With such humility as well becomes
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon
From your magnificence. [*He delivers a petition.*
Calip. With what punctual form
He does deliver it!
Iöl. I have eyes: no more.
Alph. For Severino's pardon!—you must excuse
me,
I dare not pardon murder.
Lav. His fact, sir,
Ever submitting to your abler judgment,
Merits a fairer name: he was provoked,
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,
By Monteclaro's rashness; who repining
That Severino, without his consent,
Had married Iölante, his sole sister,
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years,)
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,
First challeng'd him, and, that declined, he gave
him
A blow in publick.

Mont. Not to be endured,
But by a slave.
Lav. This, great sir, justly weigh'd,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The rigour of your justice, and express
An act of mercy.
Iöl. I can hear no more,
This opens an old wound, and makes a new one.
Would it were cicatrized! wait me.
Calip. As your shadow.
[*Exeunt Iölante and Calipso.*
Alph. We grant you these are glorious pretences,
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,
Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence
Of reputation, now made a bawd
To murder; every trifle falsely styled
An injury, and not to be determined
But by a bloody duel: though this vice
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains,
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,
England, can dearly witness with the loss
Of more brave spirits, than would have stood the shock
Of the Turk's army,) while Alphonso lives
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further
In this; in what else suiting you to ask,
And me to give, expect a gracious answer:
However, welcome to our court. Lord General,
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you
To your good fortune.
Mont. Your grace overwhelms me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Severino's *House.*

Enter CALIPSO *and* IÖLANTE.

Calip. You are bound to favour him: mark you how he pleaded
For my lord's pardon.
Iöl. That's indeed a tie;
But I have a stronger on me.
Calip. Say you love
His person, be not asham'd of't; he's a man,
For whose embraces, though Endymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,
And exchange kisses with him.
Iöl. Do not fan
A fire that burns already too hot in me;
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,
Never to be recovered.
Calip. What a coil's here
For loving a man! It is no Africk wonder:
If, like Pasiphaë, you doted on a bull,
Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have
A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.
A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,
When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not blamed for't;
And many more besides of higher calling,
Though I forbear to name them. You have a husband;
But, as the case stands with my lord, he is
A kind of no husband; and your ladyship
As free as a widow can be. I confess,

If ladies should seek change, that have their husbands
At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,
(The surest bond of concord,) 'twere a fault,
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that
Do lie alone so often—body of me!
I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath.
Iöl. I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want all
As means to quench the spurious fire that burns here.
Calip. Want means, while I, your creature, live! I dare not
Be so unthankful.
Iöl. Wilt thou undertake it,
And, as an earnest of much more to come,
Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of crowns?——
How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour!
Calip. I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill become
My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty;
Nay, say no more, all rhetorick in this
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him.
He shall be yours;[5] that's poor, he is already
At your devotion. I will not boast
My faculties this way, but suppose he were

[5] *He* shall be *yours; that's poor, he* is already
At your devotion.] This is parodied with some humour from a spirited passage in *Hercules Furens*:

——— *Si novi Herculem,*
Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:
Lentum est, dabit; dat: hoc quoque lentum est; dedit.
Ver. 644.

which Jonson has thus closely imitated in his *Catiline*:

" ——— He *shall die;*
" *Shall*, was too slowly said: *he's dying;* that
" Is yet too slow: *he's dead.*"

Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,
And your desires more hot than Cytherea's,
Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters;
I have said it.

Iöl. Go, and prosper; and imagine
A salary beyond thy hopes.

Calip. Sleep you
Secure on either ear;[6] the burthen's yours
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] Calip. *Sleep you*
Secure on either ear;] Calipso seems to have joined the classicks to *Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin,* and *the Mirror of Knighthood. To sleep on either ear,* is from *the Heautont.* of Terence,—*in aurem utramvis dormire,*—and means, to sleep soundly, free from care, &c. It is used by Jonson, in his beautiful *Masque of Oberon:*

" ———— Sirs, you keep
" Proper watch, that thus do lie
" Drown'd in sloth!
" *Sat.* 1. They have no eye
" To wake withal.
" *Sat.* 2. Nor sense, I fear,
" For they *sleep on either ear.*"

In Acerbi's *Travels to the North of Europe,* there is an extract from the bishop of Drontheim's *Account of the Laplanders*—" *in utramvis dormiunt aurem, nec plumis indormire mollibus magni æstimant.*" This Acerbi, or rather the English manufacturer of his work, translates, " they sleep equally on both sides"! He then remarks, with an appearance of great sagacity, " Some physicians recommend sleeping on the right side, or right ear, the good bishop seems, however, to think that to sleep casually on either ear is the most conducive to health." The " good bishop" knew what he was saying very well, though his flippant translator did not:—but thus it is that we are disgraced in the eyes of Europe by needy adventurers, who set up for criticks in literature with no other qualifications than ignorance and impudence!

SCENE III.

A Room in Adorio's *House.*

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

Don. Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you deal
Too fairly with him, if you take that way
To right yourself.
Lent. The least that you can do,
In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet him,
To give him the bastinado.
Cam. And that done,
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat! No,
Be ruled by me, shew yourself an Italian,
And having received one injury, do not put off
Your hat for a second; there are fellows that
For a few crowns will make him sure, and so,
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.
Ador. I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied care
In what concerns my honour; but in that
I'll steer my own course. Yet, that you may know
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom
Lies open to you; I begin to feel
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness,
And something tells me here, I should repent
My harshness to Calista.

Enter CARI *in haste.*

Camil. When you please,
You may remove that scruple.

Ador. I shall think on't.
Car. Sir, sir, are you ready?
Ador. To do what?
I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time.
Car. True; but I usher
Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast,
As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavear,
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms,
And yet a drawer-on[7] too; and if you shew not
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
For it will not stay a preface, I am shamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.
Ador. Art thou in thy wits? what new-found rarity
Hast thou discover'd?
Car. No such matter, sir;
It grows in our own country.
Don. Serve it up,
I feel a kind of stomach.
Camil. I could feed too.
Car. Not a bit upon a march; there's other lettuce
For your coarse lips, this is peculiar only
For my master's palate; I would give my whole year's wages,
With all my vails, and fees due to the kitchen,
But to be his carver.
Ador. Leave your fooling, sirrah,
And bring in your dainty.
Car. 'Twill bring in itself,
It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,

7 *And yet a* drawer-on *too;*] i. e. an incitement to appetite: the phrase is yet in use.

Behold! Now fall to boldly, my life on't
It comes to be tasted.

Enter MIRTILLA.

Camil. Ha! Calista's woman.
Lent. A handsome one, by Venus.
Ador. Pray you forbear:
You are welcome, fair one.
Don. How that blush becomes her!
Ador. Aim your designs at me?
Mirt. I am trusted, sir,
With a business of near consequence, which I would
To your private ear deliver.
Car. I told you so.
Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state
To a she-ambassador.
Ador. Pray you, gentlemen,
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight
attend you. [*Exeunt Camil. Lent. and Don.*
Car. Dispatch her first for your honour, the
quickly doing——
You know what follows.
Ador. Will you please to vanish? [*Exit Cario.*
Now, pretty one, your pleasure; you shall find me
Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to
My oath, I'll take it on this book.
Mirt. O sir,
The favour is too great, and far above
My poor ambition, I must kiss your hand
In sign of humble thankfulness.
Ador. So modest!
Mirt. It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those
blessings
For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,
And, with your good allowance, I might add
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;

But this will better speak her chaste desires,
[*Delivers a letter.*
Than I can fancy what they are, much less
With moving language, to their fair deserts,
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find
The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her eyes,
While she endeavour'd to set down that truth
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
A gracious answer.

Ador. O the powerful charms
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those
Which dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have
An opposite working, I already feel,
But reading them, their saving operations;
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,
Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.
Most happy metamorphosis! in which
The film of errour that did blind my judgment
And seduced understanding, is removed.
What sacrifice of thanks can I return
Her pious charity, that not alone
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,
To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;
But adds a matchless favour, to receive
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness
In my protection?

Mirt. Transform'd! it is [*Aside.*
A blessed metamorphosis, and works
I know not how on me.

Ador. My joys are boundless,
Curb'd with no limits; for her sake, Mirtilla,
Instruct me how I presently may seal

To those strong bonds of loyal love, and service
Which never shall be cancell'd.
Mirt. She'll become
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer
Her pure affection.
Ador. Answer it, Mirtilla!
With more than adoration I kneel to it.
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform
All her commands.
Mirt. I am lost on this assurance, [*Aside.*
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,
As in an oracle: ah me! She presents you
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphick,
(For so I think she call'd it,) you may be
Instructed what her suit is you should do,
And she with joy will suffer.
Ador. Heaven be pleased
To qualify this excess of happiness
With some disaster, or I shall expire
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art
The cunning[*] lapidary hath here express'd
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymenæal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind them.
Mirt. I despair then. [*Aside.*
Ador. At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her,

[*] *With what art*
The cunning *lapidary* &c.] *Cunning* is the Scriptural term for *ingenuity* in the arts.

And guard her from the fury of her mother,
And all that dare disturb her.
Mirt. You speak well,
And I believe you.
Ador. Would you aught else?
Mirt. I would carry
Some love-sign to her; and now I think on it,
The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,
I'll faithfully deliver it.
Ador. O, a kiss!
You must excuse me, I was then mine own,
Now wholly hers: the touch of other lips
I do abjure for ever: but there's gold
To bind thee still my advocate. [*Exit.*
Mirt. Not a kiss!
I was coy when it was offer'd, and now justly
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires
My loose hopes kindle in me! shall I be
False to my lady's trust, and from a servant
Rise up her rival? His words have bewitch'd me,
And something I must do, but what?—'tis yet
An embryon, and how to give it form,
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undetermined.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Country. A Forest.

Enter CLAUDIO *and* SEVERINO.

Claud. You are master of yourself; yet, if I may,
As a tried friend in my love and affection,
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts

Without offence, i'the way of counsel to you;
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose
For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,
Is full of danger.
Sev. Danger, Claudio!
'Tis here, and every where, our forced companion;
The rising and the setting sun beholds us
Environ'd with it; our whole life a journey
Ending in certain ruin.
Claud. Yet we should not,
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort
Of life, till it be forced.
Sev. 'Tis so indeed
By wisest men concluded, which we should
Obey as Christians; but when I consider
How different the progress of our actions
Is from religion, nay, morality,
I cannot find in reason, why we should
Be scrupulous that way only; or like meteors
Blaze forth prodigious terrours, till our stuff
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,
Would bring security unto ourselves,
And safety unto those we prey upon.
O Claudio! since by this fatal hand
The brother of my wife, bold Monteclaro,
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed
After my flight, by the justice of the king,
My being hath been but a living death,
With a continued torture.
Claud. Yet in that
You do delude their bloody violence
That do pursue your life.
Sev. While I by rapines
Live terrible to others as myself.
What one hour can we challenge as our own,
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam
Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings

Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep:
Our time is spent in watches to entrap
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us
To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,
Is this a life to be preserved,[9] and at
So dear a rate? But why hold I discourse
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen
We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off
But with our human frailty? in the change
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore
I am resolved for Naples.

Claud. May you meet there
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife
(As Fame proclaims her without parallel)
Can yield to ease your sorrows!

Sev. I much thank you;
Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy
I have proved certainties, and from their want
Her excellencies take lustre.

Claud. Ere you go yet,
Some charge unto your squires not to fly out
Beyond their bounds, were not impertinent:

[9] ——————— *O, Claudio,*
Is this a life to be preserved, &c.] A state of insecurity and perpetual alarm was never described with more energy and beauty than in this scene. I know not whether Massinger ever reached Germany; but certainly many parts of Charles *the Robber* bear a striking resemblance to the character of Severino. There is a fine passage in Marston, which is not altogether unlike the opening of this speech:

" ——————— O thou pale, sober night,
" Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
" Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
" Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour," &c.
The Malecontent. Act III. sc. ii.

For though that with a look you can command them,
In your absence they'll be headstrong.
Sev. 'Tis well thought on,
I'll touch my horn,—[*Blows his horn.*]—they know my call.
Claud. And will,
As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Ban.* What's your will?
2 *Ban.* Hail sovereign of these woods!
3 *Ban.* We lay our lives
At your highness' feet.
4 *Ban.* And will confess no king,
Nor laws but what come from your mouth; and those
We gladly will subscribe to.
Sev. Make this good,
In my absence, to my substitute, to whom
Pay all obedience as to myself;
The breach of this in one particular
I will severely punish: on your lives,
Remember upon whom with our allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your fury.
Claud. 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their memory; besides,
Here are some newly initiated.
Sev. To these
Read you the articles; I must be gone:
Claudio, farewell! [*Exit.*
Claud. May your return be speedy!
1 *Ban.* Silence; out with your table-books.
2 *Ban.* And observe.

Claud. [reads.] *The cormorant that lives in expectation*
Of a long wish'd-for dearth, and smiling grinds
The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of;
Even theft to such is justice.

3 *Ban.* He's in my tables.

Claud. *The grand encloser of the commons, for*
His private profit or delight, with all
His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize.

4 *Ban.* And we will bring them in, although the devil
Stood roaring by to guard them.

Claud. *If a usurer,*
Greedy, at his own price, to make a purchase,
Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage
From a prodigal, pass through our territories,
In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,
You may ease him of his burthen.

2 *Ban.* Wholesome doctrine.

Claud. *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests*[1]
With timber trees for shipping.

1 *Ban.* May we not
Have a touch at lawyers?

Claud. By no means; they may
Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets,
Not to be jested with.

3 *Ban.* This is not so well.

Claud. *The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares*

[1] Claud. *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests*
With timber trees for shipping.] Did this evil really exist in Massinger's days? or did the poet, in prophetick vision, visit the "well-wooded" mountains that overhang the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland? These *articles* are extremely curious, as they shew us what were accounted the chief grievances of the nation at this fortunate period.

With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented
With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,
When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late, and bed-time.
These ransack at your pleasures.

3 *Ban.* How shall we know them?

Claud. If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd stockings,
And shining shoes;[2] if horsemen, by short boots,
And riding furniture of several counties.

2 *Ban.* Not one of the list escapes us.

Claud. *But for scholars,*
Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets,
Soldiers that have bled in their country's service;
The rent-rack'd farmer, needy market folks;
The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport
The goods of other men, are privileged;
But, above all, let none presume to offer
Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,
Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy
Hangs for't by martial law.

All. Long live Severino,
And perish all such cullions as repine[3]
At his new monarchy!

Claud. About your business,

[2] *And* shining *shoes;*] Our old dramatists make themselves very merry with these *shining shoes*, which appear, in their time, to have been one of the characteristick marks of a spruce citizen. Thus Newcut, rallying Plotwell for becoming a merchant, exclaims:

"Slid! his *shoes shine* too!" *The City Match.*

And Kitely observes that Wellbred's acquaintance

"——————— mock him all over,
"From his flat cap unto his *shining shoes.*"
Every Man in his Humour.

[3] *And perish all such* cullions] A term taken from the Italians, and strongly expressive of contempt:—all such *abject wretches.* It frequently occurs in our old poets.

That he may find, at his return, good cause
To praise your care and discipline.
All. We'll not fail, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Naples. *A Street.*

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Lav. Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible
That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.
Calip. Not you the man! you are the man of men,
And such another, in my lady's eye,
Never to be discover'd.
Lav. A mere stranger
Newly arrived!
Calip. Still the more probable.
Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to them.[4] This is not an age
In which saints live; but women, knowing women,
That understand their *summum bonum* is
Variety of pleasures in the touch,
Derived from several nations; and if men would
Be wise by their example—
Lav. As most are.
'Tis a coupling age!
Calip. Why, sir, do gallants travel?
Answer that question; but, at their return,
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of

[4] *Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,*
And brought far to them.] This is proverbial: but it may, perhaps, allude to the title of a play, by Thomas Hacket, "*Farre fetched and dear bought ys good for Ladies.*" It was entered at Stationers' Hall, 1566.

The garb and difference in foreign females,
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sprightful Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtezan,
The English fair companion, that learns something
From every nation, and will fly at all:—
I say again, the difference betwixt these
And their own country gamesters.

Lav. Aptly urged.
Some make that their main end: but may I ask,
Without offence to your gravity, by what title
Your lady, that invites me to her favours,
Is known in the city?

Calip. If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after.
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travail; she is, sir,
No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam
So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her;
No lioness by her breath.

Lav. Leave these impertinencies,
And come to the matter.

Calip. Would you'd be as forward
When you draw for the upshot! she is, sir, a lady,
A rich, fair, well-complexion'd, and what is
Not frequent among Venus' votaries,
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,
A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is
Madonna Iölante.

Lav. Iölante!
I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,
The wonder of the age.

Calip. Pray you, not too much
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,
And so you'll find her.

Lav. Come, you are a base creature;
And covering your foul ends with her fair name,
Give me just reason to suspect you have
A plot upon my life.
Calip. A plot! very fine!
Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;
'Tis cunningly contriv'd: I plot to bring you
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,
To those delights which a man not made of snow
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious,
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,
And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!
A kiss then ravish'd from you by such lips
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you safe
Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot!
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common:
But I must not forget, to make the plot
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,
So furnish'd as might force the Persian's envy,
The silver bathing-tub, the cambrick rubbers,
The embroider'd quilt, the bed of gossamer
And damask roses; a mere powder plot
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,
To whose rare entertainment all these are
But foils and settings off.
Lav. No more; her breath
Would warm an eunuch.
Calip. I knew I should heat you:
Now he begins to glow.
Lav. I am flesh and blood,
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,
Had I no other ends in't. I have consider'd
Your motion, matron.
Calip. My plot, sir, on your life,

For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous woman! Fare you well, sir,
I'll be bold to take my leave.
Lav. I will along too.
Come, pardon my suspicion, I confess
My errour; and eying you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you:
I am serious, and for proof of it I'll purchase
Your good opinion. [*Gives her his purse.*
Calip. I am gentle natured,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction.
Lav. What's the hour?
Calip. Twelve.
Lav. I'll not miss a minute.
Calip. I shall find you
At your lodging?
Lav. Certainly; return my service,
And for me kiss your lady's hands.
Calip. At twelve
I'll be your convoy.
Lav. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and Servant.*

Dur. Walk the horses down the hill; I have a little
To speak in private. [*Exit Servant.*
Cald. Good sir, no more anger.

Dur. Love do you call it! madness, wilful madness;
And since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,
And then you are mad, katexokên the madman.[5]

Cald. Such as are safe on shore may smile at tempests;
But I, that am embark'd, and every minute
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth;
To me it is unseasonable.

Dur. Pleasing viands
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well
As any boy of you all; and on good terms
Will venture as far i'the fire, so she be willing
To entertain me; but ere I would dote,
As you do, where there is no flattering hope
Ever t'enjoy her, I would forswear wine,
And kill this letcherous itch with drinking water,
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,
And use no soap but camphire-balls.

Cald. You may,
(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon,
Apply these burning causticks to my wounds
Already gangreen'd, when soft unguents would
Better express an uncle with some feeling
Of his nephew's torments.

Dur. I shall melt, and cannot
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,

[5] *And then you are mad,* katexokên *the madman*] Κατ' ἐξοχὴν i. e. *super-eminently* the madman.

Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,
Or fear his bird-bolts![6]

Cald. You have put yourself already
To too much trouble in bringing me thus far:
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave me
To my hard fortunes.

Dur. I'll forsake myself first.
Leave thee! I cannot, will not; thou shalt have
No cause to be weary of my company,
For I'll be useful; and, ere I see thee perish,
Dispensing with my dignity and candour,*
I will do something for thee, though it savour
Of the old squire of Troy.[7] As we ride, we will
Consult of the means: bear up.

Cald. I cannot sink,
Having your noble aids to buoy me up;
There was never such a guardian.

Dur. How is this?
Stale compliments to me! when my work's done,
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] *Or fear his* bird-bolts!] i. e. his blunt, pointless arrows; for with such birds were brought down.

* *Dispensing with my dignity and* candour,] This expression reconciles me to a passage in *the Parliament of Love*, of which, though copied with my best care, I was extremely doubtful;

"And might I but persuade you to dispense
"A little with your *candour*, &c." Vol. II. p. 291.

It now appears that Massinger uses *candour* in both places as synonymous with honour, or fairness of reputation

[7] *Of the old* squire of Troy.] The Pandarus of Shakspeare. This uncle is a most pleasant character; it is impossible not to be delighted with him, notwithstanding the freedom of his language. As Caldoro justly observes,

There was never such a guardian.

SCENE II.

Naples. *A Room in* Severino's *House.*

Enter CALISTA *richly habited, and* MIRTILLA *in the gown which* Calista *first wore.*

Calis. How dost thou like my gown?
Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.
Calis. The dressings too are suitable?
Mirt. I must say so,
Or you might blame my want of care.
Calis. My mother
Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
These are my nuptial ornaments.
Mirt. I hope so.
Calis. How dully thou repliest! thou dost not envy
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune
That it brings to me?
Mirt. My endeavours that way
Can answer for me.
Calis. True; you have discharged
A faithful servant's duty, and it is
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress:
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony
Than you have yet express'd.
Mirt. The miseries
Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,
Restrain my forward tongue; and, gentle madam,
Excuse my weakness, though I do appear
A little daunted with the heavy burthen
I am to undergo: when you are safe,

My dangers like to roaring torrents will
Gush in upon me; yet I would endure
Your mother's cruelty, but how to bear
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me,
Since we were children I have loved and served you;
I willingly learn'd to obey, as you
Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me;
And now to be divorced from all my comforts!—
Can this be born with patience?
Calis. The necessity
Of my strange fate commands it; but I vow
By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.
Mirt. Pity me, madam! a cold charity;
You must do more, and help me.
Calis. Ha! what said you?
I must? is this fit language for a servant?
Mirt. For one that would continue your poor servant,
And cannot live that day in which she is
Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit
Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures
Which you this blessed Hymeneal night
Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,
And my lord too, in being your's? (already
As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger
Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead
You must pretend to keep; and 'twill become you?
Shall another do those bridal offices
Which time will not permit me to remember,[8]

[8] *Which time will not permit me to* remember,] i. e. to bring to your remembrance, to remind you of: so the word is frequently used. See Vol. II. p. 84.

This scene, and indeed the whole of this play, is scandalously

And I pine here with envy? pardon me,
I must and will be pardon'd,—for my passions
Are in extremes; and use some speedy means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those delights, but with becoming distance;
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all!

Calis. Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The building thou hast raised.

Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me,
For 'tis resolved.

Calis. I know not what to think of't.
In the discovery of my secrets to her,
I have made my slave my mistress; I must sooth her,
There's no evasion else.—Prithee, Mirtilla,
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken
With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose
To have thee sent for.

Mirt. When?

Calis. This very night;
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner
In the desired possession of my lord,
But by some of his servants I will have thee
Convey'd unto us.

Mirt. Should you break!

Calis. I dare not.
Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our departure.

Mirt. Pray you, forgive my boldness,
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.

Calis. I thank thee for't.

edited by Coxeter as well as Mr. M. Mason; in the line before us, the former omits *me*, and the latter, *time*, so that the metre halts miserably in both.

Mirt. You'll keep your word?
Calis. Still doubtful!
Mirt. 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to fortune. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Adorio's *House.*

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, CARIO, *and Servants.*

Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all
Provision along with you, and for use
And ornament, the shortness of the time
Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,
And costliest hangings; and, if't be possible,
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,
Provide an epithalamium.
Car. Trust me
For belly timber: and for a song I have
A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions,
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets
Ready in the deck:[9] it is but altering
The names, and they will serve for any bride
Or bridegroom in the kingdom.
Ador. But for the dance?
Car. I will make one myself, and foot it finely;
And summoning your tenants at my dresser,

9 *Ready in the* deck:] Mr. M. Mason reads, in the *desk;* and, doubtless, applauded himself for the emendation; but *deck* is right: it means the *heap*, or technically speaking, the *gross.* In our old poets, a *pack* of cards is called a *deck*: thus, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
"To deal about and shuffle as I would."

Which is, indeed, my drum,[1] make a rare choice
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of amber, which you know is
The grace of the country-hall.
Ador. About it, Cario,
And look you be careful.
Car. For mine own credit, sir.
[*Exeunt Cario and Servants.*
Ador. Now, noble friends, confirm your loves, and think not
Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid
The stealing away an heir: I will secure you,
And pay the breach of't.
Camil. Tell us what we shall do,
We'll talk of that hereafter.
Ador. Pray you be careful
To keep the west gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum; this is all.
Don. A dangerous business!
Camil. I'll make the constable, watch, and porter drunk,
Under a crown.
Lent. And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a murder.

[1] *And summoning your tenants at my* dresser,
Which is, indeed, my drum,] Thus the servant, in *the Unnatural Combat:*
"When the *dresser*, the *cook's drum*, thunders, Come on!"
See Vol. I. p. 166.
And thus Suckling:
"Just in the nick the *the cook knock'd thrice*,
"And all the waiters in a trice
"His summons did obey;
"Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
"March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
"Presented, and away." *The Wedding.*

Camil. Get but your mistress,
And leave the rest to us.
Ador. You much engage me:
But I forget myself.
Camil. Pray you, in what, sir?
Ador. Yielding too much to my affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation
And honour suffer: the disgrace, in taking
A blow in publick from Caldoro, branded
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher;
That's first to be consider'd.
Camil. If you dare
Trust my opinion, (yet I have had
Some practice and experience in duels,)
You are too tender that way: can you answer
The debt you owe your honour till you meet
Your enemy from whom you may exact it?
Hath he not left the city, and in fear
Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine?
What would you more?
Ador. I should do.
Camil. Never think on't,
Till fitter time and place invite you to it:
I have read Caranza,[6] and find not in his grammar
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound
To seek for reparation at an hour;
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled

[6] *I have read* Caranza,] This great man—"great let me call him," for he has obtained the praise of Bobadill, wrote a systematick treatise on duelling, which seems to have been the *Vade mecum* of the punctilious gallants about the court of James I. He is frequently mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, and our author, and generally with the ridicule which he deserves. From a passage in the *New Inn*, it should seem that his reputation did not long outlive their sarcasms:

"*Host.* They had their times, and we can say, *they were:*
"So had *Caranza* his."

More serious occasions that import him,
For a day or two defer it.
Ador. You'll subscribe
Your hand to this?
Camil. And justify't with my life,
Presume upon't.
Ador. On, then; you shall o'er-rule me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Severino's *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

Iöl. I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have it hung up
Over thy tomb for a monument.
Calip. I am not prepared yet
To leave the world; there are many good pranks
I must dispatch in this kind before I die:
And I had rather, if your honour please,
Have the crowns in my purse.
Iöl. Take that.
Calis. Magnificent lady!
May you live long, and every moon love change,
That I may have fresh employment. You know what
Remains to be done.
Iöl. Yes, yes; I will command
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.
Calip. And lock them up: such liquorish kitlings are not
To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll help you
To set forth the banquet, and place the candied eringoes

Where he may be sure to taste them; then undress you,
For these things are cumbersome, when you should be active:
A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,
With your pearl-embroider'd pantofles on your feet,
And then you are arm'd for service! nay, no trifling,
We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before Severino's *House.*

Enter ADORIO *and* Servant.

Ador. 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed.
Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?
Serv. No, sir;
All's silent here.
Ador. Some cursed business keeps
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,
And shew where you shall wait us with the horses,
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter DURAZZO *and* CALDORO.

Dur. What's now to be done? prithee let's to bed, I am sleepy;
And here's my hand on't, without more ado,
By fair or foul play we'll have her to morrow
In thy possession.
Cald. Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.
Dur. Is not here fine fooling!
Cald. Thou great queen of love,
Or real or imagined, be propitious
To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow
To erect a statue to thee, equal to
Thy picture by Apelles' skillful hand
Left as the great example of his art;
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,
For further honour!
Dur. End this waking dream,
And let's away.

Enter CALISTA *and* MIRTILLA.

Calis. Mirtilla!
Cald. 'Tis her voice!

Calis. You heard the horses' footing?
Mirt. Certainly.
Calist. Speak low. My lord Adorio.
Cald. I am dumb.
Dur. The darkness friend us too! Most honour'd madam,
Adorio, your servant.
Calis. As you are so,
I do command your silence till we are
Further removed; and let this kiss assure you
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)
I am wholly yours.
Dur. Forward, you micher!
Mirt. Madam,
Think on Mirtilla. [*Exit.*
Dur. I'll not now enquire
The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune
Favouring us beyond our hopes: yet, now I think on't,
I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ADORIO *and* Servant.

Ador. This slowness does amaze me; she's not alter'd
In her late resolution!
Iöl. [*within.*] Get you to bed,
And stir not on your life, till I command you.
Ador. Her mother's voice! listen.
Serv. Here comes the daughter.

Enter MIRTILLA *hastily.*

Mirt. Whither shall I fly for succour?
Ador. To these arms,
Your castle of defence, impregnable,
And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you:
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you;
And I'll defer the musick of your voice
Till we are in a place of safety.
Mirt. O blest errour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The same.

Enter SEVERINO.

Sev. 'Tis midnight: how my fears of certain death,
Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown
A stranger in the city, and no wonder
I have too long been so unto myself:
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul——
I hear some footing, ha!

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Calip. That is the house,
And there's the key: you'll find my lady ready
To entertain you; 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought you on,
Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*
Sev. It makes this way.
Lav. I am much troubled, and know not what to think
Of this design.
Sev. It still comes on.
Lav. The watch!
I am betray'd.
Sev. Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me; there's no retiring.
My confidence must protect me; I'll appear
As if I walk'd the round.[3] Stand!
Lav. I am lost.
Sev. The word?
Lav. Pray you forbear; I am a stranger,
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office
To guide me to it.
Sev. Do you think I stand here
For a page or a porter?
Lav. Good sir, grow not so high:
I can justify my being abroad; I am
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you,
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain;

[3] ——————— *I'll appear*
As if I walk'd the round.] i. e. As if I was one of the watch. See Vol. III. p. 137.

For if you do assault me, though not in fear
Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,
And raise the streets.
Sev. Before my captain, ha!
And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted,
I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.
Lav. Will you do your duty?
Sev. I must close with him:—
Troth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language
I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good night!
Lav. The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd!—Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Sev. I am glad he's gone; there is a secret passage,
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will guide me
To her desired embraces, which must be,
My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

A Room in Severino's *House.*

A rich banquet, and tapers. IÖLANTE *in a chair; (a curtain drawn before them.*[4]*)*

Iöl. I am full of perplex'd thoughts. Imperious blood,

[4] *A rich banquet, and tapers.* IÖLANTE *in a chair; (a curtain drawn before them.)*] The old exits and entrances are generally sufficiently ridiculous; modern editors, however, sometimes

Thou only art a tyrant; judgment, reason,
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust
Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding
Stow'd under hatches,) like a desperate pilot,
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,
Self-love, and over-value of myself,
Are justly punish'd: I, that did deny
My daughter's youth-allow'd and lawful pleasures,
And would not suffer in her those desires
She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,
That must consume my fame; yet still I throw
More fuel on it.

Enter SEVERINO *before the curtain.*

Sev. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle:
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banish'd mate; alas, that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer! But I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The ecstasy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome.—[*Draws the curtain.*]—
Iölante!
Iöl. Ha!
Good angels guard me!
Sev. What do I behold!
Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I

contrive to improve upon them. Here Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read—*Enter* Iölante *in a chair, behind a curtain!*

May living find a sepulchre to swallow
Me and my shame together!
Iöl. Guilt and horrour
Confound me in one instant; thus surprised,
The subtilty of all wantons, though abstracted,
Can shew no seeming colour of excuse,
To plead in my defence.
Sev. Is this her mourning?
O killing object! The imprison'd vapours
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me;
This little world, like to a tottering tower,
Not to be underpropp'd;—yet in my fall
I'll crush thee with my ruins. [*Draws a poniard.*
Iöl. [*kneeling.*] Good sir, hold:
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,
If you proceed to execution,
And will too late repent it.
Sev. Thy defence!
To move it, adds (could it receive addition)
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already
Infected every vein, and spreads itself
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell,
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore!
Then send thee to him. Speak.
Iöl. Your Gorgon looks
Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes
My silenced tongue.
Sev. O Fate, that the disease
Were general in women, what a calm
Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief,
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.
Iöl. Be appeased, sir,

Until I have deliver'd reasons for
This solemn preparation.
Sev. On, I hear thee.
Iöl. With patience ask your memory; 'twill instruct you,
This very day of the month, seventeen years since,
You married me.
Sev. Grant it, what canst thou urge
From this?
Iöl. That day, since your proscription, sir,
In the remembrance of it annually,
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,
I have with pomp observed.
Sev. Alone!
Iöl. The thoughts
Of my felicity then, my misery now,
Were the invited guests; imagination
Teaching me to believe that you were present,
And a partner in it.
Sev. Rare! this real banquet
To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off
These flaggons to my health, or the idol thought
Like Baal devour these delicates? the room
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,
Which Messalina would not wear, put on
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown
So weak in thy opinion, that it can
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter? where
The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murder'd,
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neighbour,
Your whistle, gent, parasite, Calipso,
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in
The close adulterer. [*Lays hands on her.*

Iöl. What will you do?
Sev. Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not
So near to reconcilement. Ha! this scarf,
The intended favour to your stallion, now
Is useful: do not strive;—[*He binds her.*]—thus
bound, expect
All studied tortures my assurance, not
My jealousy thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness howl thy mischiefs; and if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribald [hither,[5]] glut thyself with him;
I will cry Aim, and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-
strings! [*Exit with the tapers.*
Iöl. Most miserable woman! and yet sitting
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy doom
My incensed husband must pronounce upon me.
In my intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same punishment, as if
I had in fact offended.
Calip. [*within.*] Bore my eyes out
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

Enter CALIPSO.

How's this? no lights! What new device? will
she play
At blindman's-buff? Madam!
Iöl. Upon thy life,
Speak in a lower key.
Calip. The mystery
Of this, sweet lady? where are you?

[5] *The ribald* [hither,] *glut thyself with him;*] The word inclosed in brackets, or one of a similar meaning, seems necessary to complete the sense as well as the metre.

Iöl. Here, fast bound.
Calip. By whom?
Iöl. I'll whisper that into thine ear,
And then farewell for ever.——
Calip. How! my lord?
I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain
Almost made up?
Iöl. What shall we do?
Calip. Betray him;
I'll instantly raise the watch.
Iöl. And so make me
For ever infamous.
Calip. The gentleman,
The rarest gentleman is at the door,
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must perish,
'Twill shew a woman's spleen in you to fall
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whim;
But I will first unbind you.
Iöl. Now what follows?
Calip. I will supply your place: and, bound, give me
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat love-trick; if he should grow furious,
And question me, I am resolved to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gentleman,
His courage may cool.
Iöl. I'll speak with him, but if
To any base or lustful end, may mercy
At my last gasp forsake me! [*Exit.*

Calip. I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone: say he should kill me?
I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

Re-enter SEVERINO *with a knife in his hand, throwing open the doors violently.*

Sev. It is a deed of darkness, and I need
No light to guide me; there is something tells me
I am too slow-paced in my wreak, and trifle
In my revenge. All hush'd! no sigh nor groan
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance
The villain that defiles my bed; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you
Into the sea together: do not play with
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,
And answer my demands; will it not be?
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet.
[*Strikes at her with the knife.*
Calip. Oh!
Sev. Thus stab these arms
That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a stranger.

Calip. Oh!

Sev. This is but an induction; I will draw
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:
Howl on, 'tis musick to me. [*Exit.*

Calip. He is gone.
A kiss, and love-tricks! he hath villainous teeth,
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers
In my profession were paid thus, there would be
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I *had* one:
My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear;
Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd!

Re-enter IÖLANTE.

Iöl. Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all principles and lectures read
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed
As by her contrary, how base and deform'd
Loose appetite is; as in a few short minutes
This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.
Oh! that I could recall my bad intentions,
And be as I was yesterday, untainted
In my desires, as I am still in fact,
I thank his temperance! I could look undaunted
Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,
So strong the guards and sure defences are
Of armed innocence; but I will endure
The penance of my sin, the only means
Is left to purge it. The day-breaks. Calipso!

Calip. Here, madam, here.

Iöl. Hath my lord visited thee?

Calip. Hell take such visits! these stabb'd arms, and loss
Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish
What a night I have had of't, and what you had suffered,
Had I not supplied your place.

Iöl. I truly grieve for't;
Did not my husband speak to thee?
Calip. Yes, I heard him,
And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief!
But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan boy[6]
With silence I endured it, he could not get
One syllable from me.
Iöl. Something may be fashion'd
From this; invention help me! I must be sudden.
[*Unbinds her.*
Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick! now bind me sure,
And leave me to my fortune.
Calip. Pray you consider
The loss of my nose; had I been but carted for you,
Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lie, I had
Examples to excuse me; but my nose,
My nose, dear lady!
Iöl. Get off, I'll send to thee. [*Exit Calipso.*
If so, it may take; if it fail, I must
Suffer whatever follows.

Re-enter SEVERINO *with a taper.*

Sev. I have searched
In every corner of the house, yet find not
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any print
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.
Iöl. 'Tis he,

[6] ——— *like a true-bred Spartan* boy] The old copy reads *fox*. The amendment by Mr. M. Mason.

And within hearing; heav'n forgive this feigning,[7]
I being forced to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter!
Sev. I begin
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how,
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered,)
Would plead in her excuse.
Iöl. You blessed guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoked, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless sufferings!
Sev. At her devotions:
Affliction makes her repent.
Iöl. Look down
Upon a wretched woman, and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fasten'd, firm; (though in loose wishes
I yield I have offended;) to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms
To their late strength and beauty.

[7] Iöl. *'Tis he,*
And within hearing; heaven forgive this feigning,] All the editions read:
'Tis he,
And I'm *within hearing; heaven*, &c.
The unmetrical turn of the line shews that something is wrong; and, indeed, what Iölante wanted was, that her husband should be within hearing, that she might begin her adjurations. "To remark," as Johnson says, (on another occasion,) "the improbability of the fiction, or the absurdity of the conduct of this strange interlude, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecillity."

Sev. Does she hope
To be cured by miracle?
Iöl. This minute I
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted:
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural means, have done
This work of heavenly charity, be ever
Canonized for't!
Sev. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me:
If I have no belief, in their assurance,[8]
I must turn sceptick. Ha! this is the hand,
And this the fatal instrument: these drops
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more
Than wonder or amazement; I profess
I am astonish'd.
Iöl. Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
By your false guide, suspicion; have no faith
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
That which you see; and for your satisfaction,
My doubted innocence clear'd by miracle,
Proceed, these veins have now new blood, if you
Resolve to let it out.
Sev. I would not be fool'd
With easiness of belief, and faintly give [*Aside.*
Credit to this strange wonder: 'tis now thought on:
In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.
[*Unties her.*
How can I expiate my sin? or hope,

[8] *If I have no belief in their* assurance,] So the quarto, Coxeter misprinted it—in their *assistance*, and Mr. M. Mason ridiculously followed him.

Though now I write myself thy slave, the service
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
Despair'd-of pardon? Shall I kneel? that's poor,
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,
Than I can fancy; wilt thou have revenge?
My heart lies open to thee.

Iöl. This is needless
To me, who in the duty of a wife,
Know I must suffer.

Sev. Thou art made up of goodness,
And from my confidence that I am alone
The object of thy pleasures, until death
Divorce us, we will know no separation.
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels
And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt
Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd
By such as style me sovereign. Already
My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present:
The Neapolitan court a place of exile
When thou art absent: my stay here is mortal,
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it;
Come, dearest Iölante, with this breath
All jealousy is blown away. [*Embraces her.*

Iöl. Be constant. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Country.

A Noise within;—then enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* Servant, *with* CALISTA *in their arms.*

Dur. Hell take the stumbling jade!
Cald. Heaven help the lady!
Serv. The horse hath broke his neck.
Dur. Would thine were crack'd too,
So the lady had no harm! Give her fresh air,
'Tis but a swoon.
Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead.
Dur. Examine
Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,
You ferret; this is no coney-borough for you.
How do you find her?
Cald. No breath of comfort, sir: too cruel fate!
Had I still pined away, and lingered under
The modesty of just and honest hopes
After a long consumption, sleep and death
To me had been the same; but now, as 'twere,
Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment
To have them ravish'd from me! suffer shipwreck
In view of the port! and, like a half-starved beggar,
No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd!—
Malevolent destinies, too cunning in
Wretched Caldoro's tortures! O Calista,
If thy immortal part hath not already
Left this fair palace, let a beam of light

Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,
To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor
Of hope in thy recovery.
Calis. Oh!
Dur. She lives;
Disturb her not; she is no right-bred woman
If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance
Have ta'en a thousand merrily, and are still
Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.
Cald. Good sir—
Dur. Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus if
My mother were in her place.
Cald. But had you heard
The musick of the language which she used
To me, believed Adorio, as she rode
Behind me; little thinking that she did
Embrace Caldoro—
Calis. Ah, Adorio!
Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it.
Calis. Are you safe?
Cald. And raised, like you, from death to life, to hear you.
Calis. Hear my defence then, ere I take my veil off,
A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you,
I faintly could deliver; willingly
I am become your prize, and therefore use
Your victory nobly; heaven's bright eye, the sun,
Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope
I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken
The splendour of your merits. I could urge
With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined
The shadows of insinuating pleasures
Tender'd by all men else, you only being
The object of my hopes: that cruel prince

To whom the olive-branch of peace is offer'd,
Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,
If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph,
Because Calista's humble: I have said
And now expect your sentence.
Dur. What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of Love,
Were there many such she-advocates! art thou dumb?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?
Cald. Dear lady,
Open your eyes, and look upon the man,
The man you have elected for your judge,
Kneeling to you for mercy.
Calis. I should know
This voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceived; but now I look upon his face,
I am assured I am wretched.
Dur. Why, good lady?
Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else:
The youth's a well-timbered youth, look on his making;
His hair curl'd naturally; he's whole-chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go through stitch with't,
As any Adorio in the world, my state on't!
A chicken of the right kind; and if he prove not
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a capon of him.
Calis. I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not: would I had died
In my late trance, and never lived to know
I am betray'd!
Dur. To a young and active husband!
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i'the city, would vow a pilgrimage

Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—
To her again, you milk-sop! violent storms
Are soon blown over.

Calis. How could'st thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes
So far, as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee,
Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection,
I could not answer it; and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions,
Not to be reconciled?

Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd
A friend in his creation to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way: I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursued
With a becoming modesty, heaven at length
Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it.

Dur. Now he comes to her: on, boy.

Cald. I have served you
With a religious zeal, and born the burthen
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,
Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play[9]
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,

[9] *I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play*
Upon Adorio's, &c.

This is a most beautiful simile; in *the Winter's Tale* we have one very much like it:

"—— He says, he loves my daughter;
"I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
"Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
"As 'twere, my daughter's eyes." Coxeter.

I would not deprive the reader of these pretty lines; though

Gilding a crystal river; and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his,
While I bit mine with envy: yet these favours,
Howe'er my passions raged, could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience.
Calis. My blushes
Confess this for a truth.
Dur. A flag of truce is
Hung out in this acknowledgment.
Cald. I could add,
But that you may interpret what I speak
The malice of a rival, rather than
My due respect to your deserts, how faintly
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty
Of your affection, ascribing it
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you
An act of mercy: could he else, invited
(As by your words I understood) to take you
To his protection, grossly neglect
So gracious an offer, or give power
To Fate itself to cross him? O, dear madam,
We are all the balls of time, toss'd to and fro,
From the plough unto the throne, and back again:
Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers,
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,
You were appointed mine; wise nature always
Aiming at due proportion: and if so,
I may believe with confidence, heaven, in pity
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,
Directed you; by a most blessed errour,
To your vow'd servant's bosom.

I cannot avoid observing, that they present an image totally distinct from that which they are cited to exemplify. One is the picture of complacent affection, the other of rapturous delight: the language of both is singularly happy.

Dur. By my holidam,
Tickling philosophy!
Calis. I am, sir, too weak
To argue with you; but my stars have better,
I hope, provided for me.
Cald. If there be
Disparity between us, 'tis in your
Compassion to level it.
Dur. Give fire
To the mine, and blow her up.
Calis. I am sensible
Of what you have endured; but on the sudden,
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,
I am exceeding weary; in yon grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard;
My spirits with some little rest revived,
We will consider further: for my part
You shall receive modest and gentle answers
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make you[1]
Full satisfaction.
Cald. I am exalted
In the employment; sleep secure, I'll be
Your vigilant centinel.
Calis. But I command you,
And as you hope for future grace, obey me,
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch o'er me.
Cald. My desires
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.
Dur. Frozen! think not of frost, fool, in the dog-days.

[1] ——— *though short, perhaps, to make* you, &c.] I have restored the last word from the quarto. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason dropt it.

Remember the old adage, and make use of't,
Occasion's bald behind.
Calis. Is this your uncle?
Cald. And guardian, madam; at your better leisure,
When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks
For his many favours to me.
Calis. He appears
A pleasant gentleman.
[*Exeunt Caldoro and Calista.*
Dur. You should find me so,
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy;
Sirrah, provide fresh horses; I'll seek out
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.
Serv. With all care, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country. A Room in Adorio's *House.*

Enter CARIO *with several Villagers.*

Car. Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and miss not
A hair's breadth of my footing; our dance has
A most melodious note, and I command you
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's honour,
And something for my worship: your reward is
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar;
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better;
You were born for this night's service. And, do you hear,
Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breath'd hoboys,

For the credit of your calling, have not your
instruments
To tune when you should strike up; but twang
it perfectly,
As you would read your neck-verse: and you,
warbler,
Keep your wind-pipe moist, that you may not
spit and hem,
When you should make division. How I sweat!
Authority is troublesome:—[*A horn within.*]—
they are come,
I know it by the cornet that I placed
On the hill to give me notice: marshal yourselves
I'the rear, the van is yours.

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

Now chant it sprightly.

A SONG.[2]

Ador. A well-penn'd ditty.
Camil. Not ill sung.
Ador. What follows?
Car. Use your eyes; if ever, now your master-
piece.

A DANCE.

Ador. 'Tis well peform'd: take that, but not
from me,
'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it;
All that I have is her's.
Car. I must have three shares
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be
Divided equal'y. [*Exeunt Cario and Villagers.*

[2] See this SONG, with that p. 207, at the conclusion of the play.

Mirt. My real fears
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish
In my discovery.
Ador. Welcome to your own!
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept
Three long hours silence; and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms, a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you: nay, unmask,
And let mine eye and ears together feast,
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you.
[*Takes off her mask.*
Mirtilla!
Camil. It is she, and wears the habit
In which Calista three days since appeared
As she came from the temple.
Lent. All this trouble
For a poor waiting-maid!
Don. We are grossly gull'd.
Ador. Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,
Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.
Mirt. Innocence
Is free, and open-breasted; of what crime
Stand I accused, my lord?
Ador. What crime! no language
Can speak it to the height; I shall become
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this
Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot? discover.
Were not Calista's aids in't?
Mirt. No, on my life;
Nor am I faulty.
Ador. No! what May-game's this?

Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,
To make sale of thine own?
Mirt. With her and you
I have dealt faithfully:[3] you had her letter
With the jewel I presented: she received
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself
To be removed by you: and howsoever
You take delight to hear what you have done,
From my simplicity, and make my weakness
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well
With my condition, I know you have her
In your possession.
Ador. How! has she left
Her mother's house?
Mirt. You drive this nail too far.
Indeed she deeply vow'd at her departure
To send some of your lordship's servants for me,
(Though you were pleased to take the pains yourself,)
That I might still be near her, as a shadow
To follow her, the substance.
Ador. She is gone then?
Mirt. This is too much; but, good my lord, forgive me,
I come a virgin hither to attend
My noble mistress, though I must confess
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,
And wish it were mine own.
Ador. Then, as it seems,
You do yourself affect me?
Mirt. Should she hear me,
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,

[3] *I have dealt* faithfully:] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read *faithful*, which utterly destroys the metre: but there is no end of these blunders.

But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound
To be enamour'd of you.
Ador. O my fate!
How justly am I punish'd, in thee punish'd,
For my defended wantonness! I, that scorn'd
The mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my knees receive her, am become
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of those
Ambitious servingwomen, who contemning
The embraces of their equals, aim to be
The wrong way ladyfied by a lord? was there
No forward page or footman in the city
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen
To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?
Mirt. Great lords sometimes
For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats:[4]
In modesty I dare speak no more.
Camil. If 'twere
A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty whiting-mop,[5]

[4] Mirt. *Great lords sometimes*
For change leave calver'd salmon, *and eat sprats:*] See Vol. III. p. 53.

[5] ——————— *and would content myself*
With this pretty whiting-mop.] This word occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher, in the sublime strains of Bustopha:
"The thundering seas, whose watry fire
"Washes the *whiting-mops.*" *Maid in the Mill.*
"A *whiting-mop*," says their editor, "is a *sort of fish* so called!" but whether it is a seal or a soland-goose, he does not determine. And so notes are written! A *whiting-mop* is a young whiting. Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, illustrates the figure "meiosis, or the disabler," by terming his muse *his prettie moppe;* understanding, he says, "by this *moppe* a little

Ador. Discover yet
How thou cam'st to my hands.
Mirt. My lady gone,
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,
You were pleased, unask'd, to comfort me; (I used
No sorceries to bewitch you;) then vouchsafed
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)
To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.
Ador. This is still more bitter; canst thou guess to whom
Thy lady did commit herself?
Mirt. They were
Horsemen, as you are.
Ador. In the name of wonder,
How could they pass the port, where you expected
My coming?
Camil. Now I think upon't, there came
Three mounted by, and behind one a woman
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.
Lent. I knew the men, but she was veil'd.
Ador. What were they?
Lent. The first the lord Durazzo, and the second
Your rival, young Caldoro; it was he
That carried the wench behind him.
Don. The last a servant,
That spurr'd fast after them.
Ador. Worse and worse! 'twas she!
Too much assurance of her love undid me.
Why did you not stay them?
Don. We had no such commission.

prety lady, or tender young thing. For so we call little fishes, *that be not come to their full growth, moppes;* as, *whiting-moppes*, gurnard-*moppes*, &c." p. 184.

Camil. Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on
The angry old ruffian?
Lent. For my part, I had rather
Take a baited bull by the horns.
Ador. You are sure friends
For a man to build on!
Camil. They are not far off,
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take fresh ones
And coast the country, ten to one we find them.
Ador. I will not eat nor sleep, until I have them:
Moppet, you shall along too.
Mirt. So you please
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,
And ride with you all the world o'er.
Camil. A good girl. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Naples. *A Street.*

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Lav. Her husband? Severino?
Calip. You may see
His handiwork by my flat face; no bridge
Left to support my organ, if I had one:
The comfort is, I am now secure from the crincomes,
I can lose nothing that way.[6]

[6] ——— *I am now secure from the* crincomes,
I can lose nothing that way.] This passage scarcely deserves a note: but Calipso's meaning is, that, by the previous loss of

Lav. Dost thou not know
What became of the lady?
Calip. A nose was enough to part with,
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer,
But I am full assured the house is empty,
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left there.
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king
Among the banditti, and how there he hath used them,
Is more than to be fear'd.
Lav. I have play'd the fool,
And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans question,
With the danger of her life. Leave me——the king!

Enter ALPHONSO *and* Captain.

Calip. The surgeon must be paid.
Lav. Take that.
Calip. I thank you;
I have got enough by my trade, and I will build
An hospital only for nosceless bawds,
('Twill speak my charity,) and be myself
The governess of the sisterhood. [*Exit.*
Alph. I may
Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;
But as I am a king, if you provoke me
The second time with negligence of this kind,
You shall deeply smart for't.
Lav. The king's moved.
Alph. To suffer

her nose, she is secured from one of the evils attendant on the disease yet known among the vulgar by the name which she assigns to it.

A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure
To pass and repass through our guards!
Capt. Your pardon
For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be
More circumspect hereafter.
Alph. Look you be so:
Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me
For Severino's pardon.
Lav. I was so, my good lord.
Alph. You might have met him here, to have
thank'd you for't,
As now I understand.
Lav. So it is rumour'd;
And hearing in the city of his boldness,
I would not say contempt of your decrees,
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
I now as much admire the slowness of
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)
In fetching him in.
Alph. I have consider'd it.
Lav. He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
To his own daughter, in whom, sir, I have
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to
In my humanity, which I gladly would
Make known unto your highness.
Alph. Go along,
You shall have opportunity as we walk:
See you what I committed to your charge,
In readiness, and without noise.
Capt. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Country. A Forest.

Enter CLAUDIO *and all the Banditti, making a guard;* SEVERINO *and* IÖLANTE *with oaken-leaved garlands; Singers.*

A SONG.

Sev. Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty
The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,
And secure in the guards of these few subjects,
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,
That does compel me to this course.

Iöl. Revive not
A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full fruition of those joys, which now
I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with
A masculine spirit.[7]

Sev. 'Tis well said.

Iöl. In you, sir,
I live; and when, or by the course of nature,
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my
Devotions is, that one and the same hour
May make us fit for heaven.

Sev. I join with you

7 ——————— *I shake off, and with*
A masculine spirit.] Mr. M. Mason, not yet acquainted with the style of his author, has printed this as an imperfect sentence; it is, however, full and complete.

In my votes that way:[8] but how, Iölante,
You that have spent your past days; slumbering in
The down of quiet, can endure the hardness
And rough condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.
Iöl. These woods, Severino,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present; here are no allurements
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation
Of such whose choice behaviour or discourse
May nourish jealous thoughts.
Sev. True, Iölante,
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here
To be clear'd by miracle.
Iöl. Still on that string!
It yields harsh discord.
Sev. I had forgot myself,
And wish I might no more remember it.
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in
As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch
All passages, that none escape without
The payment of our customs.
Claud. Shall we bring in
The persons with the pillage?
Sev. By all means;
Without reply, about it: we'll retire
[*Exeunt Claudio and the rest.*
Into my cave, and there at large discourse
Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,
Our happiness were perfect.

[8] *In my votes that way*] i. e. in my prayers; I know not who led the way to this pedantick adoption of the Latin word, (*votum*,) but I find it in Jonson, and others.

Iöl. We must wait
With patience heaven's pleasure.
Sev. 'Tis my purpose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter LENTULO *and* CAMILLO.

Lent. Let the horses graze, they are spent.
Camil. I am sure I'm sleepy,
And nodded as I rode: here was a jaunt
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no purpose!
What a dulness grows upon me!
Lent. I can hardly
Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose
Adorio? [*They sit down.*
Camil. He, Donato, and the wench,
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right hand;
But this place is our rendezvous.
Lent. No matter,
We'll talk of that anon——heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*
Camil. He's fast already.
Lentulo! I'll take a nap too. [*Falls asleep.*

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, *and* DONATO.

Ador. Was ever man so crost?
Mirt. So blest; this is
The finest wild-goose chase!
Ador. What's that you mutter?

Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find your
wish'd-for love,
Though I am lost for ever.
Don. Pretty fool!
Who have we here?
Ador. This is Camillo.
Mirt. This signior Lentulo.
Ador. Wake them.
Don. They'll not stir,
Their eyelids are glued, and mine too; by your
favour,
I'll follow their example. [*Lies down.*
Ador. Are you not weary?
Mirt. I know not what the word means, while
I travel
To do you service.
Ador. You expect to reap
The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes
Will be blasted, I assure you.
Mirt. So you give leave
To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,
Though you deny your beams of gracious favour
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.
Ador. No more; my resolution to find
Calista, by what accident lost I know not,
Binds me not to deny myself what nature
Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot
(For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep.
You could lie down too?
Mirt. Willingly; so you please
To use me—
Ador. Use thee!
Mirt. As your pillow, sir;
I dare presume no further. Noble sir,
Do not too much contemn me; generous feet
Spurn not a fawning spaniel.
Ador. Well; sit down.

Mirt. I am ready, sir.
Ador. So nimble!
Mirt. Love is active,
Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, sir;
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.
Ador. For once,
So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap.*
Mirt. All the joys of rest
Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb
Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,
But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you
Be not offended, though I glory in
My being thus employ'd; a happiness
That stands for more than ample satisfaction
For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,
And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling
Were bound up too! I should——I am all fire.
Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey
Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer
Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave
No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have heard of nectar,
But till now never tasted it; these rubies
Are not clouded by my breath: if once again
I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles
Will not be miss'd;—[*Kisses him again.*]—I am entranced: our fancy,
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove
How far my——— [*Falls asleep.*

Enter DURAZZO.

Dur. My bones ache,
I am exceeding cold too, I must seek out
A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream?
No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,

Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio
In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson; you are
The best accommodated. I will call
My nephew and his mistress to this pageant;
The object may perhaps do more upon her,
Than all Caldoro's rhetorick. With what
Security they sleep! sure Mercury
Hath travell'd this way with his charming-rod.
Nephew! Calista! Madam!

Enter CALDORO *and* CALISTA.

Cald. Here, sir; is
Your man return'd with horses?
Dur. No, boy, no;
But here are some you thought not of.
Calis. Adorio!
Dur. The idol that you worshipped.
Calis. This Mirtilla!
I am made a stale.
Dur. I knew 'twould take.
Calis. False man!
But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis apparent,
They jointly did conspire against my weakness,
And credulous simplicity, and have
Prevail'd against it.
Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping;
But if you please, I'll wake them first, and after
Offer them as a fatal sacrifice
To your just anger.
Dur. You are a fool; reserve
Your blood for better uses.
Calis. My fond love
Is changed to an extremity of hate;
His very sight is odious.
Dur. I have thought of
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,

Then leave him to his harlotry; if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses
Are not far off, I'll cut the girts and bridles,
Then turn them into the wood; if they can run,
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already!

Calis. In his hat
He wears a jewel,[9] which this faithless strumpet,
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of;
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.

Dur. I am not good at nimming;[1]
And yet that shall not hinder us: by your leave, sir;
'Tis restitution: pray you all bear witness
I do not steal it; here 'tis.

[*Takes off his hat, and removes the jewel.*

Calis. Take it, not
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife.

Cald. O heaven!

Dur. Pray in the church.
Let us away. Nephew, a word; have you not
Been billing in the brakes, ha! and so deserved
This unexpected favour?

Cald. You are pleasant.

[*Exeunt Durazzo, Caldoro, and Calista.*

9 ——— *In his hat*
He wears a jewel,] This is in conformity to the custom which then prevailed of wearing brooches (gems set in gold or silver) in the hat. Our ancestors gave the name of *jewel*, not so much to a single stone, as to a cluster of them set in order by the lapidary, and, in general, to any little trinket or ornament of gold and precious stones. See p. 155.

[1] Duraz. *I am not good at* nimming;] i. e. at *stealing*. The word is pure Saxon, and means to *take*, to *seize*. It is found in all our old writers; and, indeed, is still in use, as a cant term for stealing.

Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not basely; [*Starts up; the rest awake.*
Give me leave to draw my sword.
Camil. Ha! what's the matter?
Lent. He talk'd of's sword.
Don. I see no enemy near us,
That threatens danger.
Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream.
Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword
Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,
To strike my head off.
Camil. Mere imagination
Of a disturbed fancy.
Mirt. Here's your hat, sir.
Ador. But where's my jewel?
Camil. By all likelihood lost
This troublesome night.
Don. I saw it when we came
Unto this place.
Mirt. I look'd upon't myself,
When you reposed.
Ador. What is become of it?
Restore it, for thou hast it; do not put me
To the trouble to search you.
Mirt. Search me!
Ador. You have been,
Before your lady gave you entertainment,
A night-walker in the streets.
Mirt. How, my good lord!
Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame gulls,
Charm'd with your prostituted flatteries,
Deign'd to embrace you.
Mirt. Love, give place to anger.
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness!

Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.
Ador. This will not do.
Camil. Deliver it in private.
Mirt. You shall be
In publick hang'd first, and the whole gang of you.
I steal what I presented!
Lent. Do not strive.
Ador. Though thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip thy entrails,
But I'll recover it.
Mirt. Help, help!
Ador. A new plot.

CLAUDIO *and two* Banditti *rush upon them with pistols.*

Claud. Forbear, libidinous monsters! if you offer
The least resistance, you are dead. If one
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.
Ador. Let us fight for what we have, and if you can
Win it, enjoy it.
Claud. We come not to try
Your valour, but for your money; throw down your sword,
Or I'll begin with you: so! if you will
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not
We'll force you.—[Fear not,] thou shalt have no wrong,[a]
But justice against these. [*To Mirtilla.*

[a] *We'll force you.—*[*Fear not*] *thou shalt have no wrong,*] I have added the words in brackets to supply a foot which was probably lost at the press.

1 *Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,
To meddle with wenches in our walks.
2 *Ban.* It being
Against our canons.
Camil. Whither will you lead us?
Claud. You shall know that hereafter.—Guard them sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter ALPHONSO *disguised as an old Man,* LAVAL, *and* Captain.

Alph. Are all the passages stopp'd?
Capt. And strongly mann'd;
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.
Lav. But why, great sir, you should expose your person
To such apparent danger, when you may
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond
My apprehension.
Alph. I am better arm'd
Than you suppose: besides, it is confirm'd
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino
Commanded these banditti, (though it be
Unusual in Italy,) imitating
The courteous English thieves, for so they call them,
They have not done one murder: I must add too,
That, from a strange relation I have heard
Of Severino's justice, in disposing
Th preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness
Of what I take up now but on report:
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,

As soon as they encounter us, without
A shew of opposition yield.
Lav. Your will
Is not to be disputed.
Alph. You have placed
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,
They suddenly may break in?
Capt. My life upon't.
Alph. We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
With some of these good fellows;[3] and be sure
You do as I command you.
Lav. Without fear, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter SEVERINO *and* IÖLANTE.

Sev. 'Tis true; I did command Calista should not,
Without my knowledge and consent, assisted
By your advice, be married; but your
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
A grown-up maid the modest conversation
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven her
To take some desperate course.
Iöl. What then I did
Was in my care thought best.
Sev. So I conceive it;
But where was your discretion to forbid
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew
Her suitors noble, either of which I would

[3] *With some of these* good fellows;] See p. 225.

Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,
However wild, a young man of good parts,
But better fortunes: his competitor,
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;
His own revenues of a large extent,
But in the expectation of his uncle
And guardian's entradas,[4] by the course
Of nature to descend on him, a match
For the best subject's blood, I except none
Of eminence in Italy.

Iöl. Your wishes,
Howe'er a while delay'd, are not, I hope,
Impossibilities.

Sev. Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune
When she comes smiling to us.—Hark! this cornet [*Cornet within.*
Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,
'Tis thy first tribute.

Iöl. Would we might enjoy
Our own as subjects!

Sev. What's got by the sword,
Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms
Of Alexander were by force extorted,[5]
Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of conquest:

[4] *And guardian's* entradas,] So the old copy. Coxeter (not understanding the word, perhaps,) discarded it for *estates*, which utterly destroys the metre. Mr. M. Mason implicitly relies on his guidance, *sequiturque patrem*, as usual. *Entradas* are rents, revenues.

[5] *Of Alexander were by force extorted,*] As this line stands in the old copy, it is evidently corrupt:

Subdued by *Alexander, were by force extorted.*

This does not read to me like Massinger's: the small change which I have hazarded restores it, at least, to metre.

His victories but royal robberies,
And his true definition a thief,
When circled with huge navies; to the terrour
Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate,
Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey
In a small pinnace:—[*Cornet within.*]—from a second place
New spoil brought in!—[*Cornet within.*]—from a third party! brave!
This shall be register'd a day of triumph
Design'd by fate to honour thee.——

Enter CLAUDIO.

Welcome, Claudio!
Good booty, ha?

Enter, at different sides, various parties of the Banditti; *one with* ADORIO, LENTULO, DONATO, CAMILLO, MIRTILLA; *another with* DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; *and the rest with* ALPHONSO, LAVAL, *and* Captain.

Claud. Their outsides promise so;
But yet they have not made discovery
Of what they stand possest of.
Sev. Welcome all;
Good boys; you have done bravely, if no blood
Be shed in the service.
1 *Ban.* On our lives, no drop, sir.
Sev. 'Tis to my wish.
Iöl. My lord!
Sev. No more; I know them.
Iöl. My daughter, and her woman too!
Sev. Conceal
Your joys.
Dur. Fallen in the devil's mouth!

Calis. My father,
And mother! to what fate am I reserved?
Cald. Continue mask'd; or grant that you be known,
From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,
If you despair a father's?
Ador. I perceive now
Which way I lost my jewel.
Mirt. I rejoice
I'm clear'd from theft; you have done me wrong, but I,
Unask'd, forgive you.
Dur. 'Tis some comfort yet,
The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are
Together in one toil.
Sev. You all look pale,
And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs,
Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;
For understand you are not fallen into
The hands of a Busiris or a Cacus,
Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up
To the power of an unfortunate gentleman,
Not born to these low courses, howsoever
My fate, and just displeasure of the king,
Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt
A sad captivity here, and much less fear
For profit to be sold for slaves, then shipp'd
Into another country; in a word,
You know the proscribed Severino, he,
Not unacquainted, but familiar with
The most of you.—Want in myself I know not,
But for the pay of these my squires, who eat
Their bread with danger purchased, and must be
With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed
To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;
To these, before you be compell'd, (a word

I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver
Such coin as you are furnish'd with.
Dur. A fine method!
This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery,
Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word, sir.
Sev. Your pleasure.
Dur. When we have thrown down our muck,
What follows?
Sev. Liberty, with a safe convoy,
To any place you choose.
Dur. By this hand you are
A fair fraternity; for once I'll be
The first example to relieve your convent.
There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits,
Arising from my herds, bound in one bag,
Share it among you.
Sev. You are still the jovial,
And good Durazzo.
Dur. To the offering; nay,
No hanging an a—, this is their wedding-day:
What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely
For your own sakes.
Camil. There's mine.
Lent. Mine.
Don. All that I have.
Cald. This to preserve my jewel.
Ador. Which I challenge:
Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.
Lav. I will not weep for mine.
Capt. Would it were more.
[*They all throw down their purses.*
Sev. Nay, you are privileged; but why, old father,
Art thou so slow? thou hast one foot in the grave,
And, if desire of gold do not increase

With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst
Be forwardest.
Alph. In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,
A vice I have detested from my youth,
If I denied my present store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in value,
Almost a hundred fold, whatever these
Have laid before you: see! I do groan under
[*Throws down three bags.*
The burthen of my treasure; nay, 'tis gold;
And if your hunger of it be not sated
With what already I have shewn unto you,
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are
Inestimable jewels, diamonds
Of such a piercing lustre as struck blind
The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd
[*Opens the casket.*
To honour his own art in setting them:
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day that she was crown'd.
Sev. The spoils, I think,
Of both the Indies!
Dur. The great sultan's poor,
If parallel'd with this Crœsus.
Sev. Why dost thou weep?
Alph. From a most fit consideration of
My poverty; this, though restored, will not
Serve my occasions.
Sev. Impossible!
Dur. May be he would buy his passport up to heaven,
And then this is too little, though in the journey
It were a good viaticum.
Alph. I would make it
A means to help me thither: not to wrong you

With tedious expectation, I'll discover
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for them:
I have two sons, twins, the true images
Of what I was at their years; never father
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his
Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions,
(For such were their intentions,) put to sea:
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully mann'd,
An old experienced master, lusty sailors,
Stout landmen, and what's something more than rare,
They did agree, had one design, and that was
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves
Chain'd in the Turkish servitude.

Sev. A brave aim!

Dur. A most heroick enterprise; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.

Alph. Prosperously,
At first, and to their wishes: divers gallies
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surprised; a thousand captives,
Redeem'd from the oar, paid their glad vows and prayers
For their deliverance: their ends acquired,
And making homeward in triumphant manner,
For sure the cause deserved it—

Dur. Pray you end here;
The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows
Must conclude ill.

Alph. Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame,
In every place, with her loud trump, proclaming

The greatness of the action, the pirates
Of Tunis and Argiers laid wait for them
At their return: to tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would but
Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you
To hear it passionately described unto you.
In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!
Sev. Will not these heaps of gold, added to thine,
Suffice for ransome?
Alph. For my sons it would;
But they refuse their liberty, if all
That were engaged with them, have not their irons
With theirs struck off, and set at liberty with them;
Which these heaps cannot purchase.
Sev. Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts Be comforted, old father;
I have some hidden treasure, and if all
I and my squires these three years have laid up,
Can make the sum up, freely take't.
Dur. I'll sell
Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables, and thou
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than
Such brave men shall live slaves.
2 *Ban.* We will not yield to't.
3 *Ban.* Nor lose our parts.
Sev. How's this!
2 *Ban.* You are fitter far

To be a churchman, than to have command
Over good fellows.[6]
Sev. Thus I ever use [*Strikes them down.*
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave
One rogue of them alive.
Alph. Hold;—give the sign. [*Discovers himself.*
All. The king!
Sev. Then I am lost.
Claud. The woods are full
Of armed men.
Alph. No hope of your escape
Can flatter you.
Sev. Mercy, dread sir! [*Kneels.*
Alph. Thy carriage
In this unlawful course appears so noble,
Especially in this last trial, which
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you:
But when the holy oil was pour'd upon
My head, and I anointed king, I swore
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,
But to dispense with Monteclaro's blood
Would ill become a king; in him I lost
A worthy subject, and must take from you
A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move;
My doom's irrevocable.

[6] *Over* good fellows.] A cant name by which highwaymen and thieves have been long pleased to denominate themselves; and which has been given them, in courtesy, by others. Thus Heywood:

King. If thou be a *good fellow*, let me borrow a word.
Hobbs. I am no good fellow, and I pray heaven thou be'st not one.
King. Why? dost thou not love good fellows?
Hobbs. No; 'tis a bye-word: *good fellows* be *thieves*.
Edward IV. Part I.

Lav. Not, dread sir,
If Monteclaro live.
Alph. If! good Laval.
Lav. He lives in him, sir, that you thought Laval. [*Discovers himself.*
Three years have not so alter'd me but you may
Remember Monteclaro.
Dur. How!
Iöl. My brother!
Calis. Uncle!
Mont. Give me leave: I was
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier,
Now general at Milan, taken up,
And with much care recover'd.
Alph. Why lived you
So long conceal'd?
Mont. Confounded with the wrong
I did my brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the time in France that I
Was absent from the court, making my exile
The punishment imposed upon myself
For my offence.
Iöl. Now, sir, I dare confess all:
This was the guest invited to the banquet
That drew on your suspicion.
Sev. Your intent,
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive;
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.
Alph. It is a general pardon unto all,
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.
Sev. Claud. and the rest. Long live great Alphonso!
Dur. Your mercy shewn in this, now, if you please,
Decide these lovers' difference.

Alph. That is easy;
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men
Consenting to it.
Calis. Here I fix then, never
To be removed.
Cald. 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir.
Mirt. O that I had the happiness to say
So much to you! I dare maintain my love
Is equal to my lady's.
Ador. But my mind
A pitch above yours: marry with a servant
Of no descent or fortune!
Sev. You are deceived:
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf,
Perish'd by shipwreck; one I dearly loved.
He to my care intrusted her, having taken
My word, if he return'd not like himself,
I never should discover what she was;
But it being for her good, I will dispense with't.
So much, sir, for her blood; now for her portion:
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's.
Ador. This made good,
I will not be perverse.
Dur. With a kiss confirm it.
Ador. I sign all concord here; but must to you, sir,
For reparation of my wounded honour,
The justice of the king consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful war.
Alph. This in our presence!
Ador. The cause, dread sir, commands it; though your edicts
Call private combats, murders; rather than
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from

A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.
Cald. I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts.
Ador. I desire no more.
Alph. All then are pleased; it is the glory of
A king to make and keep his subjects happy:
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,
To save one citizen is a greater prize
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies. [*Exeunt.*

SONG, *between* JUNO *and* HYMEN.

JUNO to the Bride.

Enter a maid; but made a bride,
Be bold, and freely taste
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied
To such as sit down chaste.
Though he unloose thy virgin zone,
Presumed against thy will,
Those joys reserved to him alone,
Thou art a virgin still.

HYMEN to the Bridegroom.

Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,
As thou wouldst have her true,
Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,
And bid loose fires adieu.

That husband who would have his wife
To him continue chaste,
In her embraces spends his life,
And makes abroad no waste.

HYMEN and JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth
Such pledges as may be
Assurance of the father's worth,
And mother's purity.[7]
Juno doth bless the nuptial bed;
Thus Hymen's torches burn.
Live long, and may, when both are dead,
Your ashes fill one urn!

[7] *Assurance of the father's worth,*
And mother's purity.] Meaning, like their parents: the thought is from Catullus:

Sit suo similis patri
Manlio, et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam suæ
Matris indicet ore.

There is little to be said for this song, (which is to be referred to Act IV. sc. ii.) or for that in the following page: they are, however, among the best scattered through the plays of Massinger, who, as Mr. M. Mason justly observes, is a wretched ballad-maker.

SONG, *Entertainment of the Forest's Queen.*

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
In winter, changed by her into the spring.
We know no night,
Perpetual light
Dawns from your eye.
You being near,
We cannot fear,
Though Death stood by.
From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold;
From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.
These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;
Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.
Bless then the hour
That gives the power
In which you may,
At bed and board,
Embrace your lord
Both night and day.
Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen!

EPILOGUE.

I AM left to enquire, then to relate
To the still-doubtful author, at what rate
His merchandise are valued. If they prove
Staple commodities, in your grace and love
To this last birth of his Minerva, he
Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,
Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,
He'll search with his best care, until he find
New ways, and make good in some labour'd song,
Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.
Cherish his good intentions, and declare
By any signs of favour, that you are
Well pleased, and with a general consent;
And he desires no more encouragement.[s]

[s] It is not improbable that, after a temporary suspension of his unsuccessful labours for the stage, Massinger might hope to secure himself against future disappointment by writing for the taste of the publick rather than his own. Whatever be the cause, this Comedy is distinguished by a few new features, which shew themselves sometimes in an excess of his usual manner, and sometimes in a departure from it. An instance or two of each will be sufficient. In general, when he determines to introduce any change not yet matured by circumstances, he endeavours to reconcile us to it through an opinion or wish dropped by one of the speakers in a preceding scene. This method is profusely indulged in the present Play; and these brief anticipations of unexpected incidents seem to be regarded by him as sufficient apologies for the extraordinary precipitation of the business of the stage.

Again, in his other Plays he is often irregular, and sometimes involved: the present piece is conceived with unusual wildness of plot, and intricacy of management. One event thrusts out another with little intermission or probability; and the change of situations is so rapid and strange, that the reader is in danger of mistaking the object to which they tend. And here occurs a departure from his usual manner. By pushing these

surprising incidents too far, he has straitened himself in the developement of his plot. The consequence is, that the conclusion of the piece is brief and forced; and presents little else than a sudden and violent solution of difficulties too luxuriantly created. I wish it were not necessary to mention a novelty of another kind. Too much laxity is indulged in his other plays: the peculiarity here is, that though it abounds, and forms a considerable part of the story itself, it is not punished at the conclusion with that justice for which Massinger is generally to be commended, and with that remembrance of the claims of virtue for which he elsewhere assumes a proper credit.

These improprieties may, perhaps, be attributed to the circumstances under which the Play was written. Yet it contains scattered beauties of no ordinary value. The style of it indeed is almost every where flowing and harmonious; and there are occasional scenes which will charm the imagination and touch the heart. Durazzo's description of his rural sports is highly beautiful and enlivening, and has been commended by others. I do not know that proper praise has been bestowed on another scene, at which the reader of sensibility will certainly stop with delight. There is a moral melancholy in Severino's appearance, Act II. sc. iv. which is extremely touching. In *the Picture*, Massinger has made Mathias express some just sentiments against too great a fondness for a perishable life. Here we see a weariness of existence and a contempt of danger heightened by the peculiar situation of Severino, yet mixed with tenderness and compunction. In other parts of the Play we find maxims justly conceived and beautifully expressed. They may be easily separated from the incidents which give rise to them, and be advantageously remembered for our prudential or moral guidance.

DR. IRELAND.

A

VERY WOMAN;

OR, THE

PRINCE OF TARENT.

A VERY WOMAN.] This Tragi-Comedy, as it is called, was licensed for the stage June 6th, 1634. From the prologue it appears to be a revision of a former play, which had been well received, and which the author modestly insinuates that he was induced to *review* by the command of his patron. If this patron was, as it has been supposed, the earl of Pembroke, we are indebted to him for one of the most delightful compositions in the English language.

We learn from the Office-book of sir Henry Herbert, that a play of Massinger's, called the *Spanish Viceroy*, was acted in 1624: this was not improbably the piece alluded to in the prologue. But this is not all. In the MS. Register of lord Stanhope of Harrington, the play of *Cardenes*, or *Cardenio*, is said to have been performed at Court, in 1613. Mr. Malone, who furnishes me with this notice, conjectures that this might have been the first sketch of what Massinger improved and brought out in 1624, and finally completed as we now have it. Change of name is no argument against this conclusion; for, besides that nothing was more common upon the revival of plays, it should be recollected, that those who spoke of them, seldom concerned themselves with the author's titles, but gave them such names as pleased themselves, and which were generally assumed from one or other of the more prominent characters.

However this may be, the present Play was most favourably received, and often acted, the old title-page says, "at the private house in Black Friars, by his late Majesty's servants, with great applause." Its popularity seems to have tempted the author's good friend, sir Aston Cockaine, to venture on an imitation of it, which he has executed, not very happily, in his comedy of *the Obstinate Lady*.

PROLOGUE.

To such, and some there are, no question, here,
Who, happy in their memories, do bear
This subject, long since acted, and can say,
Truly, we have seen something like this play.
Our author, with becoming modesty,
(For in this kind he ne'er was bold,) by me,
In his defence thus answers, By command
He undertook this task, nor could it stand
With his low fortune to refuse to do
What by his patron he was call'd unto:
For whose delight and yours, we hope, with care
He hath review'd it; and with him we dare
Maintain to any man, that did allow
'Twas good before, it is much better'd now:
Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation
To raise new piles upon an old foundation.
So much to them deliver'd; to the rest,
To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest
Should his Muse fail now a fair flight to make,
He cannot fancy what will please or take.

* This seems to allude to king James's proclamation, to forbid the increase of building in London. DAVIES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Viceroy of Sicily.
Don Pedro, *his son.*
Duke of Messina.
Don Martino Cardenes, *his son.*
Don John Antonio, *prince of* Tarent.
Captain of the castle of Palermo.
Paulo, *a physician.*
Cuculo, *the Viceroy's steward.*
Two Surgeons.
Apothecary.
Citizens.
Slave-merchant.
Servant.
Page.
An English *Slave.*
Slaves.
Moors.
Pirates.
Sailors.

Almira, *the Viceroy's daughter.*
Leonora, *duke of* Messina's *niece.*
Borachia, *wife to* Cuculo, *governess of* Leonora *and* Almira.
Two Waiting Women.

A good and evil Genius, Servants, Guard, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Palermo.

A VERY WOMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter PEDRO *and* LEONORA.

Pedro. My worthiest mistress! this day cannot end
But prosperous to Pedro, that begins
With this so wish'd encounter.
Leon. Only servant,
To give you thanks in your own courtly language
Would argue me more ceremonious
Than heartily affected; and you are
Too well assured, or I am miserable,
Our equal loves have kept one rank too long
To stand at distance now.
Pedro. You make me happy
In this so wise reproof, which I receive
As a chaste favour from you, and will ever
Hold such a strong command o'er my desires,
That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,
I never shall presume to seek aught from you,
But what (your honour safe) you well may grant me,
And virtue sign the warrant.
Leon. Your love to me
So limited, will still preserve your mistress

Worthy her servant, and in your restraint
Of loose affections, bind me faster to you:
But there will be a time when we may welcome
Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest blessings,
When that the viceroy, your most noble father,
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my guardian,
Shall by their free consent confirm them lawful.
Pedro. You ever shall direct, and I obey you:
Is my sister stirring yet?
Leon. Long since.
Pedro. Some business
With her, join'd to my service to yourself,
Hath brought me hither; pray you vouchsafe the favour
To acquaint her with so much.
Leon. I am prevented.

Enter ALMIRA *and two Waiting Women.*

Alm. Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot;
This room is cooler. Brother!
Pedro. 'Morrow sister;
Do I not come unseasonably?
Alm. Why, good brother?
Pedro. Because you are not yet fully made up,
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,
On any terms, to their own fathers, as
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen
Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor
How the cerusc will appear, newly laid on,
When they ask blessing.
Alm. Such, indeed, there are
That would be still young, in despite of time;
That in the wrinkled winter of their age

Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty,
As if it were within the power of art
To frame a second nature: but for me,
And for your mistress I dare say as much,
The faces, and the teeth you see, we slept with.

Pedro. Which is not frequent, sister, with some ladies.

Alm. You spy no sign of any night-mask here,
(Tie on my carcanet,[1]) nor does your nostril
Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stifle
The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting:
You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother,
And not in your apothecary's shop.
We use the women, you perceive, that serve us,
Like servants, not like such as do create us:—
Faith search our pockets, and, if you find there
Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty.

Pedro. You are pleasant, sister,
And I am glad to find you so disposed;
You will the better hear me.

Alm. What you please, sir.

Pedro. I am entreated by the prince of Tarent,
Don John Antonio—

Alm. Would you would choose
Some other subject.

Pedro. Pray you, give me leave,
For his desires are fit for you to hear,
As for me to prefer. This prince of Tarent

[1] (*Tie on my* carcanet,)] *Carcanet* (dimin. of *carcan*, a chain) is a necklace, in which sense it occurs in most of our old writers:

"I'll clasp that *neck*, where should be set
'A rich and orient *carcanet*:——
"But swains are poor, admit of then,
"More natural *chains*, the arms of men."

Randolph's *Poems*.

(Let it not wrong him that I call him friend)
Finding your choice of don Cardenes liked of
By both your fathers, and his hopes cut off,
Resolves to leave Palermo.
Alm. He does well;
That I hear gladly.
Pedro. How this prince came hither,
How bravely furnished, how attended on,
How he hath born himself here, with what charge
He hath continued; his magnificence
In costly banquets, curious masks, rare presents,
And of all sorts, you cannot but remember.
Alm. Give me my gloves.
Pedro. Now, for reward of all
His cost, his travel, and his duteous service,
He does entreat that you will please he may
Take his leave of you, and receive the favour
Of kissing of your hands.
Alm. You are his friend,
And shall discharge the part of one to tell him
That he may spare the trouble; I desire not
To see or hear more of him.
Pedro. Yet grant this,
Which a mere stranger, in the way of courtship,[4]
Might challenge from you.
Alm. And obtain it sooner.
Pedro. One reason for this would do well.
Alm. My will
Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose
The privilege of my sex, which is my will,
To yield a reason like a man? or you,
Deny your sister that which all true women
Claim as their first prerogative, which nature
Gave to them for a law, and should I break it,
I were no more a woman?

[4] ——— *In the way of* courtship,] i. e. as has been more than once observed, in the way of good breeding, of civility, &c.

Pedro. Sure, a good one
You cannot be, if you put off that virtue
Which best adorns a good one, courtesy
And affable behaviour. Do not flatter
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else
You raise your pride upon, will stand against
The censure of just men.
Alm. Why, let it fall then;
I still shall be unmoved.
Leon. And, pray you, be you so.
Alm. What jewel's that?
1 *Wom.* That which the prince of Tarent——
Alm. Left here, and you received without my knowledge:
I have use of't now. Does the page wait without,
My lord Cardenes sent to enquire my health?
1 *Wom.* Yes, madam.
Alm. Give it him, and with it pray him
To return my service to his lord, and mine.
Pedro. Will you so undervalue one that has
So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge
Of his affection, being a prince, upon
The servant of his rival?
Leon. 'Tis not well.
Faith, wear it, lady: send gold to the boy,
'Twill please him better.
Alm. Do as I command you.
I will keep nothing that may put me in mind
Don John Antonio ever loved, or was;
Being wholly now Cardenes'.
Pedro. In another
This were mere barbarism, sister; and in you,
(For I'll not sooth you,) at the best, 'tis rudeness.
Alm. Rudeness!
Pedro. Yes, rudeness; and, what's worse, the want

Of civil manners; nay, ingratitude
Unto the many and so fair deservings
Of don Antonio. Does this express
Your breeding in the court, or that you cal
The viceroy father? a poor peasant's daughter,
That ne'er had conversation but with beasts,
Or men bred like them, would not so far shame
Her education.

Alm. Pray you, leave my chamber;
I know you for a brother, not a tutor.

Leon. You are too violent, madam.

Alm. Were my father
Here to command me, (as you take upon you
Almost to play his part,) I would refuse it.
Where I love, I profess it; where I hate,
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it:
Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath
That prince you plead for; no antipathy
Between things most averse in nature, holds
A stronger enmity than his with mine;
With which rest satisfied:—if not, your anger
May wrong yourself, not me.

Leon. My lord Cardenes!

Pedro. Go; in soft terms, if you persist thus, you
Will be one——

Enter CARDENES.

Alm. What one? pray you, out with it.

Pedro. Why, one that I shall wish a stranger to me,
That I might curse you; but——

Car. Whence grows this heat?

Pedro. Be yet advised, and entertain him fairly,
For I will send him to you, or no more
Know me a brother.

Alm. As you please.
Pedro. Good morrow. [*Exit.*
Car. Good morrow, and part thus! you seem moved too:
What desperate fool durst raise a tempest here,
To sink himself?
Alm. Good sir, have patience;
The cause, though I confess I am not pleased,
No way deserves your anger.
Car. Not mine, madam!
As if the least offence could point at you,
And I not feel it: as you have vouchsafed me
The promise of your heart, conceal it not,
Whomsoever it concerns.
Alm. It is not worth
So serious an enquiry: my kind brother
Had a desire to learn me some new courtship,
Which I distasted; that was all.
Car. Your brother!
In being yours, with more security
He might provoke you; yet, if he hath past
A brother's bounds——
Leon. What then, my lord?
Car. Believe it,
I'll call him to accompt for't.
Leon. Tell him so.
Alm. No more.
Leon. Yes, thus much; though my modesty
Be call'd in question for it, in his absence
I will defend him: he hath said nor done
But what don Pedro well might say or do;
Mark me, don Pedro! in which understand
As worthy, and as well as can be hoped for
Of those that love him best—from don Cardenes.
Car. This to me, cousin!
Alm. You forget yourself.
Leon. No, nor the cause in which you did so, lady,

Which is so just that it needs no concealing
On Pedro's part.
Alm. What mean you?
Leon. I dare speak it,
If you dare hear it, sir: he did persuade
Almira, your Almira, to vouchsafe
Some little conference with the prince of Tarent,
Before he left the court; and, that the world
Might take some notice, though he prosper'd not
In his so loved design, he was not scorn'd,
He did desire the kissing of her hand,
And then to leave her:—this was much!
Car. 'Twas more
Than should have been urged by him; well denied
On your part, madam, and I thank you for't.
Antonio had his answer, I your grant;
And why your brother should prepare for him
An after-interview, or private favour,
I can find little reason.
Leon. None at all
Why you should be displeased with't.
Car. His respect
To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd down
His former friendship: 'twas done indiscreetly,
I would be loath to say, maliciously,
To build up the demolish'd hopes of him
That was my rival. What had he to do,
If he view not my happiness in your favour
With wounded eyes, to take upon himself
An office so distasteful?
Leon. You may ask
As well, what any gentleman has to do
With civil courtesy.
Alm. Or you, with that
Which at no part concerns you. Good my lord,

Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will;
And that nor father, brother, nor the world
Can work me unto any thing but what
You give allowance to—in which assurance,
With this, I leave you.
Leon. Nay, take me along;
You are not angry too?
Alm. Presume on that.
[*Exit, followed by Leonora.*
Car. Am I assured of her, and shall again
Be tortured with suspicion to lose her,
Before I have enjoy'd her! the next sun
Shall see her mine; why should I doubt, then? yet,
To doubt is safer than to be secure.[3]
But one short day! Great empires in less time
Have suffer'd change: she's constant—but a woman;
And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears,
May, in a minute, work upon such frailty,
There are too many and too sad examples.
The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety;
Or not admitted to solicit her,
My fears would quit me: 'tis my fault, if I
Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire
To own what's hard [to win,][4] that dares not guard it.——
Who waits there?

[3] *To doubt is safer than to be secure.* &c.] This speech is so arranged, and so pointed by Mr. M. Mason, who has improved upon the errours of Coxeter, as to be little better than nonsense.

[4] *To own what's hard* [to win,] *that dares not guard it.*] A foot is lost here, which I have endeavoured to supply, by the addition of the words in brackets. The defect was noticed by Mr. M. Mason, who proposed to complete the line by reading, *to keep.*

Enter Servants *and Page.*

Serv. Would your lordship aught?
Car. 'Tis well
You are so near.

Enter ANTONIO *and a* Servant.

Ant. Take care all things be ready
For my remove.
Serv. They are. [*Exit.*
Car. We meet like friends,
No more like rivals now: my emulation
Puts on the shape of love and service to you.
Ant. It is return'd.
Car. 'Twas rumour'd in the court
You were to leave the city, and that wan me
To find you out. Your excellence may wonder
That I, that never saw you till this hour
But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly
Should come to wait upon you to the ports,
And there, with hope you never will look back,
Take my last farewell of you.
Ant. Never look back!
Car. I said so; neither is it fit you should;
And may I prevail with you as a friend,
You never shall, nor, while you live, hereafter
Think of the viceroy's court, or of Palermo,
But as a grave, in which the prince of Tarent
Buried his honour.
Ant. You speak in a language
I do not understand.
Car. No! I'll be plainer.
What madman, that came hither with that pomp
Don John Antonio did, that exact courtier
Don John Antonio, with whose brave fame only

Great princesses have fall'n in love, and died;
That came with such assurance as young Paris
Did to fetch Helen, being sent back, contemn'd,
Disgraced, and scorn'd, his large expense laugh'd at,
His bravery scoff'd, the lady that he courted
Left quietly in possession of another,
(Not to be named that day a courtier
Where he was mention'd,) the scarce-known Cardenes,
And he to bear her from him!—that would ever
Be seen again (having got fairly off)
By such as will live ready witnesses
Of his repulse, and scandal?

Ant. The grief of it,
Believe me, will not kill me: all man's honour
Depends not on the most uncertain favour
Of a fair mistress.

Car. Troth, you bear it well.
You should have seen some that were sensible
Of a disgrace, that would have raged, and sought
To cure their honour with some strange revenge:
But you are better temper'd; and they wrong
The Neapolitans in their report,
That say they are fiery spirits, uncapable
Of the least injury, dangerous to be talk'd with
After a loss; where nothing can move you,[5]
But, like a stoick, with a constancy
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,
And smile when men abuse you.

[5] *After a loss;* where *nothing can move you,*] *Where,* for *whereas,* occurs so frequently in these plays, that it seems scarcely possible to escape the notice of the most incurious reader; yet the last editor has overlooked it, and, in his attempt to make the author speak English, produced a line of unparalleled harmony:

After a loss; for whereas *nothing can move you!*

Ant. If they wrong
Themselves, I can; yet, I would have you know,
I dare be angry.
Car. 'Tis not possible.
A taste of't would do well; and I'd make trial
What may be done. Come hither, boy.—You have seen
This jewel, as I take it?
Ant. Yes; 'tis that
I gave Almira.
Car. And in what esteem
She held it, coming from your worthy self,
You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it
Upon my page.
Ant. When I presented it,
I did not indent with her, to what use
She should employ it.
Car. See the kindness of
A loving soul! who, after this neglect,
Nay, gross contempt, will look again upon her,
And not be frighted from it.
Ant. No, indeed, sir;
Nor give way longer—give way, do you mark,
To your loose wit to run the wild-goose chase
Six syllables further. I will see the lady,
That lady that dotes on you, from whose hate
My love increases, though you stand elected
Her porter, to deny me.
Car. Sure you will not.
Ant. Yes, instantly: your prosperous success
Hath made you insolent; and for her sake
I have thus long forborn you, and can yet
Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,
That you end here; and, for what's past recalling,
That she make intercession for your pardon,
Which, at her suit, I'll grant.
Car. I am much unwilling

To move her for a trifle—bear that too,
[*Strikes him.*
And then she shall speak to you.
Ant. Men and angels,
Take witness for me, that I have endured
More than a man!— [*They fight; Cardenes falls.*
O do not fall so soon,
Stand up—take my hand—so! when I have printed,
For every contumelious word, a wound here,
Then sink for ever.
Car. Oh, I suffer justly!
1 *Serv.* Murder! murder! murder! [*Exit.*
2 *Serv.* Apprehend him.
3 *Serv.* We'll all join with you.
Ant. I do wish you more;
My fury will be lost else, if it meet not
Matter to work on; one life is too little
For so much injury.

Re-enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, *and* Servant.

Alm. O my Cardenes!
Though dead, still my Cardenes! Villains, cowards,
What do ye check at? can one arm, and that
A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd master,
Against so many swords made sharp with justice?
1 *Serv.* Sure he will kill us all; he is a devil.
2 *Serv.* He is invulnerable.
Alm. Your base fears
Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword,
[*Snatches a sword from the Servant.*
This my weak arm, made strong in my revenge,
Shall force a way to't. [*Wounds Antonio.*
Ant. Would it were deeper, madam!
The thrust, which I would not put by, being yours,

Of greater force, to have pierced through that heart
Which still retains your figure!—weep still, lady;
For every tear that flows from those grieved eyes,
Some part of that which maintains life, goes from me;
And so to die were in a gentle slumber
To pass to paradise: but you envy me
So quiet a departure from my world,
My world of miseries; therefore, take my sword,
And, having kill'd me with it, cure the wounds
It gave Cardenes.

Re-enter PEDRO.

Pedro. 'Tis too true: was ever
Valour so ill employed!
Ant. Why stay you, lady?
Let not soft pity work on your hard nature;
You cannot do a better office to
The dead Cardenes, and I willingly
Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him,
Your fair hand offering it.
Alm. Thou couldst ask nothing
But this, which I would grant.
Leon. Flint-hearted lady!
Pedro. Are you a woman, sister!
[*Takes the sword from her.*
Alm. Thou art not
A brother, I renounce that title to thee;
Thy hand is in this bloody act, 'twas this
For which that savage homicide was sent hither.
Thou equal Judge of all things![6] if that blood,
And innocent blood——

[6] *Thou equal judge of all things! if that blood*
And innocent blood——
Pedro. [*Best sister.*]
Alm. *Oh, Cardenes!*
How is my soul, &c.] So, with the exception of *Best sister*,

Pedro. [Best sister.]
Alm. Oh, Cardenes!
How is my soul rent between rage and sorrow,
That it can be that such an upright cedar
Should violently be torn up by the roots,
Without an earthquake in that very moment
To swallow them that did it!
Ant. The hurt's nothing;[7]
But the deep wound is in my conscience, friend,
Which sorrow in death only can recover.
Pedro. Have better hopes.

Enter Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, Captain, Guard, *and* Servants.

Duke. My son, is this the marriage
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man!
I come to find a grave here.
Alm. I have wasted
My stock of tears, and now just anger help me
To pay, in my revenge, the other part
Of duty which I owe thee. O, great sir,
Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow,

reads the old copy. The modern editors strangely give this last speech to Pedro, without noticing how ill it agrees with his sentiments on the occasion, or with don John's answer. The fact seems to be, that Pedro, alarmed at the solemn adjuration of his sister, abruptly checked her (in the old copy her speech is marked as unfinished) by a short address, which changed her train of thinking, and produced the succeeding apostrophe to her lover. I am far from giving the passage in brackets as the genuine one, though something of the like nature apparently once stood there: at any rate, I am confident of having done well in following the old copy and restoring the speech to Almira.

[7] Ant. *The hurt's nothing;* &c.] From this it appears that, during Almira's impassioned speech, don Pedro had been condoling with his friend on his wound; another proof of the inattention of the modern editors.

Made so before she was a bride, I fly
To your impartial justice: the offence
Is death, and death in his most horrid form;
Let not, then, title, or a prince's name,
(Since a great crime is, in a great man, greater,[1]
Secure the offender.
Duke. Give me life for life,
As thou wilt answer it to the great king,
Whose deputy thou art here.
Alm. And speedy justice.
Duke. Put the damn'd wretch to torture.
Alm. Force him to
Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare not,
Although you find a son among them.
Vice. How!
Duke. Why bring you not the rack forth?
Alm. Wherefore stands
The murderer unbound?
Vice. Shall I have hearing?
Duke. Excellent lady, in this you express
Your true love to the dead.
Alm. All love to mankind
From me, ends with him.
Vice. Will you hear me yet?
And first to you; you do confess the fact
With which you stand charged?
Ant. I will not make worse
What is already ill, with vain denial.
Vice. Then understand, though you are prince of Tarent,
Yet, being a subject to the king of Spain,
No privilege of Sicily can free you
(Being convict by a just form of law)

[1] (*Since a great crime, in a great man, is greater,*)]
Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat, habetur.
Juv. Sat. viii. v. 140.

From the municipal statutes of that kingdom,
But as a common man, being found guilty,
Must suffer for it.
Ant. I prize not my life
So much, as to appeal from any thing
You shall determine of me.
Vice. Yet despair not
To have an equal hearing; the exclaims
Of this grieved father, nor my daughter's tears,
Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge
To have you tortured, or led bound to prison,
I must not grant it.
Duke. No!
Vice. I cannot, sir;
For men of his rank are to be distinguish'd
From other men, before they are condemn'd,
From which (his cause not heard) he yet stands free:
So take him to your charge, and, as your life,
See he be safe.
Capt. Let me die for him else.
[*Exeunt Pedro, and Capt. and Guard with Ant.*
Duke. The guard of him should have been given to me.
Alm. Or unto me.
Duke. Bribes may corrupt the captain.
Alm. And our just wreak, by force or cunning practice,
With scorn prevented.
Car. Oh!
Alm. What groan is that?
Vice. There are apparent signs of life yet in him.
Alm. Oh that there were! that I could pour my blood
Into his veins!
Car. Oh, oh!
Vice. Take him up gently.

Duke. Run for physicians.
Alm. Surgeons.
Duke. All helps else.
Vice. This care of his recovery, timely practised,
Would have express'd more of a father in you,
Than your impetuous clamours for revenge.
But I shall find fit time to urge that further,
Hereafter, to you; 'tis not fit for me
To add weight to oppress'd calamity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter PEDRO, ANTONIO, *and* Captain.

Ant. Why should your love to me, having already
So oft endured the test, be put unto
A needless trial? have you not, long since,
In every circumstance and rite of friendship,
Outgone all precedents the ancients boast of,
And will you yet move further?
Pedro. Hitherto
I have done nothing (howsoe'er you value
My weak endeavours) that may justly claim
A title to your friendship, and much less
Laid down the debt, which, as a tribute due
To your deservings, not I, but all mankind
Stands bound to tender.
Ant. Do not make an idol
Of him that should, and without superstition,
To you build up an altar. O my Pedro!

When I am to expire, to call you mine,
Assures a future happiness: give me leave
To argue with you, and, the fondness of
Affection struck blind, with justice hear me:
Why should you, being innocent, fling your life
Into the furnace of your father's anger
For my offence? or, take it granted (yet
'Tis more than supposition) you prefer
My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally
You waste your favours, wherefore should this captain,
His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour
Of his great master, falsify the trust
Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him,
For me, a stranger?

Pedro. Let him answer that,
He needs no prompter: speak your thoughts, and freely.

Capt. I ever loved to do so, and it shames not
The bluntness of my breeding: from my youth
I was train'd up a soldier, one of those
That in their natures love the dangers more
Than the rewards of danger. I could add,
My life, when forfeited, the viceroy pardon'd
But by his intercession; and therefore,
It being lent by him, I were ungrateful,
Which I will never be, if I refused
To pay that debt at any time demanded.

Pedro. I hope, friend, this will satisfy you.

Ant. No, it raises
More doubts within me. Shall I, from the school
Of gratitude, in which this captain reads
The text so plainly, learn to be unthankful?
Or, viewing in your actions the idea
Of perfect friendship, when it does point to me
How brave a thing it is to be a friend,

Turn from the object? Had I never loved
The fair Almira for her outward features,
Nay, were the beautics of her mind suspected,
And her contempt and scorn painted before me,
The being your sister would anew inflame me
With much more impotence[9] to dote upon her:
No, dear friend, let me in my death confirm
(Though you in all things else have the precedence)
I'll die ten times, ere one of Pedro's hairs
Shall suffer in my cause.

Pedro. If you so love me,
In love to that part of my soul dwells in you,
(For though two bodies, friends have but one soul,)
Lose not both life and me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The prince is dead. [*Exit.*

Ant. If so, shall I leave Pedro here to answer
For my escape? as thus I clasp thee, let
The viceroy's sentence find me.

Pedro. Fly, for heaven's sake!
Consider the necessity; though now
We part, Antonio, we may meet again,
But death's division is for ever, friend.

9 *With* much *more* impotence *to dote upon her:*] So the old copy. Coxeter dislikes *impotence*, for which he would read *impatience;* and Mr. M. Mason, I know not for what reason, omits *much*, which destroys the metre. It requires no words to prove the text to be genuine. For *impotence*, see *the Unnatural Combat*, Vol. I. p. 172.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. The rumour spread, sir, of Martino's death,
Is check'd; there's hope of his recovery. [*Exit.*
Ant. Why should I fly, then, when I may enjoy,
With mine own life, my friend?
Pedro. That's still uncertain,
He may have a relapse; for once be ruled, friend:
He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due;
A prodigal, that, before it is required,
Makes tender of it.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* The bark, sir, is ready.
2 *Sail.* The wind sits fair.
3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your escape.
[*Whistle within.*
Capt. Hark, how the boatswain whistles you aboard!
Will nothing move you?
Ant. Can I leave my friend?
Pedro. I must delay no longer: force him hence.
Capt. I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with you.
Ant. What violence is this?—hear but my reasons.
Pedro. Poor friendship that is cool'd with arguments!
Away, away!
Capt. For Malta.
Pedro. You shall hear
All our events.

Ant. I may sail round the world,
But never meet thy like. Pedro!
Pedro. Antonio!
Ant. I breathe my soul back to thee.
Pedro. In exchange
Bear mine along with thee.
Capt. Cheerly, my hearts! [*Exeunt.*
Pedro. He's gone: may pitying heaven his pilot be,
And then I weigh not what becomes of me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, *and Attendants.*

Vice. I tell you right, sir.
Duke. Yes, like a rough surgeon,
Without a feeling in yourself you search
My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare
The tediousness and danger of the cure,
Never remembering what the patient suffers.
But you preach this philosophy to a man
That does partake of passion, and not
To a dull stoick.
Vice. I confess you have
Just cause to mourn your son; and yet, if reason
Cannot yield comfort, let example cure.
I am a father too, my only daughter
As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy,
As your Martino, in her love to him
As desperately ill, either's loss equal;
And yet I bear it with a better temper:

Enter PEDRO.

Which, if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong
Your piety, nor your judgment.
Duke. We were fashion'd
In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes, sir,
Pursue my ends too; pity to you's a cordial,
Revenge to me; and that I must and will have,
If my Martino die.
Pedro. Your must and will,
Shall in your full-sail'd confidence deceive you.
[*Aside.*
Here's doctor Paulo, sir.

Enter PAULO *and two* Surgeons.

Duke. My hand! you rather
Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to
A second father, if your saving aids
Restore my son.
Vice. Rise, thou bright star of knowledge,
Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature,
Thou glory of our academies!
Paul. If I blush, sir,
To hear these attributes ill-placed on me,
It is excusable. I am no god, sir,
Nor holy saint that can do miracles,
But a weak, sinful man: yet, that I may
In some proportion deserve these favours
Your excellencies please to grace me with,
I promise all the skill I have acquired
In simples, or the careful observation
Of the superiour bodies, with my judgment
Derived from long experience, stand ready
To do you service.

Duke. Modestly replied.
Vice. How is it with your princely patient?
Duke. Speak,
But speak some comfort, sir.
Paul. I must speak truth:
His wounds though many, heaven so guided yet
Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal.
These gentlemen, who worthily deserve
The names of surgeons, have done their duties:
The means they practised, not ridiculous charms
To stop the blood; no oils, nor balsams bought
Of cheating quack-salvers, or mountebanks,
By them applied: the rules by Chiron taught,
And Æsculapius, which drew upon him
The Thunderer's envy, they with care pursued,
Heaven prospering their endeavours.
Duke. There is hope, then,
Of his recovery?
Paul. But no assurance;
I must not flatter you. That little air
Of comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not
Rob these t'enrich myself) you owe their care;
For, yet, I have done nothing.
Duke. Still more modest;
I will begin with them: to either give
Three thousand crowns.
Vice. I'll double your reward;
See them paid presently.
1 *Surg.* This magnificence
With equity cannot be conferr'd on us;
'Tis due unto the doctor.
2 *Surg.* True; we were
But his subordinate ministers, and did only
Follow his grave directions.
Paul. 'Tis your own:
I challenge no part in it.
Vice. Brave on both sides.

Paul. Deserve this, with the honour that will follow,
In your attendance.
2 *Surg.* If both sleep at once,
'Tis justice both should die. [*Exeunt Surgeons.*
Duke. For you, grave doctor,
We will not in such petty sums consider
Your high deserts; our treasury lies open,
Command it as your own.
Vice. Choose any castle,
Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of't.
Paul. Of neither, sir, I am not so ambitious;
Nor would I have your highnesses secure.
We have but faintly yet begun our journey;
A thousand difficulties and dangers must be
Encounter'd, ere we end it: though his hurts,
I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,
There is a deeper one, and in his mind,
Must be with care provided for: melancholy,
And at the height, too near akin to madness,
Possesses him; his senses are distracted,
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect them
With all the various ways invention
Or industry e'er practised, I shall write it
My masterpiece.
Duke. You more and more engage me.
Vice. May we not visit him?
Paul. By no means, sir;
As he is now, such courtesies come untimely:
I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,
It will renew the memory of that
Which I would have forgotten; your good prayers,
And those I do presume shall not be wanting
To my endeavours, are the utmost aids
I yet desire your excellencies should grant me.
So, with my humblest service——

Duke. Go, and prosper. [*Exit Paulo.*

Vice. Observe his piety!—I have heard, how true
I know not, most physicians, as they grow
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for:[1] this doctor steers
Another course—but let this pass; if you please,
Your company to my daughter.

Duke. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] ——————— *I have heard, how true*
I know not, most physicians, as they grow
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for:] The history of mankind unfortunately furnishes too many instances of this melancholy fact, to permit a doubt on the subject. Let it be added, however, that they chiefly occur among the half-informed of the profession: several of whom, as they have *grown yet greater in skill*, have, to their praise, renounced their scepticism with their confidence, and increased no less in piety than in knowledge. Ben Jonson observes, with his usual force and perspicuity:

"Rut is a *young physician* to the family,
"That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
"More than her share; licentious in discourse,
"And in his life a profest voluptuary;
"The slave of money, a buffoon in manners,
"Obscene in language, which he vents for wit,
"And saucy in his logicks and disputing."

Magnetick Lady.

I have no propensity to personal satire, nor do I think it just to convert an ancient author into a libellist, by an appropriation of his descriptions to modern characters; yet I must, for once, be indulged with saying, that almost every word here delivered applies so forcibly to a late physician, that it requires some evidence to believe the lines were written nearly two centuries ago. To lessen the wonder, however, it may be observed that, from the days of Dr. Rut to those of Dr. D——n, that description of men who, *letting God alone, ascribe to nature more than her share*, have been commonly *licentious, petulant, and obscene by turns.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LEONORA *and* Waiting Women.

Leon. Took she no rest to night?
1 *Wom.* Not any, madam;
I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, straight,
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where*
Have you conceal'd him? sometimes names Antonio,
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,
Beating her breast.
Leon. 'Tis wonderous strange.
2 *Wom.* Nay, more;
She that of late vouchsafed not to be seen,
But so adorn'd as if she were to rival
Nero's Poppæa, or the Egyptian queen,
Now, careless of her beauties, when we offer
Our service, she contemns it.
Leon. Does she not
Sometimes forsake her chamber?
2 *Wom.* Much about
This hour; then with a strange unsettled gait
She measures twice or thrice the gallery,
Silent, and frowning (we dare not speak to her)
And then returns.—She's come, pray you, now
observe her.

Enter ALMIRA *in black, carelessly habited.*

Alm. Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground, and not
Bent upwards? ha! that which was mortal of
My dear Martino, as a debt to nature,
I know this mother earth had sepulchred;
But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which
The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword
Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument,
Had the least power, born upon angels' wings
Appointed to that office, mounted far
Above the firmament.
Leon. Strange imagination!
Dear cousin, your Martino lives.
Alm. I know you,
And that in this you flatter me; he's dead,
As much as could die of him:—but look yonder!
Amongst a million of glorious lights
That deck the heavenly canopy, I have
Discern'd his soul, transform'd into a star.
Do you not see it?
Leon. Lady!
Alm. Look with my eyes.
What splendour circles it! the heavenly archer,
Not far off distant, appears dim with envy,
Viewing himself outshin'd. Bright constellation,
Dart down thy beams of pity on Almira,
And, since thou find'st such grace where now thou art,
As I did truly love thee on the earth,
Like a kind harbinger, prepare my lodging,
And place me near thee!
Leon. I much more than fear
She'll grow into a frenzy.
Alm. How! what's this?

A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin; lay
Your ear close to the ground,—closer, I pray you.
Do you howl? are you there, Antonio?
Leon. Where, sweet lady?
Alm. In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack,
Where murderers are tormented:—yerk him soundly,
'Twas Rhadamanth's sentence; do your office, Furies.
How he roars! What! plead to me to mediate for you!
I'm deaf, I cannot hear you.
Leon. 'Tis but fancy,
Collect yourself.
Alm. Leave babbling; 'tis rare musick!
Rhamnusia plays on a pair of tongs
Red hot, and Proserpine dances to the consort;
Pluto sits laughing by too.[2] So! enough:
I do begin to pity him.
Leon. I wish, madam,
You would shew it to yourself.
2 *Wom.* Her fit begins
To leave her.
Alm. Oh my brains! are you there, cousin?
Leon. Now she speaks temperately. I am ever ready
To do you service: how do you?
Alm. Very much troubled.
I have had the strangest waking dream of hell
And heaven—I know not what.
Leon. My lord your father
Is come to visit you; as you would not grieve him

[2] This is not madness, but light-headedness: but such, indeed, is the malady of Almira. Later writers have mistaken its characteristicks, and copied them (a wonderful easy matter) for madness.

That is so tender of you, entertain him
With a becoming duty.

Enter Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, PEDRO, *and Attendants.*

Vice. Still forlorn!
No comfort, my Almira?
Duke. In your sorrow,
For my Martino, madam, you have express'd
All possible love and tenderness; too much of it
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, lady,
(For we are not past hope,) with his future service,
In some part to deserve it.
Alm. If heaven please
To be so gracious to me, I will serve him
With such obedience, love, and humbleness,
That I will rise up an example for
Good wives to follow: but until I have
Assurance what fate will determine of me,
Thus, like a desolate widow, give me leave
To weep for him; for, should he die, I have vow'd
Not to outlive him; and my humble suit is,
One monument may cover us, and Antonio
(In justice you must grant me that) be offer'd
A sacrifice to our ashes.
Vice. Prithee put off
These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt it not,
A happy pair.

Enter CUCULO, *and* BORACHIA.

Cuc. O sir, the foulest treason
That ever was discover'd!
Vice. Speak it, that
We may prevent it.

Cuc. Nay, 'tis past prevention;
Though you allow me wise, (in modesty,
I will not say oraculous,) I cannot help it.
I am a statesman, and some say a wise one,
But I could never conjure, nor divine
Of things to come.
Vice. Leave fooling: to the point,
What treason?
Cuc. The false prince, don John Antonio,
Is fled.
Vice. It is not possible.
Pedro. Peace, screech-owl.
Cuc. I must speak, and it shall out, sir; the captain
You trusted with the fort is run away too.
Alm. O miserable woman! I defy
All comfort: cheated too of my revenge!
As you are my father, sir, and you my brother,
I will not curse you; but I dare, and will say,
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be
A way to death, I'll find it. [*Exit.*
Vice. Follow her,
She'll do some violent act upon herself;
'Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands,
And fetch the doctor to her.
[*Exeunt Leonora, and Waiting Women.*
Had not you.
A hand in this?
Pedro. I, sir! I never knew
Such disobedience.
Vice. My honour's touch'd in't:
Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit,
Search every port and harbour; if I live,
He shall not 'scape thus.
Duke. Fine hypocrisy!
Away, dissemblers! 'tis confederacy
Betwixt thy son, and self, and the false captain,

He could not thus have vanish'd else. You have murder'd
My son amongst you, and now murder justice:
You know it most impossible he should live,
Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissembled,
And you have shifted hence Antonio.
Vice. Messina, thou'rt a crazed and grieved old man,
And being in my court, protected by
The law of hospitality, or I should
Give you a sharper answer: may I perish
If I knew of his flight!
Duke. Fire, then, the castle.
Hang up then the captain's wife and children.
Vice. Fie, sir!
Pedro. My lord, you are uncharitable; capital treasons
Exact not so much.
Duke. Thanks, most noble signior,
We ever had your good word and your love.
Cuc. Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are clear
Of any imputation in this case
You seem to load them with.
Duke. Impertinent fool!——
No, no, the loving faces you put on
Have been but grinning visors: you have juggled me
Out of my son, and out of justice too;
But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy:
There I will force it from thee by the king,
He shall not eat nor sleep in peace for me,
Till I am righted for this treachery.
Vice. Thy worst, Messina; since no reason can
Qualify thy intemperance: the corruption
Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong

My true integrity. Let privy searchers
Examine all the land.
Pedro. Fair fall Antonio!
[*Exeunt Viceroy, Pedro, and Attendants.*
Cuc. This is my wife, my lord; troth speak your conscience,
Is't not a goodly dame?
Duke. She is no less, sir;
I will make use of these: may I entreat you[3]
To call my niece.
Bora. With speed, sir. [*Exit Borachia.*
Cuc. You may, my lord, suspect me
As an agent in these state-conveyances:
Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more,
For all his place, wit, and authority,
Held a most worthy honest gentleman.

Re-enter BORACHIA *with* LEONORA.

Duke. I do acquit you, signior. Neice, you see
To what extremes I am driven: the cunning viceroy,
And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly
Their cold affections to my son Martino:
And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora,
By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom
If my son fail, however, all thy fortunes;
Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt
Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now:
And as thou keep'st Almira company,
In this her desolation, so in hate

[3] *I will make use of* these: *may I entreat you*] So the old copy: Mr. M. Mason chooses to read,
I will make use of Cuculo and Borachia. *May I intreat you.*
If such portentous lines as these may be introduced without reason, and without authority, there is an end of all editorship.

To this young Pedro for thy cousin's love,
Be her associate; or assure thyself,
I cast thee like a stranger from my blood.
If I do ever hear thou see'st, or send'st
Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven,
I never more will own thee!
Leon. O, dear uncle!
You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart,
And it will break it. *Exit.*
Duke. Gravest lady, you
May be a great assister in my ends.
I buy your diligence thus:—divide this couple,
Hinder their interviews; feign 'tis her will
To give him no admittance, if he crave it;
And thy rewards shall be thine own desires:
Whereto, good sir, but add your friendly aids,
And use me to my uttermost.
Cuc. My lord,
If my wife please, I dare not contradict.
Borachia, what do you say?
Bora. I say, my lord,
I know my place; and be assured I will
Keep fire and tow asunder.
Duke. You in this
Shall much deserve me [*Exit.*
Cuc. We have ta'en upon us
A heavy charge: I hope you'll now forbear
The excess of wine.
Bora. I will do what I please.
This day the market's kept for slaves; go you,
And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me;
I must be better waited on.
Cuc. Any thing,
So you'll leave wine.
Bora. Still prating!
Cuc. I am gone, duck. *Exit.*
Bora. Pedro! so hot upon the scent! I'll fit him.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Donna Borachia, you most happily
Are met to pleasure me.
Bora. It may be so,
I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way,
I do beseech you, sir, keep on your voyage.
Pedro. Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with you.
Bora. With me, sir! I beseech you, sir; why, what, sir,
See you in me?
Pedro. Do not mistake me, lady,
Nothing but honesty.
Bora. Hang honesty!
Trump me not up with honesty: do you mark, sir,
I have a charge, sir, and a special charge, sir,
And 'tis not honesty can win on me, sir.
Pedro. Prithee conceive me rightly.
Bor. I conceive you!
Pedro. But understand.
Bora. I will not understand, sir,
I cannot, nor I do not understand, sir.
Pedro. Prithee, Borachia, let me see my mistress,
But look upon her; stand you by.
Bora. How's this!
Shall I stand by? what do you think of me?
Now, by the virtue of the place I hold,
You are a paltry lord to tempt my trust thus:
I am no Helen, nor no Hecuba,
To be defloured of my loyalty
With your fair language.
Pedro. Thou mistak'st me still.

Bora. It may be so, my place will bear me out in't,
And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.
Pedro. A pox upon thee! let me but behold her.
Bora. A plague upon you! you shall never see her.
Pedro. This is a crone in grain! thou art so testy—
Prithee, take breath, and know thy friends.
Bora. I will not,
I have no friends, nor I will have none this way:
And, now I think on't better, why will you see her?
Pedro. Because she loves me dearly, I her equally.
Bora. She hates you damnably, most wickedly,
Build that upon my word, most wickedly;
And swears her eyes are sick when they behold you.
How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,
And cast and rail again; and cast again;
Call for hot waters, and then rail again!
Pedro. How! 'tis not possible.
Bora. I have heard her swear
(How justly, you best know, and where the cause lies)
That you are—I shame to tell it—but it must out.
Fie, fie! why, how have you deserved it?
Pedro. I am what?
Bora. The beastliest man—why, what a grief must this be?
(Sir-reverence of the company)—a rank whore-master:
Ten livery whores, she assured me on her credit,
With weeping eyes she spake it, and seven citizens,
Besides all voluntaries that serve under you,
And of all countries.
Pedro. This must needs be a lie.

Bora. Besides, you are so careless of your body,
Which is a foul fault in you.
Pedro. Leave your fooling,
For this shall be a fable: happily
My sister's anger may grow strong against me,
Which thou mistak'st.
Bora. She hates you very well too,
But your mistress hates you heartily:—look upon you!
Upon my conscience, she would see the devil first,
With eyes as big as saucers; when I but named you,
She has leap'd back thirty feet: if once she smell you,
For certainly you are rank, she says extreme rank,
And the wind stand with you too, she's gone for ever.
Pedro. For all this, I would see her.
Bora. That's all one.
Have you new eyes when those are scratch'd out, or a nose
To clap on warm? have you proof against a piss-pot,
Which, if they bid me, I must fling upon you?
Pedro. I shall not see her, then, you say?
Bora. It seems so.
Pedro. Prithee, be thus far friend then, good Borachia,
To give her but this letter, and this ring,
And leave thy pleasant lying, which I pardon;
But leave it in her pocket; there's no harm in't.
I'll take thee up a petticoat, will that please thee?
Bora. Take up my petticoat! I scorn the motion,
I scorn it with my heels; take up my petticoat!
Pedro. And why thus hot?
Bora. Sir, you shall find me hotter,
If you take up my petticoat.

Pedro. I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Bora. I scorn the gift—take up my petticoat!
Alas! my lord, you are too young, my lord,
Too young, my lord, to circumcise me that way.
Take up my petticoat! I am a woman,
A woman of another way, my lord,
A gentlewoman: he that takes up my petticoat,
Shall have enough to do, I warrant him.
I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.

Pedro. Thou art disposed still to mistake me.

Bora. Petticoat!
You shew now what you are; but do your worst, sir.

Pedro. A wild-fire take thee!

Bora. I ask no favour of you,
And so I leave you; and withal I charge you
In my own name, for, sir, I'd have you know it,
In this place I present your father's person:
Upon your life, not dare to follow me,
For if you do— [*Exit.*

Pedro. Go and the p— go with thee,
If thou hast so much moisture to receive them,
For thou wilt have them, though a horse bestow them,
I must devise a way—for I must see her,
And very suddenly; and, madam petticoat,
If all the wit I have, and this can do,
I'll make you break your charge, and your hope too. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Market-place.

Enter Slave-merchant *and* Servant, *with* ANTONIO *and* Captain *disguised,* English Slave, *and divers Slaves.*

Merch. Come, rank yourselves, and stand out handsomely.
—Now ring the bell, that they may know my market.
Stand you two here; [*To Antonio and the Captain.*] you are personable men,
And apt to yield good sums if women cheapen.
Put me that pig-complexion'd fellow behind,
He will spoil my sale else; the slave looks like famine.
Sure he was got in a cheese-press, the whey runs out on's nose yet.
He will not yield above a peck of oysters—
If I can get a quart of wine in too, you are gone, sir:
Why sure, thou hadst no father.
Slave. Sure I know not.
Merch. No, certainly; a March frog kept thy mother;
Thou'rt but a monster paddock.—Look who comes, sirrah.— [*Exit Servant.*
And next prepare the song, and do it lively.—
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the buyer, [*To the English Slave.*
And if you do them well, they'll prove good dowries.—
How now?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. They come, sir, with their bags full loaden.
Merch. Reach me my stool. O! here they come.

Enter PAULO, Apothecary, CUCULO, *and* Citizens.

Cuc. That's he.
He never fails monthly to sell his slaves here;
He buys them presently upon their taking,
And so disperses them to every market.
Merch. Begin the song, and chant it merrily.

A SONG, *by one of the Slaves.*

Well done.
Paul. Good morrow.
Merch. Morrow to you, signiors.
Paul. We come to look upon your slaves, and buy too,
If we can like the persons, and the prices.
Cuc. They shew fine active fellows.
Merch. They are no less, sir,
And people of strong labours.
Paul. That's in the proof, sir.
Apoth. Pray what's the price of this red-bearded fellow?
If his gall be good, I have certain uses for him.
Merch. My sorrel slaves are of a lower price,
Because the colour's faint:—fifty chequins, sir.
Apoth. What be his virtues?
Merch. He will poison rats;
Make him but angry, and his eyes kill spiders;
Let him but fasting spit upon a toad,
And presently it bursts, and dies; his dreams kill:
He'll run you in a wheel, and draw up water,

But if his nose drop in't, 'twill kill an army.
When you have worn him to the bones with uses,
Thrust him into an oven luted well,
Dry him, and beat him, flesh and bone, to powder,
And that kills scabs, and aches of all climates.
Apoth. Pray at what distance may I talk to him?
Merch. Give him but sage and butter in a morning,
And there's no fear: but keep him from all women,
For there his poison swells most.
Apoth. I will have him.
Cannot he breed a plague too?
Merch. Yes, yes, yes,
Feed him with fogs; *probatum.*—Now to you, sir.
Do you like this slave? [*Pointing to Antonio.*
Cuc. Yes, if I like his price well.
Merch. The price is full an hundred, nothing bated.
Sirrah, sell the Moors there:—feel, he's high and lusty,
And of a gamesome nature; bold, and secret,
Apt to win favour of the man that owns him,
By diligence and duty: look upon him.
Paul. Do you hear, sir?
Merch. I'll be with you presently.—
Mark but his limbs, that slave will cost you fourscore; [*Pointing to the Captain.*
An easy price—turn him about, and view him.—
For these two, sir? why, they are the finest children——
Twins, on my credit, sir.—Do you see this boy, sir?
He will run as far from you in an hour——
1 *Cit.* Will he so, sir?

Merch. Conceive me rightly, — if upon an errand,
As any horse you have.
2 Cit. What will this girl do?
Merch. Sure no harm at all, sir,
For she sleeps most an end.[4]
Cit. An excellent housewife.
Of what religion are they?
Merch. What you will, sir,
So there be meat and drink in't: they'll do little
That shall offend you, for their chief desire
Is to do nothing at all, sir.
Cuc. A hundred is too much.
Merch. Not a doit bated:
He's a brave slave, his eye shews activeness;
Fire and the mettle of a man dwell in him.
Here is one you shall have——
Cuc. For what?
Merch. For nothing,
And thank you too.
Paul. What can he do?

[4] Merch. *Sure no harm at all, sir,*
For she sleeps most an end.] i. e. Perpetually, without intermission. In *the Two Gentlemen of Verona* Proteus says of Launce:

"A slave that *still an end* turns me to shame."

That is, says Steevens, "at the conclusion of every business he undertakes."! He was set right by Mr. M. Mason; but he persisted in his erroneous explanation:—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber.*—With respect to the meaning which is here assigned to *most*, or, as it is sometimes written, *still an end*, there cannot exist a reasonable doubt of its propriety. Thus Cartwright:

"Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing
"To be a widow out of term time! I
"Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
"And shakings *still an end.*" *The Ordinary.*

Indeed, the phrase has not been long out of use. I meet with it, for the last time, in the Dedication to *the Divine Legation of Moses*:—"he runs on in a strange jumbled character; but has *most an end*, a strong disposition to make a farce of it." P. xi.

Merch. Why, any thing that's ill,
And never blush at it: he's so true a thief,
That he'll steal from himself, and think he has got by it.
He stole out of his mother's belly, being an infant;
And from a lousy nurse he stole his nature,
From a dog his look, and from an ape his nimbleness;
He will look in your face and pick your pockets,
Rob ye the most wise rat of a cheese-paring,
There where a cat will go in, he will follow,
His body has no back-bone. Into my company
He stole, for I never bought him, and will steal into yours,
An you stay a little longer. Now, if any of you
Be given to the excellent art of lying,
Behold, before you here, the masterpiece;
He'll outlie him that taught him, monsieur devil,
Offer to swear he has eaten nothing in a twelvemonth,
When his mouth's full of meat.

Cuc. Pray keep him, he's a jewel;
And here's your money for this fellow.

Merch. He's yours, sir.

Cuc. Come, follow me. [*Exit with Antonio.*

Cit. Twenty chequins for these two.

Merch. For five and twenty take them.

Cit. There's your money;
I'll have them, if it be to sing in cages.

Merch. Give them hard eggs, you never had such blackbirds.

Cit. Is she a maid, dost think?

Merch. I dare not swear, sir:
She is nine year old, at ten you shall find few here.

Cit. A merry fellow! thou say'st true. Come, children. [*Exit with the two Moors.*

Paul. Here, tell your money; if his life but answer
His outward promises, I have bought him cheap, sir.
Merch. Too cheap, o' conscience, he's a pregnant knave;
Full of fine thought, I warrant him.
Paul. He's but weak-timber'd.[5]
Merch. 'Tis the better, sir;
He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.
Paul. Very weak legs.
Merch. Strong as the time allows, sir.
Paul. What's that fellow?
Merch. Who, this? the finest thing in all the world, sir,
The punctuallest, and the perfectest; an English metal,
But coin'd in France; *your servant's servant, sir;*
Do you understand that? *or your shadow's servant.*
Will you buy him to carry in a box? Kiss your hand, sirrah;—
Let fall your cloak on one shoulder;—face to your left hand;—
Feather your hat;—slope your hat;—now charge.—Your honour,
What think you of this fellow?

[5] Paul. *He's but weak-timber'd.*
Merch. *'Tis the better, sir;*
He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.] Small legs seem, at this time, to have been considered as one of the characteristick marks of a fine gentleman. Thus Jonson:
Chlo. Are you a gentleman born?
Cris. That I am, lady; you shall see my arms, if it please you.
Chlo. No; your legs do sufficiently shew you are a gentleman born, sir; for a man borne upon *little legs* is always a gentleman born. *Poetaster.*

Paul. Indeed, I know not;
I never saw such an ape before: but, hark you,
Are these things serious in his nature?
Merch. Yes, yes;
Part of his creed: come, do some more devices.
Quarrel a little, and take him for your enemy,
Do it in dumb show. Now observe him nearly.
Paul. This fellow's mad, stark mad.
Merch. Believe they are all so:
I have sold a hundred of them.
Paul. A strange nation!
What may the women be?
Merch. As mad as they,
And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal madder;
Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,
But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder;
They have a city, sir, I have been in it,
And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you saw
With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted,
How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks,
Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian,
You would start indeed.
Paul. They are handsome men.
Merch. Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further; but they have new creators,
God tailor, and god mercer: a kind of Jews, sir,
But fall'n into idolatry, for they worship
Nothing with so much service, as the cow-calves.

[6] ——— *come, do some more devices,* &c.] This must have been a most diverting scene: the ridicule on the French, or rather on the travelled English, who caricatured, while they aped, the foppish manners of the continent, was never more exquisitely pointed: indeed, I recollect nothing on the subject, in any of our old dramatists, that can be said to come near it. What follows is in a higher tone.

Paul. What do you mean by cow-calves?
Merch. Why, their women.
Will you see him do any more tricks?
Paul. 'Tis enough, I thank you;
But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him,
He may make my princely patient mirth, and that done,
I'll chain[7] him in my study, that at void hours
I may run o'er the story of his country.
Merch. His price is forty.
Paul. Hold—I'll once be foolish,
And buy a lump of levity to laugh at.
Apoth. Will your worship walk?
Paul. How now, apothecary,
Have you been buying too?
Apoth. A little, sir,
A dose or two of mischief.
Paul. Fare ye well, sir;
As these prove, we shall look the next wind for you.
Merch. I shall be with you, sir.
Paul. Who bought this fellow?
2 Cit. Not I.
Apoth. Nor I.
Paul. Why does he follow us, then?
Merch. Did not I tell you he would steal to you?
2 Cit. Sirrah,
You mouldy-chaps! know your crib, I would wish you,
And get from whence you came.
Slave. I came from no place.
Paul. Wilt thou be my fool? for fools, they say, will tell truth.
Slave. Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to abuse you,
For I can do that naturally.

[7] *I'll* chain *him in my study,*] The old copy reads *claim:* the amendment by Mr. M. Mason.

Paul. And I can beat you.
Slave. I should be sorry else, sir.
Merch. He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.
He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken,
As a cat in a bowl on the water.
Paul. You will part with him?
Merch. To such a friend as you, sir.
Paul. And without money?
Merch. Not a penny, signior;
And would he were better for you.
Paul. Follow me, then;
The knave may teach me something.
Slave. Something that
You dearly may repent; howe'er you scorn me,
The slave may prove your master.
Paul. Farewell once more!
Merch. Farewell! and when the wind serves next, expect me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter CUCULO *and* ANTONIO.

Cuc. Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now, you serve a man, sir;
That, when you know more, you will find.
Ant. I hope so.
Cuc. What dost thou hope?
Ant. To find you a kind master.
Cuc. Find you yourself a diligent true servant,
And take the precept of the wise before you,

And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand,
You serve me[8]—what is ME? a man of credit.
Ant. Yes, sir.
Cuc. Of special credit, special office; hear first
And understand again, of special office:
A man that nods upon the thing he meets,
And that thing bows.
Ant. 'Tis fit it should be so, sir.
Cuc. It shall be so: a man near all importance.
Dost thou digest this truly?
Ant. I hope I shall, sir.
Cuc. Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress,
Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully,
Serve all with diligence, but her delights;
There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah,
And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman.
Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood,
And stirring faculties, for she'll shew a fair one?
Ant. As I am a man, I may; but as I am your man,
Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall perish.
Cuc. 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next precept,
And then, observe me, you have all your duty;
Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine from her,
All talk of wine.
Ant. Wine is a comfort, sir.
Cuc. A devil, sir; let her not dream of wine,
Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine;
Swear it.
Ant. Will you have me lie?
Cuc. To my end, sir;

[8] *You serve* me—] So the old copy; the modern editors omit the pronoun, which reduces the passage to nonsense.

For if one drop of wine but creep into her,
She is the wisest woman in the world straight,
And all the women in the world together
Are but a whisper to her; a thousand iron mills
Can be heard no further than a pair of nut-crackers:
Keep her from wine; wine makes her dangerous.
Fall back: my lord don Pedro!

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, master Office,
What is the reason that your vigilant greatness,
And your wife's wonderful wiseness, have lock'd up from me
The way to see my mistress? whose dog's dead now,
That you observe these vigils?
Cuc. Very well, my lord.
Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order,
Nor feel no power, nor will, of him that made them,
When state-commands thus slightly are disputed.
Pedro. What state-command? dost thou think any state
Would give thee any thing but eggs to keep,
Or trust thee with a secret above lousing?
Cuc. No, no, my lord, I am not passionate,
You cannot work me that way to betray me.
A point there is in't, that you must not see, sir,
A secret and a serious point of state too;
And do not urge it further, do not, lord,
It will not take; you deal with them that wink not.
You tried my wife; alas! you thought she was foolish,
Won with an empty word; you have not found it.

Pedro. I have found a pair of coxcombs, that I am sure on.

Cuc. Your lordship may say three:—I am not passionate.

Pedro. How's that?

Cuc. Your lordship found a faithful gentlewoman,
Strong, and inscrutable as the viceroy's heart,
A woman of another making, lord:
And, lest she might partake with woman's weakness,
I've purchased her a rib to make her perfect,
A rib that will not shrink nor break in the bending;
This trouble we are put to, to prevent things
Which your good lordship holds but necessary.

Pedro. A fellow of a handsome and free promise,
And much, methinks, I'm taken with his countenance.—
Do you serve this yeoman-porter? [*To Antonio.*

Cuc. Not a word.
Basta! your lordship may discourse your freedom;
He is a slave of state, sir, so of silence.

Pedro. You are very punctual, state-cut, fare ye well;
I shall find time to fit you too, I fear not. [*Exit.*

Cuc. And I shall fit you, lord: you would be billing;
You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot. Go you home,
And there observe these lessons I first taught you,
Look to your charge abundantly; be wary,
Trusty and wary; much weight hangs upon me,
Watchful and wary too! this lord is dangerous,
Take courage and resist: for other uses,
Your mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful,
And, do you hear? no wine.

Ant. I shall observe, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PAULO *and* Surgeons.

Paul. He must take air.
1 *Surg.* Sir, under your correction,
The violence of motion may make
His wounds bleed fresh.
2 *Surg.* And he hath lost already
Too much blood, in my judgment.
Paul. I allow that;
But to choke up his spirits in a dark room
Is far more dangerous. He comes; no questions.

Enter CARDENES.

Car. Certain we have no reason, nor that soul
Created of that pureness books persuade us:
We understand not, sure, nor feel that sweetness
That men call virtue's chain to link our actions.
Our imperfections form, and flatter us;
A will to rash and rude things is our reason,
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.
Why did I wrong this man, unmanly wrong him,
Unmannerly? he gave me no occasion.
In all my heat how noble was his temper!
And, when I had forgot both man and manhood,
With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travell'd?
Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes me!
Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman taught me,
The devil and his angel, woman, bad me.
I am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,

And like a beast I make my blood my master.
Farewell, farewell, forever, name of mistress!
Out of my heart I cross thee; love and women
Out of my thoughts.

Paul. Ay, now you shew your manhood.

Car. Doctor, believe me, I have bought my knowledge,
And dearly, doctor:——they are dangerous creatures,
They sting at both ends, doctor; worthless creatures,
And all their loves and favours end in ruins.

Paul. To man, indeed.

Car. Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.
What can they shew, or by what act deserve us,
While we have Virtue, and pursue her beauties!

Paul. And yet I've heard of many virtuous women.

Car. Not many, doctor, there your reading fails you;
Would there were more, and in their loves less dangers!

Paul. Love is a noble thing without all doubt, sir.

Car. Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch.
[*Exit.*

1 *Surg.* Strange melancholy!

Paul. By degrees 'twill lessen:
Provide your things.

2 *Surg.* Our care shall not be wanting.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cuculo's *House.*

Enter LEONORA *and* ALMIRA.

Leon. Good madam, for your health's sake
clear those clouds up,
That feed upon your beauties like diseases.
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.
Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady;
You tempt his loving care whose eye has number'd
All our afflictions, and the time to cure them:
You rather with this torrent choak his mercies,
Than gently slide into his providence.
Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten nature,
Where they express no more than drops on lilies;
But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our hopes,
Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,
To hold our heads up: Come, you shall take comfort;
This is a sullen grief becomes condemn'd men,
That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:
Do but look up. Why, so!—is not this better
Than hanging down your head still like a violet,
And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager?
Pray you, speak a little.

Alm. Pray you, desire no more;
And, if you love me, say no more.

Leon. How fain,
If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,
Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady,

Even of the same disease have you cured me,
And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,
And forced my hands, thus?

Alm. By these tears, no more.

Leon. You are too prodigal of them. Well, I will not,
For though my love bids me transgress your will,
I have a service to your sorrows still. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in the same.

Enter PEDRO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near:
I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait
Who comes to seek accesses; nor is it fit, sir,
My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

Pedro. Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial,
But carrying up this letter, and this token,
And giving them discreetly to my mistress,
The lady Leonora: there's my purse,
Or any thing thou'lt ask me; if thou knew'st me,
And what I may be to thee for this courtesy——

Ant. Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,
That by my troth I'll venture.

Pedro. I dearly thank thee.

Ant. And it shall cost me hard; nay, keep your purse, sir,

——— *Nor is it* fit, *sir,*] Fit, which restores the passage to sense, I have inserted from the old copy.

For, though my body's bought, my mind was never.
Though I am bound, my courtesies are no slaves.
Pedro. Thou shouldst be truly gentle.
Ant. If I were so,
The state I am in bids you not believe it.
But to the purpose, sir; give me your letter,
And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mistress.
Pedro. And she must be removed, thou wilt else ne'er do it.
Ant. Ay, there's the plague: think, and I'll think awhile too.
Pedro. Her husband's suddenly fallen sick?
Ant. She cares not;
If he were dead, indeed, it would do better.
Pedro. Would he were hang'd!
Ant. Then she would run for joy, sir.[1]
Pedro. Some lady crying out?
Ant. She has two already.
Pedro. Her house afire?
Ant. *Let the fool, my husband, quench it.*
This will be her answer.—This may take; it will, sure.
Your lordship must go presently, and send me

[1] Ant. *Then she would run for joy, sir.*] Coxeter, and of course Mr. M. Mason, reads

Then she would run mad *for joy, sir.*

This interpolation, which destroys the metre, seems to have originated in a misapprehension of the passage. The object is to get Borachia out of the way, and the expedients which suggest themselves are mentioned in order;

Pedro. *Would he were hang'd!*

Ant. *Then she would run for joy, sir.*

i. e. this might do, for then she would leave her charge, and joyfully run to witness his execution. Such, I conceive to be the purport of Antonio's observation: for the rest, I must observe that the whole of this scene is most shamefully given in the modern editions, scarcely a single speech being without an errour or an omission.

Two or three bottles of your best Greek wine,
The strongest, and the sweetest.
Pedro. Instantly:
But will that do?
Ant. Let me alone to work it. [*Exit Pedro.*
Wine I was charged to keep by all means from her;
All secret locks it opens, and all counsels,
That I am sure, and gives men all accesses.
Pray heaven she be not loving when she's drunk now,
For drunk she shall be, though my pate pay for it!
She'll turn my stomach then abominably.
She has a most wicked face, and that lewd face
Being a drunken face, what face will there be!
She cannot ravish me. Now, if my master
Should take her so, and know I minister'd,
What will his wisdom do? I hope be drunk too,
And then all's right. Well, lord, to do thee service
Above these puppet-plays, I keep a life yet——
Here come the executioners.

Enter Servant *with bottles.*

You are welcome;
Give me your load, and tell my lord I am at it.
Serv. I will, sir; speed you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. Good speed on all sides!
'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the yaws that she will make![2]

[2] *'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the* yaws *that she will make!*] The old copy reads,

O the yauns *that she will make,*

and was followed by Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, attentive to the spelling of his author, but careless of his sense, corrected it to

Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right,
Here's that will work as high as the Bay of Portugal.
Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the nose first;
For, if she be a right sow, sure she'll find it.
She is yonder by herself, the ladies from her.
Now to begin my sacrifice:[3]—[*pours out some of the wine.*]—she stirs, and vents it.
O, how she holds her nose up like a jennet
In the wind of a grass-mare! she has it full now,
And now she comes.

Enter BORACHIA.

I'll stand aside awhile.

Bora. 'Tis wine! ay, sure 'tis wine! excellent strong wine!
In the must, I take it: very wine; this way too.

Ant. How true she hunts! I'll make the train a little longer. [*Pours out more wine.*

Bora. Stronger and stronger still! still! blessed wine!

Ant. Now she hunts hot.

Bora. All that I can for this wine.
This way it went, sure.

Ant. Now she is at a cold scent.
Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted!
That's she! that's she!

yawns; though to *make yawns* appear an expression sufficiently singular to excite a doubt of its authenticity: and thus it has hitherto stood! The genuine word, as is clear from the context, is undoubtedly that which I have given. A *yaw* is that unsteady motion which a ship makes in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course. The sea runs proverbially high in the *Bay of Portugal.*

[3] *Now to begin my sacrifice:—*] This is imitated, but with exquisite humour, from a very amusing scene in *the Curculio* of Plautus.

Bora. O, if I could but see it!
(Oh what a precious scent it has!) but handle it!
Ant. Now I'll untappice. [*Comes forward.*
Bora. What's that? still 'tis stronger.
Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer quickly,
And to the point.
Ant. 'Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,
Excellent Candy wine.
Bora. 'Tis well, forsooth!
Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah,
(Excellent Candy wine!) draw nearer to me,
Reach me the bottle: why, thou most debauch'd slave—
Ant. Pray be not angry, mistress, for with all my service
And pains, I purchased this for you, (I dare not drink it,)
For you a present; only for your pleasure;
To shew in little what a thanks I owe
The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.
Bora. And I will give thee more; there, kiss my hand on't.
Ant. I thank you dearly—for your dirty favour;
How rank it smells!
Bora. By thy leave, sweet bottle,
And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee;
Hold your hand under.
Ant. How does your worship like it?
Bora. Under again—again—and now come kiss me;
I'll be a mother to thee: come, drink to me.
Ant. I do beseech your pardon.
Bora. Here's to thee, then,
I am easily entreated for thy good;

'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;
Thou hast a pure complexion: now, for me
'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.
Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the wind—
Ant. Blows out a cry at both ends.
Bora. Kiss again;
Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies:
Son slave, I have them for thee; I'll shew thee all.
Ant. Heaven bless mine eyes!
Bora. Even all the secrets, son slave,
In my dominion.
Ant. Oh! here come the ladies;
Now to my business.

Enter LEONORA *and* ALMIRA *behind.*

Leon. This air will much refresh you.
Alm. I must sit down.
Leon. Do, and take freer thoughts,
The place invites you; I'll walk by like your sentinel.
Bora. And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave thee all,
Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to;[4] but abundance:

[4] *Heaven knows* to *what 'twill mount* to;] Of this mode of speech innumerable instances have already occurred; yet it is corrupted by Mr. M. Mason, with his usual oscitancy, into

Heaven knows what 'twill amount *to!*

But this gentleman does not appear to have profited greatly by his "reading of our old poets:" twenty years after he had edited Massinger, he stumbled upon Beaumont and Fletcher, where he found this line:

"And through what seas of hazard I sail'd *through*."
Humourous Lieutenant.

Through, the editors, perfectly ignorant of the phraseology of the author's times, absurdly changed to *too*, because, forsooth,

I'll leave thee two young ladies, what think you
of that, boy!—
Where is the bottle?—two delicate young ladies;
But first you shall commit with me: do you
mark, son,
And shew yourself a gentleman, that's the truth,
son.
Ant. Excellent lady, kissing your fair hand,
And humbly craving pardon for intruding,
This letter, and this ring——
Leon. From whom, I pray you, sir?
Ant. From the most noble, loving lord, don
Pedro,
The servant of your virtues.
Bora. And prithee, good son slave, be wise
and circumspect,
And take heed of being o'ertaken with too much
drink;
For it is a lamentable sin, and spoils all:
Why, 'tis the damnablest thing to be drunk, son!
Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one
thing I'd have done:
Knock my husband on the head, as soon as may
be,
For he is an arrant puppy, and cannot perform——
Why, where the devil is this foolish bottle?

"such disagreeable tautology was more likely to proceed from the press than the author." Upon which Mr. M. Mason says, "I agree with them in thinking *the old reading erroneous*, but not in their amendment. The line should run thus:

"And *through* what seas of hazard I sail'd *thorough*."

Which avoids the repetition of the word through." *Comments on Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. 104. When it is considered that the repetition so sedulously removed, was as anxiously sought after by our old writers, and was, indeed, characteristick of their style and manner, we may, perhaps, be indulged in forming a wish that those who undertake to revive and explain them, were somewhat more competent to the office. A good edition of these excellent dramatists is much wanted.

Leon. I much thank you;
And this, sir, for your pains.
Ant. No, gentle lady;
That I can do him service is my merit,
My faith, my full reward.
Leon. Once more, I thank you.
Since I have met so true a friend to goodness,
I dare deliver to your charge my answer:
Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him
To meet me in the garden; means he may find,
For love, they say, wants no abilities.
Ant. Nor shall he, madam, if my help may prosper;
So everlasting love and sweetness bless you!—
She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.
Alm. What fellow's that?
Leon. Indeed I know not, madam;
It seems of some strange country by his habit;
Nor can I shew you by what mystery
He wrought himself into this place, prohibited.
Alm. A handsome man.
Leon. But of a mind more handsome.
Alm. Was his business to you?
Leon. Yes, from a friend you wot of.
Alm. A very handsome fellow——
And well demean'd?
Leon. Exceeding well, and speaks well.
Alm. And speaks well, too!
Leon. Ay, passing well, and freely,
And, as he promises, of a most clear nature,
Brought up, sure, far above his shew.
Alm. It seems so:
I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?
Leon. Indeed I know not if he do.
Alm. 'Tis no matter.
Come let's walk in.

Leon. I am glad you have found your tongue yet. [*Exeunt Leonora and Almira.*

BORACHIA *sings.*

Cuc. [*within.*] My wife is very merry; sure 'twas her voice:
Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.
Ant. 'Tis sure my master:

Enter CUCULO.

Now the game begins;
Here will be spitting of fire o'both sides presently;
Send me but safe deliver'd!
Cuc. O, my heart aches!
My head aches too: mercy o'me, she's perish'd!
She has gotten wine! she is gone for ever.
Bora. Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies swimming;
Do your three duties, then—then fall behind me.
Cuc. O, thou pernicious rascal! what hast thou done?
Ant. I done! alas, sir, I have done nothing.
Cuc. Sirrah,
How came she by this wine?
Ant. Alas, I know not.
Bora. Who's that, that talks of wine there?
Ant. Forsooth, my master.
Bora. Bring him before me, son slave.
Cuc. I will know it,
This bottle, how this bottle?
Bora. Do not stir it;
For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll knock you,
I'll beat you damnably, yea and nay, I'll beat you;
And, when I have broke it 'bout your head, do you mark me?

Then will I tie it to your worship's tail,
And all the dogs in the town shall follow you.
No question, I would advise you, how I came by it,
I will have none of these points handled now.

Cuc. She'll ne'er be well again while the world stands.

Ant. I hope so.

Cuc. How dost thou, lamb?

Bora. Well, God-a-mercy, belwether, how dost thou?
Stand out: son slave, sit you here, and before this worshipful audience
Propound a doubtful question; see who's drunk now.

Cuc. Now, now it works; the devil now dwells in her.

Bora. Whether the heaven or the earth be nearer the moon?
Or what's the natural reason, why a woman longs
To make her husband cuckold? bring me your cousin
The curate now, that great philosopher,
He that found out a pudding had two ends,
That learned clerk, that notable gymnosophist;
And let him with his Jacob's-staff discover
What is the third part of three farthings,
Three halfpence being the half, and I am satisfied.

Cuc. You see she hath learning enough, if she could dispose it.

Bora. Too much for thee, thou loggerhead, thou bull-head!

Cuc. Nay, good Borachia.

Bora. Thou a sufficient statesman!
A gentleman of learning! hang thee, dogwhelp;
Thou shadow of a man of action,
Thou scab o'th' court! go sleep, you drunken rascal,

You debauch'd puppy; get you home, and sleep, sirrah;
And so will I: son slave, thou shalt sleep with me.
Cuc. Prithee, look to her tenderly.
Bora. No words, sirrah,
Of any wine, or any thing like wine,
Or any thing concerning wine, or by wine,
Or from, or with wine.[s] Come, lead me like a countess.
Cuc. Thus must we bear, poor men! there is a trick in't,
But, when she is well again, I'll trick her for it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, if this honest fellow do but prosper,
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety;
The winds have stood most gently to his purpose.

Enter ANTONIO.

My honest friend!
Ant. Your lordship's poorest servant.
Pedro. How hast thou sped?

[s] ——— *or by wine,*
Or from, *or* with *wine.* &c.] More traits of Borachia's "learning"! she is running through the signs of the ablative case.

Ant. My lord, as well as wishes.[6]
My way hath reach'd your mistress, and deliver'd
Your loveletter, and token; who, with all joy,
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you:
Commands you this night, by her loving power,
To meet her in the garden.
Pedro. Thou hast made me,
Redeem'd me, man, again from all my sorrows;
Done above wonder for me. Is it so?
Ant. I should be now too old to learn to lie, sir,
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.[7]
Pedro. I do see something in this fellow's face still,
That ties my heart fast to him. Let me love thee,
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service.
And if I e'er forget it——
Ant. Good my lord,
The only knowledge of me is too much bounty:
My service, and my life, sir.
Pedro. I shall think on't;
But how for me to get access?
Ant. 'Tis easy;

[6] Ant. *My lord, as* well as wishes:] i. e. as well as you could wish; or, as well as if your wishes had been effectual: it is a colloquial phrase, and is found in many of our old dramatists. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Dor.* Shall we run for a wager to the next temple, and "give thanks?
"Nis. *As fast as wishes.*" *Cupid's Revenge.*

And again; more appositely in the same play:

"*Timan.* There's a messenger, madam, come from the prince, "with a letter to Ismenes.
"*Bacha.* This comes *as pat as wishes.*"

[7] *And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.*] This is the language of the time: the modern editors carefully interpolate the article before *good*, though it spoils the metre: and in the next line omit *still*, though it be necessary to the sense!

I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead you;
My credit's better than you think.
Pedro. I thank you,
And soon I'll wait your promise.
Ant. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Viceroy, Duke, PAULO, *and* CUCULO.

Paulo. All's as I tell you, princes; you shall here
Be witness to his fancies, melancholy,
And strong imagination of his wrongs.
His inhumanity to don Antonio
Hath rent his mind into so many pieces
Of various imaginations, that,
Like the celestial bow, this colour now's
The object, then another, till all vanish.
He says a man might watch to death, or fast,
Or think his spirit out; to all which humours
I do apply myself, checking the bad,
And cherishing the good. For these, I have
Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber
With trapdoors, and descents; sometimes presenting
Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth,
To pull down or advance his fair intentions.
He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes
Thinks that which by confederacy I do,
Is by some skill in magick.

Enter CARDENES, *a book in his hand.*[8]

Here he comes
Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you read, sir?
Car. A strange position, which doth much perplex me:
That every soul's alike a musical instrument,
The faculties in all men equal strings,
Well or ill handled; and those sweet or harsh.
[*Exit Paulo.*
How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine then!
Declined the high pitch of my birth and breeding,
Like the most barbarous peasant; read my pride
Upon Antonio's meek humility,
Wherein he was far valianter than I.
Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous spirits,
Enabling sufferance past inflictions.
In patience Tarent overcame me more
Than in my wounds: live then, no more to men,
Shut daylight from thine eyes, here cast thee down,
And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul—

Re-enter PAULO *disguised as a Friar.*

What art? an apparition, or a man?
Paul. A man, and sent to counsel thee.

[8] *Enter* CARDENES, *a book in his hand.*] The marginal direction in the old copy, which is wisely followed by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, is somewhat curious: *A bed drawn forth*, Martino *upon it, a book in his hand;* this must have contrasted in a singular manner with the doctor's exclamation: Here he comes *unsent!* The poorest strolling company in the poorest barn would not now be reduced to such shifts, as "those of his Majesty's servants" who performed this most excellent Comedy at the private-house in Blackfriars.

Car. Despair
Has stopt mine ears; thou seem'st a holy friar.
Paul. I am; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee
Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking
To lend compassion and aid to others.
My order bids me comfort thee; I have heard all
Thy various, troubled passions. Hear but my story.
In way of youth I did enjoy one friend,[9]
As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man;
This friend was plighted to a beauteous woman,
(Nature proud of her workmanship,) mutual love
Possess'd them both, her heart in his breast lodged,
And his in hers.
Car. No more of love, good father,
It was my surfeit, and I loath it now,
As men in fevers meat they fell sick on.
Paul. Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing. This betroth'd lady,
(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten,)
Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;
Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reproved,

[9] *In* way of youth *I did enjoy one friend,*] There is no passage in Shakspeare on which more has been written than the following one in *Macbeth:*

"I have lived long enough, my *way of life*
"Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, &c."

For *way of life* Johnson would read *May of life;* in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Steevens, and others: and Mr. Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares that he "has now no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *May of life,*" which is also the "settled opinion" of Mr. Davies! At a subsequent period Steevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquiesced in the old reading, *way of life,* which he interprets, with Mr. M. Mason, course or progress, precisely as Warburton, whom every *mousing owl hawks at,* had done long before them. Mr. Malone follows the same track, and if the words had signified what he supposed them to do, nothing more would be necessary on the subject. The fact, however, is that these ingenious writers

Despised by honest men, my conscience sear'd up,
Love I converted into frantick rage;
And by that false guide led, I summon'd him
In this bad cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove
If he or I might claim most right in love.

have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life;* as *way of youth*, in the text, is for *youth*. A few examples will make this clear:

"If that, when I was mistress of myself,
"And in my *way of youth*, pure and untainted,
"The emperor had vouchsafed &c." *Roman Actor.*

i. e. in my youth.

"So much nobler
"Shall be your *way of justice.*" *Thierry and Theodoret.*

i. e. your justice.

"Thus ready for the *way of death or life,*
"I wait the sharpest blow." *Pericles.*

i. e. for death or life.

"If all the art I have or power can do it,
"He shall be found, and such a *way of justice*
"Inflicted on him!" *Queen of Corinth.*

i. e. such justice. "Probably," say the editors, "we should read *weight* of justice; *way* is very flat."!

"If we can wipe out
"The *way of your offences*, we are yours, sir."
Valentinian.

i. e. your offences. "To *wipe out the way*," the same editors again remark, "seems a strange phrase; *stain*, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: yet we should not have substituted it," (they actually foist it into the text,) "had we not been persuaded that the old reading was corrupt."! And thus our best poets are edited!

It is unnecessary to proceed any further:—indeed I should have been satisfied with fewer examples, had not my respect for Shakspeare made me desirous of disencumbering his page, by ascertaining beyond the possibility of cavil, the meaning of an expression so long and so laboriously agitated. To return to Macbeth: *the sere and yellow leaf* is the commencement of the winter of life, or of old age; to this he has attained, and he laments, in a strain of inimitable pathos and beauty, that it is unaccompanied by those blessings which render it supportable. As his manhood was without virtue, so he has now before him the certain prospect of an old age without honour.

But fortune, that does seld or never give
Success to right and virtue, made him fall
Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear blood,
A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me,
In such a monstrous and unequal cause,
Lies on my conscience.
Car. And durst thou live,
After this, to be so old? 'tis an illusion
Raised up by charms: a man would not have lived.
Art quiet in thy bosom?
Paul. As the sleep
Of infants.
Car. My fault did not equal this;
Yet I have emptied my heart of joy,
Only to store sighs up. What were the arts
That made thee live so long in rest?
Paul. Repentance
Hearty, that cleansed me; reason then confirm'd me
I was forgiven, and took me to my beads. [*Exit.*
Car. I am in the wrong path; tender conscience
Makes me forget mine honour: I have done
No evil like this; yet I pine; whilst he,
A few tears of his true contrition tender'd,
Securely sleeps. Ha! where keeps peace of conscience,
That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.
'Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessels placed,
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.
Hence is it we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,

Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both;
Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.
Duke. Is't not a strange effect?
Vice. Past precedent.
Cuc. His brain-pan's perish'd with his wounds: go to,
I knew 'twould come to this.
Vice. Peace, man of wisdom.
Car. Pleasure's the hook of evil; ease of care,
And so the general object of the court;
Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is
Virtue's allow'd ascent; honour, that clasps
All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves
No more respect than what she gives, that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.—This distracts me,
But I have found the right: had don Antonio
Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd him;
The injury so foul, and done in publick,
My footman would not bear it; then in honour
Wronging him so, I'll right him on myself:
There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction
Equally tender'd; 'tis resolved, I'll do it.
[*They disarm him.*
They take all weapons from me.
Duke. Bless my son!

Re-enter PAULO, *dressed like a Soldier, and the* English Slave *like a Courtier.*

Vice. The careful doctor's come again.
Duke. Rare man!
How shall I pay this debt?
Cuc. He that is with him,

Is one o' the slaves he lately bought, he said,
To accommodate his cure: he's English born,
But French in his behaviour; a delicate slave.
Vice. The slave is very fine.
Cuc. Your English slaves
Are ever so; I have seen an English slave
Far finer than his master: there's a state-point
Worthy your observation.
Paul. On thy life,
Be perfect in thy lesson: fewer legs, slave.
Car. My thoughts are search'd and answer'd; for I did
Desire a soldier and a courtier,
To yield me satisfaction in some doubts
Not yet concluded of.
Paul. Your doctor did
Admit us, sir.
Slave. And we are at your service;
Whate'er it be, command it.
Car. You appear
A courtier in the race of LOVE; how far
In honour are you bound to run?
Slave. I'll tell you,
You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,
To win a mistress' favour; not afraid
To pass unto her through her chambermaid.
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,
Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful sports:
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,
Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her:
Build on your own deserts, and ever be
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy,
For that draws on——
Car. No more; this points at me;
[*Exit English Slave.*

I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old soldier,
The height of HONOUR?
Paul. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong;
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat I choak with flattery;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run
Into offences, wish them all undone:
'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy.
Vice. Mark, how he winds him.
Duke. Excellent man!
Paul. Who fights
With passions, and o'ercomes them, is endued
With the best virtue, passive fortitude. [*Exit.*
Car. Thou hast touch'd me, soldier; oh! this honour bears
The right stamp; would all soldiers did profess
Thy good religion! The discords of my soul
Are tuned, and make a heavenly harmony:
What sweet peace feel I now! I am ravish'd with it.
Vice. How still he sits! [*Musick.*
Cuc. Hark! musick.
Duke. How divinely
This artist gathers scatter'd sense; with cunning
Composing the fair jewel[1] of his mind,
Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before.

[1] *Composing the fair* jewel *of his mind,* &c.] By *jewel* our old writers meant, as I have already observed, not so much a single precious stone, as a trinket formed of several, or what we call a piece of jewel-work.

Re-enter PAULO, *dressed like a Philosopher, accompanied by a good and evil Genius, who sing a song in alternate stanzas: during the performance of which* PAULO *goes off, and returns in his own shape.*

Vice. See Protean Paulo in another shape.
Paul. Away, I'll bring him shortly perfect, doubt not.
Duke. Master of thy great art!
Vice. As such we'll hold thee.
Duke. And study honours for him.
Cuc. I'll be sick
On purpose to take physick of this doctor.
[*Exeunt all but Cardenes and Paulo.*
Car. Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's cure
To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind
Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive,
You, for my recreation, have invented
The several objects, which my melancholy
Sometimes did think you conjured, otherwhiles
Imagined them chimæras. You have been
My friar, soldier, philosopher,
My poet, architect, physician;
Labour'd for me more than your slaves for you
In their assistance: in your moral song[2]
Of my good Genius, and my bad, you have won me
A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent;
There being nothing wanting to my wishes,

[2] ——— *in your moral* song
Of my good Genius, and my bad, &c.] This song is not given; I do not know that it is much to be regretted, and yet it promises better than many of those with which we have been favoured.

But once more, were it possible, to behold
Don John Antonio.
Paul. There shall be letters sent
Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him
Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not.
Car. What honours, what rewards can I heap on you!
Paul. That my endeavours have so well succeeded,
Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir,
Not too much air so soon.
Car. I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Cuculo's *House.*

Enter ALMIRA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. How strangely
This fellow runs in her mind!
Alm. Do you hear, cousin?
Leon. Her sadness clean forsaken!
Alm. A poor slave
Bought for my governess, say you?
Leon. I hear so.
Alm. And, do you think, a Turk?
Leon. His habit shews it,
At least bought for a Turk.
Alm. Ay, that may be so.
Leon. What if he were one naturally?
Alm. Nay, 'tis nothing,
Nothing to the purpose; and yet, methinks, 'tis strange
Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside,
Should spring from those rude countries.

Leon. If it be no more,
I'll call our governess, and she can shew you.
Alm. Why, do you think it is?
Leon. I do not think so.
Alm. Fie! no, no, by no means; and to tell thee truth, wench,
I am truly glad he is here, be what he will:
Let him be still the same he makes a shew of,
For now we shall see something to delight us.
Leon. And heaven knows, we have need on't.
Alm. Heigh ho! my heart aches.
Prithee, call in our governess.—[*Exit Leonora.*]
P— o'this fellow!
Why do I think so much of him? how the devil
Creep'd he into my head? and yet, beshrew me,
Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen
A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter.
But say this fellow were adorn'd as they are,
Set off to shew and glory!—What's that to me?
Fie! what a fool am I, what idle fancies
Buz in my brains!

Re-enter LEONORA *with* BORACHIA.

Bora. And how doth my sweet lady?
Leon. She wants your company to make her merry.
Bora. And how does master Pug, I pray you, madam?
Leon. Do you mean her little dog?
Bora. I mean his worship.
Leon. Troubled with fleas a little.
Bora. Alas, poor chicken!
Leon. She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk, I take it;
I found her with a bottle for her bolster,
Lying along, and making love.

Alm. Borachia,
Why, where hast thou been, wench? she looks not well, friend.
Art not with child?
Bora. I promise ye, I know not,
I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shrewd sign:
Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego
Here in my head, madam; often with this tiego,
It takes me very often.
Leon. I believe thee.
Alm. You must drink wine.
Bora. A little would do no harm, sure.
Leon. 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head;
Which good strong wine will temper.
Bora. I thank your highness.
I will be ruled, though much against my nature;
For wine I ever hated from my cradle:
Yet for my good——
Leon. Ay, for your good, by all means.
Alm. Borachia, what new fellow's that thou hast gotten?
(Now she will sure be free) that handsome stranger?
Bora. How much wine must I drink, an't please your ladyship?
Alm. She's finely greased. Why two or three round draughts, wench.
Bora. Fasting?
Alm. At any time.
Bora. I shall hardly do it:
But yet I'll try, good madam.
Leon. Do; 'twill work well.
Alm. But, prithee answer me, what is this fellow?
Bora. I'll tell you two: but let it go no further.
Leon. No, no, by no means.
Bora. May I not drink before bed too?
Leon. At any hour.

Bora. And say in the night it take me?
Alm. Drink then: but what's this man?
Bora. I'll tell ye, madam,
But pray you be secret; he's the great Turk's son, for certain,
And a fine Christian; my husband bought him for me:
He's circumsinged.
Leon. He's circumcised, thou wouldst say.
Alm. How dost thou know?
Bora. I had an eye upon him:
But even as sweet a Turk, an't like your ladyship,
And speaks ye as pure pagan:—I'll assure ye,
My husband had a notable pennyworth of him;
And found me but the Turk's own son, his own son
By father and mother, madam!
Leon. She's mad-drunk.
Alm. Prithee, Borachia, call him; I would see him,
And tell thee how I like him.
Bora. As fine a Turk, madam,
For that which appertains to a true Turk——
Alm. Prithee, call him.
Bora. He waits here at the stairs:—Son slave, come hither.

Enter ANTONIO.

Pray you give me leave a little to instruct him,
He's raw yet in the way of entertainment.
Son slave, where's the other bottle?
Ant. In the bedstraw;
I hid it there.
Bora. Go up, and make your honours.
Madam, the tiego takes me now, now, madam;
I must needs be unmannerly.

Alm. Pray you be so.
Leon. You know your cure.
Bora. In the bedstraw?
Ant. There you'll find it. [*Exit Borachia.*
Alm. Come hither, sir: how long have you served here?
Ant. A poor time, madam, yet, to shew my service.
Alm. I see thou art diligent.
Ant. I would be, madam;
'Tis all the portion left me, that and truth.
Alm. Thou art but young.
Ant. Had fortune meant me so,[3]
Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.
Alm. Wilt thou serve me?
Ant. In all my prayers, madam,
Else such a misery as mine but blasts you.
Alm. Beshrew my heart, he speaks well; wondrous honestly. [*Aside.*
Ant. Madam, your loving lord stays for you.
Leon. I thank you.
Your pardon for an hour, dear friend.
Alm. Your pleasure.
Leon. I dearly thank you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. My humblest service.
She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not:
I dare not trust the time yet, nor I must not.
Alm. You are not as your habit shews?
Ant. No, madam,

[3] Ant. *Had fortune meant me* so,
Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.] For *so*, Mr. M. Mason would read *good*, because, as he says, "a man's youth does not depend on fortune:" but this is not Massinger's meaning, which is, that if fortune had done him no wrong (referring to the concluding part of the sentence,) he should have had but little to complain of time. In other words, that he was "but young," as Almira had observed.

His hand, that, for my sins, lies heavy on me,
I hope will keep me from being a slave to the devil.[4]
Alm. A brave clear mind he has, and nobly season'd.
What country are you of?
Ant. A Biscan,[5] lady.
Alm. No doubt, a gentleman.
Ant. My father thought so.
Alm. Ay, and I warrant thee a right fair woman
Thy mother was; he blushes, that confirms it.
Upon my soul, I have not seen such sweetness!
I prithee, blush again.
Ant. 'Tis a weakness, madam,
I am easily this way woo'd to.
Alm. I thank you.
Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest. [*Aside.*
Now you must tell me, sir, for now I long for't——
Ant. What would she have?
Alm. The story of your fortune,
The hard and cruel fortune brought you hither.
Ant. That makes me stagger; yet I hope I'm hid still. [*Aside.*
That I came hither, madam, was the fairest.
Alm. But how this misery you bear, fell on you?
Ant. *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*
Alm. Come, I will have it; I command you tell it,
For such a speaker I would hear forever.
Ant. Sure, madam, 'twill but make you sad and heavy,

[4] ——— *from being a slave to the devil.*] That is; from being a Mahommedan: his dress, it appears, was that of a Turk.

[5] Ant. *A* Biscan, *lady.*] Here Mr. M. Mason, for no better reason, that I can find, than spoiling the metre, reads, *A* Biscayan, *lady.*

Because I know your goodness full of pity;
And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your ears,
That are acquainted with things sweet and easy,
So harsh a harmony.

Alm. I prithee speak it.

Ant. I ever knew obedience the best sacrifice.
Honour of ladies, then first passing over
Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent,
Let me begin the sadness of my story,
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.

Alm. 'Tis well, go forward; some rare piece I look for.

Ant. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,[6]
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And bless'd the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;
In all the bravery my friends could shew me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued, and served: long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her,
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.

[6] *As nature durst bestow without undoing,*]—*herself*, as I suppose; for that is a frequent sentiment in these plays. The remainder of this speech, and, indeed, of the whole scene is beautiful beyond expression. The English language does not furnish so complete a specimen of sweetness, elegance, and simplicity, of all that is harmonious in poesie, tender in sentiment, and ardent in affection, as the passage beginning,

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth, &c.

Alm. How feelingly he speaks! and she loved you too?
It must be so.
Ant. I would it had, dear lady;
This story had been needless, and this place,
I think, unknown to me.
Alm. Were your bloods equal?
Ant. Yes, and I thought our hearts too.
Alm. Then she must love.
Ant. She did—but never me; she could not love me,
She would not love, she hated, more, she scorn'd me,
And in so poor and base a way abused me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me.
Alm. An ill woman!
Belike you found some rival in your love then?
Ant. How perfectly she points me to my story! [*Aside.*
Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,
Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,
Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.
And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,
As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,
I should say something unbeseeming me.
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,
And in disdain of me.
Alm. Pray you take me with you.[7]
Of what complexion was she?

[7] Alm. *Pray you take me with you.*] i. e. let me understand you. The last circumstance mentioned in don John's speech seems to have recalled to her mind the *flinging* of the jewel with which he had presented her, to Cardenes' page.

Ant. But that I dare not
Commit so great a sacrilege gainst virtue,
She look'd not much unlike —— though far, far short.
Something I see appears—your pardon, madam—
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would cozen;
And so she would look sad: but yours is pity,
A noble chorus to my wretched story;
Hers was disdain and cruelty.
Alm. Pray heaven
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange story, [*Aside.*
And said 'twould make me sad! he is no liar.—
But where begins this poor state? I will have all,
For it concerns me truly.
Ant. Last, to blot me
From all remembrance what I had been to her,
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,
'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.
'Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or reason:
We fought, I kill'd him; heaven's strong hand was with me;
For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,
Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me,[*]
And sold me here.
Alm. Stop there awhile; but stay still.
[*Walks aside.*
In this man's story, how I look, how monstrous!
How poor and naked now I shew! what don John,
In all the virtue of his life, but aimed at,

[*] *Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me,*] This line, which is of the more importance, as it furnishes the only reason why don John appeared in such a dress, is wholly omitted by both the modern editors!

This thing hath conquer'd with a talc, and carried.
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me! never conscience
Touch'd me till now, nor true love: let me keep it.

Re-enter LEONORA *with* PEDRO.

Leon. She is there. Speak to her, you will find her alter'd.
Pedro. Sister, I am glad to see you, but far gladder,
To see you entertain your health so well.
Alm. I am glad to see you too, sir, and shall be gladder
Shortly to see you all.
Pedro. Now she speaks heartily.
What do you want?
Alm. Only an hour of privateness;
I have a few thoughts—
Pedro. Take your full contentment,
We'll walk aside again; but first to you, friend,
Or I shall much forget myself: my best friend,
Command me ever, ever—you have won it.[9]
Ant. Your lordship overflows me.
Leon. 'Tis but due, sir.
[*Exeunt Leonora and Pedro.*
Alm. He's there still. Come, sir, to your last part now,
Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.
Why, whither go you?

9 ——————— *you have won* it.] So the old copy; which I prefer as the simpler reading: the modern editors have *you have won me*. Some act of kindness must be supposed to pass on the side of don Pedro.

Ant. Give me leave, good madam,
Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.
Alm. You shall not go, I swear you shall not go:
I ask you nothing but your name; you have one,
And why should that thus fright you?
Ant. Gentle madam,
I cannot speak; pray pardon me, a sickness,
That takes me often, ties my tongue: go from me,
My fit's infectious, lady.
Alm. Were it death
In all his horrours, I must ask and know it;
Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,
To let a lady of my youth and place
Beg thus long for a trifle!
Ant. Worthiest lady,
Be wise, and let me go; you'll bless me for't;
Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.
Alm. I only beg your name, sir.
Ant. That will choak you;
I do beseech you, pardon me.
Alm. I will not.[4]
Ant. You'll curse me when you hear it.
Alm. Rather kiss thee;
Why shouldst thou think so?
Ant. Why! I bear that name,
And most unluckily as now it happens,
(Though I be innocent of all occasion,)
That, since my coming hither, people tell me
You hate beyond forgiveness: now, heaven knows

[4] Ant. *That will choak you;*
I do beseech you pardon me.
Alm. *I will not.*] These two speeches are also omitted, not only by Coxeter, but by the "correctest" of editors, Mr. M. Mason!

So much respect, although I am a stranger,
Duty, and humble zeal, I bear your sweetness,
That for the world I would not grieve your goodness:
I'll change my name, dear madam.
Alm. People lie,
And wrong thy name; thy name may save all others,
And make that holy to me, that I hated
Prithee, what is't?
Ant. Don John Antonio.
What will this woman do, what thousand changes
Run through her heart and hands?[2] no fix'd thought in her!
She loves for certain now, but now I dare not.
Heaven guide me right!
Alm. I am not angry, sir,
With you, nor with your name; I love it rather,
And shall respect you—you deserve—for this time
I license you to go: be not far from me,
I shall call for you often.
Ant. I shall wait, madam. [*Exit.*

Enter CUCULO.

Alm. Now, what's the news with you?
Cuc. My lord your father
Sent me to tell your honour, prince Martino
Is well recover'd, and in strength.

[2] *Run through her heart and* hands?] For *hands*, Mr. M. Mason reads *head*. Hands is not likely to have been corrupted, and is besides as proper as the word which he arbitrarily introduces. It is very strange that this gentleman should give his reader no notice of his variations from Coxeter, although he professes to do it in his preface, and, stranger still, that he should presume them to be genuine, and agreeable to the old copy, which he never deigns to consult.

Alm. Why, let him—
The stories and the names so well agreeing,
And both so noble gentlemen. [*Aside.*
Cuc. And more, an't please you—
Alm. It doth not please me, neither more nor less on't.
Cuc. They'll come to visit you.
Alm. They shall break through the doors then. [*Exit.*
Cuc. Here's a new trick of state; this shews foul weather;
But let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Pirates, *and the* Slave *that followed* PAULO.

1 *Pir.* Sold for a slave, say'st thou?
Slave. 'Twas not so well:
Though I am bad enough, I personated
Such base behaviour, barbarism of manners,
With other pranks, that might deter the buyer,
That the market yielded not one man that would
Vouchsafe to own me.
1 *Pir.* What was thy end in it?
Slave. To be given away for nothing, as I was
To the viceroy's doctor; with him I've continued
In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves;
His horse and dog of more esteem: and from
That villainous carriage of myself, as if
I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul,

I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd,
And pried in every place without observance.
For which, if you desire to be made men,
And by one undertaking, and that easy,
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings,
The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap
A plentiful harvest.
1 *Pir.* To the point; I like not
These castles built in the air.
Slave. I'll make them real,
And you the Neptunes of the sea; you shall
No more be sea-rats.[3]
1 *Pir.* Art not mad?
Slave. You have seen
The star of Sicily, the fair Almira,
The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward
Of the duke of Messina?
1 *Pir.* Madam Leonora.
Slave. What will you say, if both these princesses,
This very night, for I will not delay you,
Be put in your possession?
1 *Pir.* Now I dare swear
Thou hast maggots in thy brains, thou wouldst not else,
Talk of impossibilities.
Slave. Be still
Incredulous.
1 *Pir.* Why, canst thou think we are able
To force the court?
Slave. Are we able to force two women,
And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pinnace?
1 *Pir.* In a creek not half a league hence.

[3] ——— *you shall*
No more be sea-rats.] "There be land-rats and *water-rats*" (says Shylock,) I mean *pirates*." Hence, I suppose, the allusion

Slave. Can you fetch ladders
To mount a garden wall?
2 Pir. They shall be ready.
Slave. No more words then, but follow me; and if
I do not make this good, let my throat pay for't.
1 Pir. What heaps of gold these beauties would bring to us
From the great Turk, if it were possible
That this could be effected!
Slave. If it be not,
I know the price on't.
1 Pir. And be sure to pay it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Cuculo's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *with a letter in his hand.*

Ant. Her fair hand threw this from the window to me,
And as I took it up, she said, *Peruse it,*
And entertain a fortune offer'd to thee.—
What may the inside speak?—
[*Breaks it open, and reads.*
For satisfaction
Of the contempt I shew'd don John Antonio,
Whose name thou bear'st, and in that dearer to me,
I do profess I love thee—How!—'tis so—
I love thee; this night wait me in the garden,
There thou shalt know more—subscribed,
Thy Almira.
Can it be possible such levity
Should wait on her perfections! when I was

Myself, set off with all the grace of greatness,
Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated me,
And did profess it openly; yet now,
Being a slave, a thing she should in reason
Disdain to look upon; in this base shape,
And, since I wore it, never did her service,
To dote thus fondly!—and yet I should glory
In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it,
Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further,
Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her
To the utmost trial. *In the garden!* well,
There I shall learn more. Women, giddy women!
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,
There is no reason for your hate or love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Garden belonging to the same.

Enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, *and two Waiting Women.*

Leon. At this
Unseasonable time to be thus brave,
No visitants expected! you amaze me.
Alm. Are these jewels set forth to the best advantage
To take the eye?

——— *to be thus* brave,] i. e. thus superbly dress. I shall be blamed for recurring so frequently to the ancient meaning of this expression; but as it is used in a different sense at present, there may be some small plea offered, perhaps, for recalling the reader's attention, at intervals, to its original signification.

1 *Wom.* With our best care.
2 *Wom.* We never
Better discharged our duties.
Alm. In my sorrows,
A princess' name (I could perceive it) struck
A kind of reverence in him, and my beauty,
As then neglected, forced him to look on me
With some sparks of affection; but now,
When I would fan them to a glorious flame,
I cannot be too curious. I wonder
He stays so long.
Leon. These are strange fancies.
Alm. Go,
Entreat—I do forget myself—command
My governess' gentleman—her slave, I should say,
To wait me instantly;—[*Exit* 1 *Woman.*]—and yet already
He's here: his figure graven on my heart,
Never to be razed out.

Enter Pirates, *and the* Slave.

Slave. There is the prize.
Is it so rich that you dare not seize upon it?
Here I begin. [*Seizes Almira.*
Alm. Help! villain!
1 *Pir.* You are mine. [*Seizes Leonora.*
2 *Pir.* Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve, after a storm,
To bid fair weather welcome. [*Seizes* 2 *Woman.*
Leon. Ravisher!
Defend me, heaven!
Alm. No aid near!
2 *Wom.* Help!
Slave. Dispatch.
No glove nor handkerchief to stop their mouths?

Their cries will reach the guard, and then we
are lost.

Re-enter 1 *Woman, with* ANTONIO.

Ant. What shrieks are these? from whence?
O blessed saints,
What sacrilege to beauty! do I talk,
When 'tis almost too late to do!—[*Forces a sword from the Slave.*]—Take that.
Slave. All set upon him.
1 *Pir.* Kill him.
Ant. You shall buy
My life at a dear rate, you rogues.

Enter PEDRO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, *and Guard.*

Cuc. Down with them!
Pedro. Unheard-of treason!
Bora. Make in, loggerhead;
My son slave fights like a dragon: take my bottle,
Drink courage out on't.
Ant. Madam, you are free.
Pedro. Take comfort, dearest mistress.
Cuc. O you micher,
Have you a hand in this?
Slave. My aims were high;
Fortune's my enemy: to die's the worst,
And that I look for.
1 *Pir.* Vengeance on your plots!
Pedro. The rack at better leisure shall force
from them
A full discovery: away with them.
Cuc. Load them with irons.
Bora. Let them have no wine
[*Exit Guard with Pirates and Slave.*
To comfort their cold hearts.

Pedro. Thou man of men!
Leon. A second Hercules.
Alm. An angel thus disguised.
Pedro. What thanks?
Leon. What service?
Bor. He shall serve me, by your leave, no service else.
Ant. I have done nothing but my duty, madam;
And if the little you have seen exceed it,
The thanks due for it pay my watchful master,
And this my sober mistress.
Bor. He speaks truth, madam,
I am very sober.
Pedro. Far beyond thy hopes
Expect reward.
Alm. We'll straight to court, and there
It is resolved what I will say and do.
I am faint, support me.
Pedro. This strange accident
Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend,
You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, *and* PAULO,

Duke. Perfectly cured!
Paul. As such I will present him:
The thanks be given to heaven.
Duke. Thrice-reverend man,
What thanks but will come short of thy desert?
Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee,
Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue
Set up in brass.

Vice. Thy name made the sweet subject
Of our best poems; thy unequall'd cures
Recorded to posterity.
Paul. Such false glories
(Though the desire of fame be the last weakness
Wise men put off[5]) are not the marks I shoot at:
But, if I have done any thing that may challenge
Your favours, mighty princes, my request is,
That for the good of such as shall succeed me,
A college for physicians may be
With care and cost erected, in which no man
May be admitted to a fellowship,
But such as by their vigilant studies shall
Deserve a place there; this magnificence,
Posterity shall thank you for.
Vice. Rest assured,
In this, or any boon you please to ask,
You shall have no repulse.
Paul. My humblest service
Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,
I'll fetch my princely patient, and present him.
Duke. Do; and imagine in what I may serve you,
And, by my honour, with a willing hand
I will subscribe to't. [*Exit Paulo.*

5. *(Though the desire of fame be the last weakness*
Wise men put off)] So Milton beautifully calls fame, "That last infirmity of noble mind:" a thought for which he, as well as Massinger, was probably indebted to Tacitus: *Quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.* Hist. 11. 6. Or rather to Simplicius: Διο και ισχατος λειγεται των παθων χιλων ἡ φιλοδοξια, διοτι των αλλων πολλακις δι' ανιην αποδυομενων αυτη προεισχεται τη ψυχη. *Comm. ad Epict.* xlviii.

Enter PEDRO, ALMIRA, LEONORA, ANTONIO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, *and Guard.*

Cuc. Make way there.
Vice. My daughter!
How's this! a slave crown'd with a civick garland!
The mystery of this?
Pedro. It will deserve
Your hearing and attention: such a truth
Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore
With all the brevity and plainness that
I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,
When of most power and wisdom, did decree
A wreath like this to any common soldier
That saved a citizen's life, the bravery
And valour of this man may justly challenge
Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew
Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,
With violent rudeness seizing on my sister,
And my fair mistress; both were in their power,
And ready to be forced hence, when this man
Unarm'd came to their rescue, but his courage
Soon furnish'd him with weapons; in a word,
The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies
You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,
And ready, when you please, for punishment.
Vice. As an induction of more to come,
Receive this favour.
Duke. With myself, my son
Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; observe now
Their amorous meeting.

Re-enter PAULO *with* CARDENES.

Car. I am glad you are well, lady.
Alm. I grieve not your recovery.

Vice. So coldly!
Duke. Why fall you off?
Car. To shun captivity, sir.
I was too long a slave, I'll now be free.
Alm. 'Tis my desire you should. Sir, my affection
To him was but a trifle, which I play'd with
In the childhood of my love; which now, grown older,
I cannot like of.
Vice. Strange inconstancy!
Car. 'Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a true debt
Tender'd to justice, rather. My first life,
Loaden with all the follies of a man,
Or what could take addition from a woman,
Was by my headstrong passions, which o'er-ruled
My understanding, forfeited to death:
But this new being, this my second life,
Begun in serious contemplation of
What best becomes a perfect man, shall never
Sink under such weak frailties.
Duke. Most unlook'd for!
Paul. It does transcend all wonders.
Car. 'Tis a blessing
I owe your wisdom, which I'll not abuse:
But if you envy your own gift, and will
Make me that wretched creature which I was,
You then again shall see me passionate,
A lover of poor trifles, confident
In man's deceiving strength, or falser fortune;
Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring,
Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with all diseases
The beastly part of man infects his soul with,
And to remember what's the worst, once more
To love a woman; but till that time never. [*Exit.*
Vice. Stand you affected so to men, Almira?
Alm. No, sir; if so, I could not well discharge

What I stand bound to pay you, and to nature.
Though prince Martino does profess a hate
To womankind, 'twere a poor world for women,
Were there no other choice, or all should follow
The example of this new Hippolitus:
There are men, sir, that can love, and have loved truly;
Nor am I desperate but I may deserve
One that both can and will so.
Vice. My allowance
Shall rank with your good liking, still provided.
Your choice be worthy.
Alm. In it I have used
The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer
With calling oft to heaven it might be so.
I have not sought a living comfort from
The reverend ashes of old ancestors;
Nor given myself to the mere name and titles
Of such a man, that, being himself nothing,
Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb:
For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't,
Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter;
No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all
The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness,
Has in himself such true and real goodness,
His parts so far above his low condition,
That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish,
Both to your name and family.
Pedro. What strange creature
Hath she found out?
Leon. I dare not guess.
Alm. To hold you
No longer in suspence, this matchless man,
That saved my life and honour, is my husband,
Whom I will serve with duty.
Bora. My son slave!

Vice. Have you your wits?
Bora. I'll not part with him so.
Cuc. This I foresaw too.
Vice. Do not jest thyself
Into the danger of a father's anger.
Alm. Jest, sir! by all my hope of comfort in him,
I am most serious. Good sir, look upon him;
But let it be with my eyes, and the care
You should owe to your daughter's life and safety,
Of which, without him, she's uncapable,
And you'll approve him worthy.
Vice. O thou shame
Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!
With what an impious violence thou tak'st from him
His few short hours of breathing!
Paul. Do not add, sir,
Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.
Vice. From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low
And base affections in thee? what strange philtres
Hast thou received? what witch with damned spells
Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,
Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,
From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures
Thou dost prepare thyself.
Duke. Good sir, take comfort;
The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.
Paul. This villain, (for such practices in that nation
Are very frequent,) it may be, hath forced,
By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,
This frenzy in her.
Vice. Sever them.
Alm. I grow to him.

Vice. Carry the slave to torture, and wrest
from him,
By the most cruel means, a free confession
Of his impostures.
Alm. I will follow him,
And with him take the rack.
Bora. No; hear me speak,
I can speak wisely: hurt not my son slave,
But rack or hang my husband, and I care not;
For I'll be bound body to body with him,
He's very honest, that's his fault.
Vice. Take hence
This drunken beast.
Bora. Drunk! am I drunk? bear witness.
Cuc. She is indeed distemper'd.
Vice. Hang them both,
If e'er more they come near the court.
Cuc. Good sir,
You can recover dead men; can you cure
A living drunkenness?
Paul. 'Tis the harder task:
Go home with her, I'll send you something that
Shall once again bring her to better temper,
Or make her sleep for ever.
Cuc. Which you please, sir.
[*Exeunt Cuculo and Borachia.*
Vice. Why linger you? rack him first, and
after break him
Upon the wheel.
Pedro. Sir, this is more than justice.
Ant. Is't death in Sicily to be beloved
Of a fair lady?
Leon. Though he be a slave,
Remember yet he is a man.
Vice. I am deaf
To all persuasions:—drag him hence.
[*The Guard carry off Antonio.*

Alm. Do, tyrant,
No more a father, feast thy cruelty
Upon thy daughter; but hell's plagues fall on me,
If I inflict not on myself whatever
He can endure for me!
Vice. Will none restrain her?
Alm. Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one. If Portia's burning coals,
The knife of Lucrece, Cleopatra's aspicks,
Famine, deep waters, have the power to free me
From a loath'd life, I'll not an hour outlive him.
Pedro. Sister!
Leon. Dear cousin!
[*Exit Almira, followed by Pedro, and Leon.*
Vice. Let her perish.
Paul. Hear me:
The effects of violent love are desperate,
And therefore in the execution of
The slave be not too sudden. I was present
When he was bought, and at that time myself
Made purchase of another; he that sold them
Said that they were companions of one country;
Something may rise from this to ease your sorrows.
By circumstance I'll learn what's his condition;
In the mean time use all fair and gentle means
To pacify the lady.
Vice. I'll endeavour,
As far as grief and anger will give leave,
To do as you direct me.
Duke. I'll assist you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter PEDRO *and* Keeper.

Pedro. Hath he been visited already?
Keep. Yes, sir,
Like one of better fortune; and to increase
My wonder of it, such as repair to him;
In their behaviour rather appear
Servants, than friends to comfort him.
Pedro. Go fetch him. [*Exit Keeper.*
I am bound in gratitude to do more than wish
The life and safety of a man that hath
So well deserved me.

Re-enter Keeper *with* ANTONIO *in his former dress, and Servant.*

Keep. Here he is, my lord.
Pedro. Who's here? thou art no conjurer to raise
A spirit in the best shape man e'er appear'd in,
My friend, the prince of Tarent! doubts forsake me,
I must and will embrace him.
Ant. Pedro holds
One that loves life for nothing, but to live
To do him service.
Pedro. You are he, most certain.
Heaven ever make me thankful for this bounty!
Run to the viceroy, let him know this rarity.
[*Exit Keeper.*

But how you came here thus—yet, since I have you,
Is't not enough I bless the prosperous means
That brought you hither?
Ant. Dear friend, you shall know all;
And though in thankfulness I should begin
Where you deliver'd me——
Pedro. Pray you pass that over,
That's not worth the relation.
Ant. You confirm
True friends love to do courtesies, not to hear them.
But I'll obey you. In our tedious passage
Towards Malta—I may call it so, for hardly
We had lost the ken of Sicily, but we were
Becalm'd, and hull'd so up and down twelve hours;
When, to our more misfortunes, we descried
Eight well-mann'd gallies making amain for us,
Of which the arch Turkish pirate, cruel Dragut,
Was admiral: I'll not speak what I did
In our defence, but never man did more
Than the brave captain that you sent forth with me:
All would not do; courage oppress'd with number,
We were boarded, pillaged to the skin, and after
Twice sold for slaves; by the pirate first, and after
By a Maltese to signior Cuculo,
Which I repent not, since there 'twas my fortune
To be to you, my best friend, some ways useful—
I thought to cheer you up with this short story,
But you grow sad on't.
Pedro. Have I not just cause,
When I consider I could be so stupid
As not to see a friend through all disguises;

Or he so far to question my true love,
To keep himself conceal'd?
Ant. 'Twas fit to do so,
And not to grieve you with the knowledge of
What then I was; where now I appear to you,[6]
Your sister loving me, and Martino safe,
Like to myself and birth.
Pedro. May you live long so!
How dost thou, honest friend? (your trustiest servant)
Give me thy hand:—I now can guess by whom
You are thus furnish'd.
Ant. Troth he met with me
As I was sent to prison, and there brought me
Such things as I had use of.
Pedro. Let's to court,
My father never saw a man so welcome
As you'll be to him.
Ant. May it prove so, friend! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *What then I was;* where *now I appear to you,*] Ten times, in the course of this very play, to say nothing of all the rest, *where* occurs in the sense of *whereas:* yet Mr. M. Mason profits nothing by it. He alters, and interpolates at will, and fabricates a line, which can only be matched by that which I have already noticed, p. 247:

What then I was; for whereas *now I appear to you!*

To use his just and modest reproof to the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher: "The mode of expression is so common, that *I am surprised* that the gentleman should have arrived at the last volume without being better acquainted with it!" p. 187.

SCENE V.

A Room in the Viceroy's *Palace.*

Enter Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, CARDENES, PAULO, Captain, ALMIRA, LEONORA, *Waiting Women, and Attendants.*

Vice. The slave changed to the prince of Tarent, says he?
Capt. Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort,
Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of't,
For my deceiving of that trust your excellency
Reposed in me.
Paul. Yet since all hath fallen out
Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor,
And a prevailing one, to get his pardon.
Alm. O, dearest Leonora, with what forehead
Dare I look on him now? too powerful Love,
The best strength of thy unconfined empire
Lies in weak women's hearts: thou art feign'd blind,
And yet we borrow our best sight from thee.
Could it be else, the person still the same,
Affection over me such power should have,
To make me scorn a prince, and love a slave.
Car. But art thou sure 'tis he?
Capt. Most certain, sir.
Car. Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and as able
As when he left me dead?
Capt. Your own eyes, sir,
Shall make good my report.
Car. I am glad of it,

And take you comfort in it, sir, there's hope,
Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour.
Duke. What's that?
Car. I will do something that shall speak me
Messina's son.
Duke. I like not this: one word, sir.
Vice. We'll prevent it.
Nay, look up my Almira; now I approve
Thy happy choice; I have forgot my anger;
I freely do forgive thee.
Alm. May I find
Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent!
I then were happy.
Leon. Rest assured you shall.

Enter ANTONIO, PEDRO, *and Servant.*

Vice. We all with open arms haste to embrace you.
Duke. Welcome, most welcome!
Car. Stay.
Duke. 'Twas this I fear'd.
Car. Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict terms
The reputation of men's fame and honours
Depends in this so punctual age, in which
A word that may receive a harsh construction
Is answer'd and defended by the sword:
And you, that know so much, will, I presume,
Be sensibly tender of another's credit,
As you would guard your own.
Ant. I were unjust else.
Car. I have received from your hands wounds, and deep ones,
My honour in the general report
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand
This satisfaction—that you would forgive

My contumelious words and blow, my rash
And unadvised wildness first threw on you.
Thus I would teach the world a better way,
For the recovery of a wounded honour,
Than with a savage fury, not true courage,
Still to run headlong on.
Ant. Can this be serious?
Car. I'll add this, he that does wrong, not alone
Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword against
His own life and his honour. I have paid for't;
And wish that they who dare most, would learn
from me,
Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it.
Paul. Why, this is like yourself.
Car. For further proof,
Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up
This lady to you.
Vice. Which I make more strong
With my free grant.
Alm. I bring mine own consent,
Which will not weaken it.
All. All joy confirm it!
Ant. Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,
Which I will study with all love and service
To appear worthy of.
Paul. Pray you, understand, sir,
There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly
Would hear from you as much as the pleased
viceroy
Hath said unto the prince of Tarent.
Duke. Take her,
Her dowry shall be answerable to
Her birth and your desert.
Pedro. You make both happy.
Ant. One only suit remains; that you would
please
To take again into your highness' favour

This honest captain: let him have your grace;
What's due to his much merit, shall from me
Meet liberal rewards.

Vice. Have your desire.

Ant. Now may all here that love, as they are friends
To our good fortunes, find like prosperous ends.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

CUSTOM, and that a law we must obey,
In the way of epilogue bids me something say,
Howe'er to little purpose, since we know,
If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow
A gentle censure: on the other side,
If that this play deserve to be decried
In your opinions, all that I can say
Will never turn the stream the other way.
Your gracious smiles will render us secure;
Your frowns without despair we must endure.'

' This is one of the most agreeable productions of Massinger. However extravagant the principal event may appear, the manner in which it is conducted is sufficiently regular. With such occasional interruptions as must be expected and pardoned in all these dramas, (for the interludes will have their admittance,) it maintains its predominance, and proceeds to the conclusion, which is provided for it at the commencement. The intermediate parts are a mixture of affecting seriousness, strong though frequently coarse humour, and elegant tenderness. The reader must have particularly remarked these qualities in the opening of the second act, in the sale of the slaves, and the charming, but too short, scene in which Leonora endeavours to sooth the agitations of Almira. Act III. sc. iv. The last of these is a happy specimen of genuine feeling supporting itself on the justest principle; and it will be difficult to produce from any of our poets a passage written with more beauty of expression, or more delicacy and elevation of thought. The scene first mentioned has a secret connexion with this: and it is honourable to the discernment of Massinger that he has represented the feelings of friendship with equal truth and variety in the tender solicitude of Leonora, and the magnanimous proposal of Pedro.

Every reader must feel the peculiar charms of the scene in which don John relates to Almira his real history under the appearance of another person. Her strong curiosity prompted by her love, the growing conviction of her own misconduct, and the effect of his discovery, are represented in the liveliest

manner; and this is the more remarkable, as Massinger is not generally happy in the management of artificial meanings and double situations.

The characters are studiously contrasted, and throw vivid lights on each other by their opposing qualities. The dignity and moderation of the viceroy, (till he loses his own constancy in his supposed misfortunes,) shew with increased effect the unadvised impatience of the duke: the courageous calmness of don John heightens the offence of the insulting temper of Cardenes,—and the vehemence of Almira becomes more alarming through the very checks offered to it by the prudence of Leonora. There is a further contrivance in the violence of spirit which marks Cardenes and Almira: that of the former, while it indisposes us towards him, makes him more liable to the strong impression which ends in the abandonment of his passion;—and thus a double facility is created for the success of don John. Almira too prepares for her own change of mind through the very intemperance with which she declares her fixed resolution. This is one of the familiar expedients of Massinger. Constancy does not long dwell with the outrageous assertion of it; and the practised reader knows, from the very first act, that Cardenes, thus violently favoured and indiscreetly proclaimed, is certainly to be abandoned.

I will not dwell on the maxim upon which this Play is founded, that women have no reason for their "love or hate." If its severity is complained of, let it be remembered that Massinger exposes, with much more frequency, the wrong conduct of the men; and that he seems to take a pleasure in punishing them for their unreasonable suspicions and jealousies. This has been already observed in *the Bondman*. Notwithstanding this difference in their object, the two Plays have several points of resemblance. The reader will remember Cleora's resolution to marry a supposed slave, the consternation of her friends, the reservation of the true character of Pisander, and the effect of its final disclosure. The peculiarity of the present Play is the double appearance of don John, and Almira's whimsical rejection and unconscious acceptance of the same person: and this is contrived with equal skill and novelty of effect. Dr. Ireland.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.] This Tragi-comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, May 9th, 1636. It is the last of Massinger's pieces which are come down to us, though he continued to write for the stage to the period of his death, which happened about four years after the date of the present play.

The plot is wild but pleasing. It probably originated from some forgotten collection of Italian tales; where the events bore nearly the same proportion to the true history of that country, as the circumstances recorded by the supposititious Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis did to what actually took place in the wars of Troy.

The Bashful Lover was extremely well received at its first appearance: it continued to be a favourite, and was "often acted," the old copy says, "by his late Majesty's servants, with great applause." It was performed at Blackfriars.

There is but one edition of this Play, which, with *the Guardian* and *Bashful Lover*, was printed in *octavo*, by H. Moseley, 1655. In the notes to *the Guardian*, it is spoken of as a *quarto*: this is an oversight occasioned by the habitual use of the word in the preceding pages.

PROLOGUE.

This from our author, far from all offence
To abler writers, or the audience
Met here to judge his poem. He, by me,
Presents his service, with such modesty
As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime,
He hopes, as we do, in this curious time,
To be a little diffident, when we are
To please so many with one bill of fare.
Let others, building on their merit, say
You're in the wrong, if you move not that way
Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn
Their maxims, but uncapable to discern
'Twixt truth and falsehood. Our's had rather be
Censured by some for too much obsequy,
Than tax'd of self-opinion. If he hear
That his endeavours thrived, and did appear
Worthy your view, (though made so by your grace,
With some desert,) he in another place
Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays
Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise
More pleasure in him, you the givers free,
Than garlands ravish'd from the virgin tree

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gonzaga, *duke of* Mantua.
Lorenzo, *duke of* Tuscany.
Uberti, *prince of* Parma.
Farneze, *cousin to* Gonzaga.
Alonzo, *the ambassadour, nephew to* Lorenzo.
Manfroy, *a lord of* Mantua.
Octavio, *formerly general to* Gonzaga, *but now in exile.*
Gothrio, *his servant.*
Galeazzo, *a* Milanese *prince, disguised under the name of* Hortensio.
Julio, *his attendant.*
Pisano, Martino, } Florentine *officers.*
Captains.
Milanese *Ambassadour.*
Doctor.

Matilda, *daughter to* Gonzaga.
Beatrice, *her waiting woman.*
Maria, *daughter to* Octavio, *disguised as a page, and called* Ascanio.
Waiting Women.

Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants, Page, &c.

SCENE, partly in Mantua, *and partly in the dutchy.*

THE

BASHFUL LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Space before the Palace.*

Enter HORTENSIO *and* JULIO.

Jul. I dare not cross you, sir, but I would gladly
(Provided you allow it) render you
My personal attendance.
Hort. You shall better
Discharge the duty of an honest servant,
In following my instructions, which you have
Received already, than in questioning
What my intents are, or upon what motives
My stay's resolved in Mantua: believe me,
That servant overdoes, that's too officious;
And, in presuming to direct your master,
You argue him of weakness, and yourself
Of arrogance and impertinence.
Jul. I have done, sir;
But what my ends are——
Hort. Honest ones, I know it.
I have my bills of exchange, and all provisions,
Entrusted to you; you have shewn yourself
Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet,
To satisfy in some part your curious care,

Hear this, and leave me: I desire to be
Obscured; and, as I have demean'd myself
These six months past in Mantua, I'll continue
Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,
Appear no more than a gentleman, and a stranger
That travels for his pleasure.

Jul. With your pardon,
This hardly will hold weight, though I should swear it,
With your noble friends and brother.

Hort. You may tell them,
Since you will be my tutor, there's a rumour,
Almost cried up into a certainty,
Of wars with Florence, and that I'm determined
To see the service: whatever I went forth,
Heaven prospering my intents, I would come home
A soldier, and a good one.

Jul. Should you get
A captain's place, nay, colonel's, 'twould add little
To what you are; few of your rank will follow
That dangerous profession.

Hort. 'Tis the noblest,
And monarchs honour'd in it: but no more,
On my displeasure.

Jul. Saints and angels guard you! [*Exit.*

Hort. A war, indeed, is threaten'd, nay, expected,
From Florence; but it is 'gainst me already
Proclaim'd in Mantua; I find it here,
No foreign, but intestine war: I have
Defied myself,[1] in giving up my reason
A slave to passion, and am led captive

[1] ——————— *I have*
Defied *myself*, &c.] So the old copy: for *defied*, the last editor reads *destroyed* myself. It is evident that he did not enter into the sense of his author, who is describing a man in a state of warfare with himself. Leading a man *into captivity*

Before the battle's fought: I fainted, when
I only saw mine enemy, and yielded,
Before that I was charged; and, though defeated,
I dare not sue for mercy. Like Ixion,
I look on Juno, feel my heart turn cinders
With an invisible fire; and yet, should she
Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud,
The majesty of the substance is so sacred,
I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her
With adoration, feast my eye, while all
My other senses starve; and, oft frequenting
The place which she makes happy with her presence,
I never yet had power with tongue or pen
To move her to compassion, or make known
What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,
Though it increase my flame:—however, I
Much more than fear I am observed, and censured
For bold intrusion. [*Walks by.*

Enter BEATRICE *and* ASCANIO.

Beat. Know you, boy, that gentleman?
Asc. Who? monsieur Melancholy? hath not your honour
Mark'd him before?
Beat. I have seen him often wait
About the princess' lodgings, but ne'er guess'd
What his designs were.
Asc. No! what a sigh he breath'd now!
Many such will blow up the roof: on my small credit
There's gunpo- der in them.
Beat. How, crack! gunpowder?

after he is destroyed, is not precisely the way in which Massinger usually proceeds, whatever may be thought of it by Mr. M. Mason.

He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry
Such roaring stuff about them: you cannot prove
He is or spirit or conjurer.
Asc. That I grant,
But he's a lover, and that's as bad; their sighs
Are like petards, and blow all up.
Beat. A lover!
I have been in love myself, but never found yet
That it could work such strange effects.
Asc. True, madam,
In women it cannot; for when they miss the enjoying
Of their full wishes, all their sighs and heigh hoes,
At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are cured too
With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears
Between a pair of sheets: but with us men
The case is otherwise.
Beat. You will be breech'd, boy,
For your physical maxims.—But how are you assured
He is a lover?
Asc. Who, I? I know with whom too,
But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*
Beat. How! the princess!
The unparallel'd Matilda! some proof of it;
I'll pay for my intelligence.
Asc. Let me kiss
Your honour's hand; 'twas ever fair, but now
Beyond comparison.
Beat. I guess the reason;
A giving hand is still fair to the receiver.
Asc. Your ladyship's in the right; but to the purpose.
He is my client, and pays his fees as duly
As ever usurer did in a bad cause
To his man of law; and yet I get, and take them
Both easily and honestly: all the service

I do him, is, to give him notice when
And where the princess will appear; and that
I hope's no treason. If you miss him, when
She goes to the vesper or the matins, hang me;
Or when she takes the air, be sure to find him
Near her coach, at her going forth, or coming back:
But if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him
Smell out her footing like a lime-hound, and nose it*
From all the rest of her train.
Beat. Yet I ne'er saw him
Present her a petition.
Asc. Nor e'er shall:
He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices
A tear or two—then vanishes.
Beat. 'Tis most strange:
What a sad aspect he wears! but I'll make use of't.
The princess is much troubled with the threats
That come from Florence; I will bring her to him,
The novelty may afford her sport, and help
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay
Your client here for the third part of an hour?
I have some ends in't.
Asc. Stay him, madam! fear not:
The present receipt of a round sum of crowns,
And that will draw most gallants from their prayers,
Cannot drag him from me.
Beat. See you do. [*Exit.*
Asc. Ne'er doubt me.
I'll put him out of his dream. Good morrow, signior.

* ——— *and* nose *it*] The old copy reads *knows* it. I have little doubt but that the former was Massinger's word; the mistake probably originated at the press, from a similarity of sound.

Hort. My little friend, good morrow: Hath the princess
Slept well to night?
Asc. I hear not from her women
One murmur to the contrary.
Hort. Heaven be praised for't!
Does she go to church this morning?
Asc. Troth, I know not;
I keep no key of her devotion, signior.
Hort. Goes she abroad? pray tell me.
Asc. 'Tis thought rather
She is resolved to keep her chamber.
Hort. Ah me!
Asc. Why do you sigh? if that you have a business
To be dispatch'd in court, shew ready money,
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.
Hort. Business! can any man have business, but
To see her, then admire her, and pray for her,
She being composed of goodness? for myself,
I find it a degree of happiness
But to be near her, and I think I pay
A strict religious vow, when I behold her;
And that's all my ambition.
Asc. I believe you:
Yet, she being absent, you may spend some hours
With profit and delight too. After dinner,
The duke gives audience to a rough ambassadour,
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his title,
Employ'd from Florence; I'll help you to a place
Where you shall see and hear all.
Hort. 'Tis not worth
My observation.
Asc. What think you of
An excellent comedy to be presented
For his entertainment? he that penn'd it is

The poet of the time, and all the ladies,
(I mean the amorous and learned ones,)
Except the princess, will be there to grace it.
Hort. What's that to me? without her all is nothing;
The light that shines in court Cimmerian darkness;
I will to bed again, and there contemplate
On her perfections.

Re-enter BEATRICE *with* MATILDA, *and two* Waiting Women.

Asc. Stay, sir, see! the princess,
Beyond our hopes.
Hort. Take that:—as Moors salute
The rising sun with joyful superstition,
I could fall down and worship.——O my heart!
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,
Or something which no simile can express,
She shews to me: a reverent fear, but blended
With wonder and amazement, does possess me;
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye!
Beat. That's he,
An't please your excellence.
1 *Wom.* Observe his posture,
But with a quarter-look.
2 *Wom.* Your eye fix'd on him
Will breed astonishment.
Matil. A comely gentleman!
I would not question your relation, lady,
Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me!
Will he not speak?
Beat. Your excellence hath deprived him
Of speech and motion.
Matil. 'Tis most strange.

Asc. These fits
Are usual with him.
Matil. Is it not, Ascanio,
A personated folly? or he a statue?[2]
If it be, it is a masterpiece; for man
I cannot think him.
Beat. For your sport, vouchsafe him
A little conference.
Matil. In compassion rather:
For should he love me as you say, (though hopeless,)
It should not be return'd with scorn; that were
An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour
Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive
He has life and motion in him; to whom, lady,
Pays he that duty?

[*Hortensio, bowing, offers to go off.*

[2] Matil. *Is it not, Ascanio,*
A personated folly? or he a statue?] So the old copy: the modern editors read—*Or is he a statue?* An interpolation neither warranted by the sense, nor the style of Massinger and his contemporaries. But this ignorance of ancient phraseology still afflicts Mr. M. Mason. In *the Custom of the Country*, Arnoldo says—

"And I forgot to like her,
"And *glad* I was deceived."

Upon which he observes that "the word *glad* is here used as a verb, and means *rejoice*"! *Comments*, p. 52.

Not so: the expression is elliptical; And I *am* glad, &c. a mode of writing which occurs in almost every page of our ancient dramatists. Thus:

"——————— I lived
"Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,
"And *courted* with felicity."

This is wrong, say the commentators, it should be—And *sported* with felicity —Alas! no: it is perfectly right; and at full, and, in the language of the present day, is—And *was* courted *by* felicity. I note this, to repress, if it be possible, the temerity of inexperience.

Beat. Sans doubt, to yourself.
Matil. And whither goes he now?
Asc. To his private lodging,
But to what end I know not; this is all
I ever noted in him.
Matil. Call him back:
In pity I stand bound to counsel him,
Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing,
To ease his sufferings.
Asc. Signior, the princess
Commands you to attend her.
Hort. How! the princess!
Am I betray'd?
Asc. What a lump of flesh is this!
You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune
Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus
Do you make yourself! the flying fruit stays for you,
And the water that you long'd for, rising up
Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it?
Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust
This goad in your breech: had I such a promising beard,
I should need the reins, not spurs.
Matil. You may come nearer.
Why do you shake, sir? If I flatter not
Myself, there's no deformity about me,
Nor any part so monstrous to beget
An ague in you.
Hort. It proceeds not, madam,
From guilt, but reverence.
Matil. I believe you, sir;
Have you a suit to me?
Hort. You excellence
Is wondrous fair.
Matil. I thank your good opinion.

Hort. And I beseech you that I may have license
To kneel to you.
Matil. A suit I cannot cross.
Hort. I humbly thank your excellence.
[*Kneels.*
Matil. But what,
As you are prostrate on your knee before me,
Is your petition?
Hort. I have none, great princess.
Matil. Do you kneel for nothing?
Hort. Yes, I have a suit,
But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.
Matil. Take comfort; it must be of some strange nature,
Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant,
If I refuse it.
Hort. It is, madam——
Matil. Out with't.
Hort. That I may not offend you, this is all,
When I presume to look on you.
Asc. A flat eunuch!
To look on her? I should desire myself
To move a little further.
Matil. Only that?
Hort. And I beseech you, madam, to believe
I never did yet with a wanton eye;
Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it.
Beat. You'll never make good courtier, or be
In grace with ladies.
1 *Wom.* Or us waiting women,
If that be your *nil ultra.*
2 *Wom.* He's no gentleman,
On my virginity, it is apparent:
My tailor has more boldness; nay, my shoemaker

Will fumble a little further, he could not have
The length of my foot else.
Matil. Only to look on me!
Ends your ambition there?
Hort. It does, great lady,
And that confined too, and at fitting distance:
The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it.[3]
As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples,
I look on you, and wish it were no sin
Should I adore you.
Matil. Come, there's something more in't;
And since that you will make a goddess of me,
As such a one I'll tell you, I desire not
The meanest altar raised up to mine honour
To be pull'd down: I can accept from you,
Be your condition ne'er so far beneath me,
One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,
Beyond all perfumes, or Sabæan spices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it:
I know you love me.
Hort. Next to heaven, madam,
And with as pure a zeal. That, we behold
With the eyes of contemplation, but can
Arrive no nearer to it in this life;
But when that is divorced, my soul shall serve yours,
And witness my affection.
Matil. Pray you, rise;
But wait my further pleasure.

[3] *The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it.*] Gresset has made a beautiful use of this idea:

Tel, par sa pente naturelle,
Par une erreur toujours nouvelle,
Quoi 'il semble changer son cours,
Autour de la flamme mortelle
Le papillon revient toujours.

Enter FARNEZE *and* UBERTI.

Farn. I'll present you,
And give you proof I am your friend, a true one;
And in my pleading for you, teach the age,
That calls, erroneously, friendship but a name,
It is a substance.—Madam, I am bold
To trench so far upon your privacy,
As to desire my friend (let not that wrong him,
For he's a worthy one) may have the honour
To kiss your hand.

Matil. His own worth challenges
A greater favour.

Farn. Your acknowledgment
Confirms it, madam. If you look on him
As he's built up a man, without addition
Of fortune's liberal favours, wealth or titles,
He doth deserve no usual entertainment:
But, as he is a prince, and for your service
Hath left fair Parma, that acknowledges
No other lord, and, uncompell'd, exposes
His person to the dangers of the[4] war,
Ready to break in storms upon our heads;
In noble thankfulness you may vouchsafe him
Nearer respect, and such grace as may nourish,
Not kill, his amorous hopes.

Matil. Cousin, you know
I am not the disposer of myself,
The duke my father challenges that power:
Yet thus much I dare promise; prince Uberti
Shall find the seed of service that he sows
Falls not on barren ground.

[4] *His person to the dangers of* the *war,*] I have inserted the article, which restores the metre. Farneze evidently alludes to *the war* with which they were now threatened by the Florentines.

Uber. For this high favour
I am your creature, and profess I owe you
Whatever I call mine. [*They walk aside.*
Hort. This great lord is
A suitor to the princess.
Asc. True, he is so.
Hort. Fame gives him out too for a brave commander.
Asc. And in it does him but deserved right;
The duke hath made him general of his horse
On that assurance.
Hort. And the lord Farneze
Pleads for him, as it seems.
Asc. 'Tis too apparent:
And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask
What hope have you, sir?
Hort. I may still look on her,
Howe'er he wear the garland.
Asc. A thin diet,
And will not feed you fat, sir.
Uber. I rejoice,
Rare princess, that you are not to be won
By carpet-courtship, but the sword; with this
Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much
I can, and dare do for you.
Matil. 'Tis not question'd.
Some private business of mine own disposed of,
I'll meet you in the presence.
Uber. Ever your servant.
[*Exeunt Uberti and Farneze.*
Matil. Now, sir, to you. You have observed, I doubt not,
For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose
This prince s licits me; and yet I am not
So taken with his worth, but that I can
Vouchsafe you further parle.[5] The first command

[5] *Vouchsafe you further* parle.] So the old copy, and rightly. The modern editors have *parley*, which spoils the verse.

That I'll impose upon you, is to hear
And follow my good counsel: I am not
Offended that you love me, persist in it,
But love me virtuously; such love may spur you
To noble undertakings, which achieved,
Will raise you into name, preferment, honour:
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person,
(For that's impossible,) you are indebted
To your high aims: visit me when you please,
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,
So you confine yourself to what you promise,
As my virtuous servant.

Beat. Farewell, sir! you have
An unexpected cordial.

Asc. May it work well! [*Exeunt all but Hort.*

Hort. *Your love*—yes, so she said, *may spur you to Brave undertakings:* adding this, *You may Visit me when you please.* Is this allow'd me,
And any act within the power of man
Impossible to be effected? no:
I will break through all oppositions that
May stop me in my full career to honour;
And, borrowing strength to do from her high favour,
Add something to Alcides' greatest labour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A State-room in the Palace.

Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, MANFROY, *and Attendants.*

Gon. This is your place; and, were it in our power,
You should have greater honour, prince of Parma;
The rest know theirs.—Let some attend with care

On the ambassadour, and let my daughter
Be present at his audience. Reach a chair,
We'll do all fit respects; and, pray you, put on
Your milder looks, you are in a place where frowns
Are no prevailing agents.

Enter at one door ALONZO *and Attendants:* MATILDA, BEATRICE, ASCANIO, HORTENSIO, *and Waiting Women, at the other.*

Asc. I have seen
More than a wolf, a Gorgon![6] [*Swoons.*
Gon. What's the matter?
Matil. A page of mine is fallen into a swoon;
Look to him carefully. [*Ascanio is carried out.*
Gon. Now, when you please,
The cause that brought you hither?
Alon. The protraction
Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo,
The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, Gonzaga,
The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew,
He does salute you fairly, and entreats
(A word not suitable to his power and greatness)
You would consent to tender that which he
Unwillingly must force, if contradicted.
Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is in a prince a virtue.[7]
Gon. To the purpose;
These ambages are impertinent.
Alon. He demands

[6] Asc. *I have seen*
More than a wolf, a Gorgon!] It may be just necessary to observe, that the sight of a wolf was, anciently, supposed to deprive a person of speech, that of a Gorgon, of motion and life.

[7] *Is in a prince a virtue.*] So the modern editions. In the old copy it is *the* virtue—meaning, perhaps, as Massinger expresses it on another occasion, the virtue κατ' ἐξοχήν.

The fair Matilda, for I dare not take
From her perfections, in a noble way;
And in creating her the comfort[8] of
His royal bed, to raise her to a height
Her flattering hopes could not aspire, where she
With wonder shall be gazed upon, and live
The envy of her sex.

Gon. Suppose this granted.

Uber. Or, if denied, what follows?

Alon. Present war,
With all extremities the conqueror can
Inflict upon the vanquish'd.

Uber. Grant me license
To answer this defiance. What intelligence
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven,[9]
That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,
He dares assure himself the victory?
Are his unjust invading arms of fire?
Or those we put on in defence of right,
Like chaff, to be consumed in the encounter?
I look on your dimensions, and find not
Mine own of lesser size; the blood that fills
My veins, as hot as yours; my sword as sharp,
My nerves of equal strength, my heart as good;
And confident we have the better cause,
Why should we fear the trial?

[8] *And in creating her the* comfort *of*
His royal bed,] For *comfort* Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read *consort*, as usual. One would think, from the warfare maintained against this good old word, which is thus perpetually corrupted, that the marriage bed is less *comfortable* at present than it anciently was: however this be, I have constantly restored it.

In the next line they have inserted *to* after *aspire*, though the word is constantly used by our old poets without the preposition, and though it injures, or rather destroys, the metre!

[9] ——— *What intelligence*
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven, &c.] This fine speech, which is equally judicious and spirited, involuntarily

Fam. You presume
You are superiour in numbers; we
Lay hold upon the surest anchor, virtue;
Which, when the tempest of the war roars loudest,
Must prove a strong protection.

Gon. Two main reasons
(Seconding those you have already heard)
Give us encouragement; the duty that
I owe my mother-country, and the love
Descending to my daughter. For the first,
Should I betray her liberty, I deserved
To have my name with infamy razed from
The catalogue of good princes; and I should
Unnaturally forget I am a father,
If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profit,
I should consign her, as a bondwoman,
To be disposed of at another's pleasure;

recalls to my mind *the Battle of Sabla*, so beautifully translated by the late Professor of Arabick, whose death the publick, no less than his particular friends, will long have cause to regret:

* * * * * * * * * *

"Make now your *choice*—the terms we give,
"Desponding victims, hear;
"These fetters on your *hands* receive,
"Or in your *hearts* the spear."

"And is the conflict o'er," we cried,
"And lie we at your feet?
"And dare you vauntingly decide
"The fortune we must meet?——
* * * * * * * * * *

"The foe advanced:—in firm array
"We rush'd o'er Sabla's sands,
"And the red sabre mark'd our way
"Amid their yielding bands.

"Then, as they writh'd in death's cold grasp,
"We cried, "Our *choice* is made,
"These *hands* the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
"Your *hearts* shall have the blade."

Carlyle's *Specimens of Arabian Poetry*, p. 25.

Her own consent or favour never sued for,
And mine by force exacted. No, Alonzo,
She is my only child, my heir; and, if
A father's eyes deceive me not, the hand
Of prodigal nature hath given so much to her,
As, in the former ages, kings would rise up
In her defence, and make her cause their quarrel:
Nor can she, if that any spark remain
To kindle a desire to be possess'd
Of such a beauty, in our time, want swords
To guard it safe from violence.

Hort. I must speak,
Or I shall burst; now to be silent were
A kind of blasphemy: if such purity,
Such innocence an abstract of perfection,
The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word,
A temple of things sacred, should groan under
The burthen of oppression, we might
Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above us
Of negligence or injustice.——Pardon, sir,
A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy call it
True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this,
The husbandman would change his ploughing-irons
To weapons of defence, and leave the earth
Untill'd, although a general dearth should follow:
The student would forswear his book, the lawyer
Put off his thriving gown, and without pay
Conclude this cause is to be fought, not pleaded.
The women will turn Amazons, as their sex
In her were wrong'd; and boys write down their names
In the muster-book for soldiers.

Gon. Take my hand:
Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you call'd?

Hort. Hortensio, a Milanese.

Gon. I wish
Mantua had many such.—My lord ambasadour,
Some privacy, if you please; Manfroy, you may
Partake it, and advise us. [*They walk aside.*
Uber. Do you know, friend,
What this man is, or of what country?
Farn. Neither.
Uber. I'll question him myself. What are you, sir?
Hort. A gentleman.
Uber. But if there be gradation
In gentry, as the heralds say, you have
Been over-bold in the presence of your betters.
Hort. My betters, sir!
Uber. Your betters. As I take it,
You are no prince.
Hort. 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one;
I have not heard that glorious title crowns you
As a reward of virtue: it may be
The first of your house deserved it, yet his merits
You can but faintly call your own.
Matil. Well answer'd.
Uber. You come up to me.
Hort. I would not turn my back
If you were the duke of Florence, though you charged me
I' the head of your troops.
Uber. Tell me in gentler language,
Your passionate speech induces me to think so,
Do you love the princess?
Hort. Were you mine enemy,
Your foot upon my breast, sword at my throat,
Even then I would profess it. The ascent
To the height of honour is by arts or arms;
And if such an unequall'd prize might fall
On him that did deserve best in defence
Of this rare princess, in the day of battle,

I should lead you a way would make your greatness
Sweat drops of blood to follow.
Uber. Can your excellence
Hear this without rebuke from one unknown?
Is he a rival for a prince?
Matil. My lord,
You take that liberty I never gave you.
In justice you should give encouragement
To him, or any man, that freely offers
His life to do me service, not deter him;
I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?
Would you have all men hate me but yourself?
No more of this, I pray you: if this gentleman
Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion
To his desert and quality, I can
And will reward him; yet give you no cause
Of jealousy or envy.
Hort. Heavenly lady!
Gon. No peace but on such poor and base conditions!
We will not buy it at that rate: return
This answer to your master: Though we wish'd
To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms
As honour would give way to, we are not
So thunderstruck with the loud voice of war,
As to acknowledge him our lord before
His sword hath made us vassals: we long since
Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe
He purposed to lay on us; neither are we
So unprovided as you think, my lord;
He shall not need to seek us; we will meet him,
And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps
Sooner than he expects.
Hon. And find repentance,
When 'tis too late. Farewell. [*Exit with Farneze.*

Gon. No, my Matilda,
We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey
To their last gasp defend their brood; and Florence
Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,
Before he force affection. The arms
That thou must put on for us and thyself,
Are prayers and pure devotion, which will
Be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust
We do give up the city, and my daughter;
On both keep a strong guard: no tears, they are ominous.
O my Octavio, my tried Octavio
In all my dangers! now I want thy service,
In passion recompensed with banishment.
Errour of princes, who hate virtue when
She's present[1] with us, and in vain admire her
When she is absent! 'tis too late to think on't.
The wish'd-for time is come, princely Uberti,
To shew your valour: friends, being to do, not talk,
All rhetorick is fruitless, only this,
Fate cannot rob you of deserved applause,
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Errour of princes, who hate virtue when She's present* &c.]

—virtutem incolumen odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

But this play abounds with classical allusions aptly and elegantly introduced.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MATILDA, BEATRICE, *and* Waiting Women.

Matil. No matter for the ring I ask'd you for.
The boy not to be found?
Beat. Nor heard of, madam.
1 *Wom.* He hath been sought and search'd for, house by house,
Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.
2 *Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the lord Manfroy
Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears
A thing impossible.
Matil. I never saw him
Since he swoon'd in the presence, when my father
Gave audience to the ambassadour: but I feel
A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion
He would find out such pretty arguments
To make me sport, and with such witty sweetness
Deliver his opinion, that I must
Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth,
When I was most oppress'd with care, wrought more
In the removing of't, than musick on me.
Beat. An't please your excellence, I have observed him
Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,
He would be very pensive, and then talk
So feelingly of love, as if he had
Tasted the bitter sweets of't.
1 *Wom.* He would tell, too,

A pretty tale of a sister, that had been
Deceived by her sweetheart; and then, weeping, swear
He wonder'd how men could be false.
2 Wom. And that
When he was a knight, he'd be the ladies champion,
And travel o'er the world to kill such lovers
As durst play false with their mistresses.
Matil. I am sure
I want his company.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There are letters, madam,
In post come from the duke; but I am charged
By the careful bringer not to open them
But in your presence.
Matil. Heaven preserve my father!
Good news, an't be thy will!
Man. Patience must arm you
Against what's ill.
Matil. I'll hear them in my cabinet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Dutchy of Mantua. Gonzaga's *Camp.*

Enter HORTENSIO *and* ASCANIO.

Hort. Why have you left the safety of the city,
And service of the princess, to partake
The dangers of the camp? and at a time too
When the armies are in view, and every minute
The dreadful charge expected.
Asc. You appear

So far beyond yourself, as you are now,
Arm'd like a soldier, (though I grant your presence
Was ever gracious,) that I grow enamour'd
Of the profession: in the horrour of it
There is a kind of majesty.
Hort. But too heavy
To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth; retire
To the duke's tent, that's guarded.
Asc. Sir, I come
To serve you; knight-adventurers are allow'd
Their pages, and I bring a will that shall
Supply my want of power.
Hort. To serve me, boy!
I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves
To do thee any service; and thou shalt,
If I survive the fortune of this day,
Be satisfied I am serious.
Asc. I am not
To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect
My offer'd duty, I must use the power
I bring along with me, that may command you;
You have seen this ring—
Hort. Made rich by being worn
Upon the princess' finger.
Asc. 'Tis a favour
To you, by me sent from her: view it better;
But why coy to receive it?
Hort. I am unworthy
Of such a blessing, I have done nothing yet
That may deserve it; no commander's blood
Of the adverse party hath yet died my sword
Drawn out in her defence. I must not take it.
This were a triumph for me when I had
Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and compell'd him
To kneel for mercy at her feet.

Asc. 'Twas sent, sir,
To put you in mind whose cause it is you fight for;
And, as I am her creature, to revenge
A wrong to me done.
Hort. By what man?
Asc. Alonzo.
Hort. The ambassadour?
Asc. The same.
Hort. Let it suffice.
I know him by his armour and his horse;
And if we meet——[*Trumpets sound.*]—I am cut off, the alarum
Commands me hence: sweet youth, fall off.
Asc. I must not;
You are too noble to receive a wound
Upon your back, and, following close behind you,
I am secure, though I could wish my bosom
Were your defence.
Hort. Thy kindness will undo thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Lorenzo's *Camp.*

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, *and* MARTINO.

Lor. We'll charge the main battalia, fall you
Upon the van; preserve your troops entire
To force the rear: he dies that breaks his ranks
Till all be ours, and sure.
Pis. 'Tis so proclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

Fighting and Alarum. Enter HORTENSIO, ASCANIO, *and* ALONZO.

Hort. 'Tis he, Ascanio:—Stand!
Alon. I never shunn'd
A single opposition; but tell me
Why in the battle, of all men, thou hast
Made choice of me?
Hort. Look on this youth; his cause
Sits on my sword.
Alon. I know him not.
Hort. I'll help
Your memory. [*They fight.*
Asc. What have I done? I am doubtful
To whom to wish the victory; for, still
My resolution wavering, I so love
The enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot
Without repentance wish success to him
That seeks to do me right.—[*Alonzo falls.*]—
Alas, he's fall'n!
As you are gentle, hold, sir! or, if I want
Power to persuade so far, I cónjure you
By her loved name I am sent from.
Hort. 'Tis a charm
Too strong to be resisted: he is yours.
Yet, why you should make suit to save that life
Which you so late desired should be cut off
For injuries received, begets my wonder.
Asc. Alas! we foolish, spleenful boys would have
We know not what; I have some private reasons,
But now not to be told.
Hort. Shall I take him prisoner?
Asc. By no means, sir; I will not save his life
To rob him of his honour: when you give,

Give not by halves. One short word, and I follow.
[*Exit Hortensio.*
My lord Alonzo, if you have received
A benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,
Remember what your entertainment was
At old Octavio's house, one you call'd friend,
And how you did return it. [*Exit.*

Alon. I remember
I did not well; but it is now no time
To think upon't; my wounded honour calls
For reparation, I must quench my fury
For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall smart for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Forest.

Alarum continued. Enter UBERTI, *and* FARNEZE *wounded.*

Farn. O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us;
The body of our army's pierced and broken,
The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops
Not to be rallied up.

Uber. 'Tis yet some comfort
The enemy must say we were not wanting
In courage or direction; and we may
Accuse the Powers above as partial, when
A good cause, well defended too, must suffer
For want of fortune.

Farn. All is lost; the duke
Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off:
Three times I did attempt his rescue, but
With odds was beaten back; only the stranger,
I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him,

Cutting his way; but 'tis beyond my hopes
That either should return.
Uber. That noble stranger,
Whom I in my proud vanity of greatness
As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown
Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance,
Horsed me again, in spite of all that made
Resistance; and then whisper'd in mine ear,
Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way else
To the fair Matilda's favour.
Farn. 'Twas done nobly.
Uber. In you, my bosom-friend, I had call'd it noble:
But such a courtesy from a rival merits
The highest attribute.

Enter HORTENSIO *and* GONZAGA.

Farn. Stand on your guard,
We are pursued.
Uber. Preserved! wonder on wonder.
Farn. The duke in safety!
Gon. Pay your thanks, Farneze,
To this brave man, if I may call him so,
Whose acts were more than human. If thou art
My better angel, from my infancy
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear,
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.
Hort. No, great sir,
A weak and sinful man; though I have done you
Some prosperous service that hath found your favour,
I am lost to myself: but lose not you
The offer'd opportunity to delude
The hot-pursuing enemy; these woods,
Nor the dark veil of night, cannot conceal you,

If you dwell long here. You may rise again,
But I am fallen for ever.
Farn. Rather born up
To the supreme sphere of honour.
Uber. I confess
My life your gift.
Gon. My liberty.
Uber. You have snatch'd
The wreath of conquest from the victor's head,
And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's fortune,
Though we are slaved, by true heroick valour
Deserve a triumph.
Gon. From whence then proceeds
This poor dejection?
Hort. In one suit I'll tell you,
Which I beseech you grant:—I loved your daughter,
But how? as beggars in their wounded fancy
Hope to be monarchs: I long languish'd for her,
But did receive no cordial, but what
Despair, my rough physician, prescribed me.
At length her goodness and compassion found it;
And, whereas I expected, and with reason,
The distance and disparity consider'd
Between her birth and mine, she would contemn me,
The princess gave me comfort.
Gon. In what measure?
Hort. She did admit me for her knight and servant,
And spurr'd me to do something in this battle,
Fought for her liberty, that might not blemish
So fair a favour.
Gon. This you have perform'd
To the height of admiration.
Uber. I subscribe to't,
That am your rival.

Hort. You are charitable:
But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance
Of those achievements which my love and youth
Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me
The strength to do; her piety preserved
Her father, and her gratitude for the dangers
You threw yourself into for her defence,
Protected you by me her instrument:
But when I came to strike in mine own cause,
And to do something so remarkable,
That should at my return command her thanks
And gracious entertainment, then, alas!
I fainted like a coward; I made a vow, too,
(And it is register'd,) ne'er to presume
To come into her presence, if I brought not
Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,
Which now's impossible.——Hark! the enemy
Makes his approaches: save yourselves: this only
Deliver to her sweetness; I have done
My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent
Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,
This loss recover'd, with a happier fate!
And make use of this sword: arms I abjure,
And conversation of men; I'll seek out
Some unfrequented cave, and die love's martyr.
[*Exit.*

Gon. Follow him.

Uber. 'Tis in vain; his nimble feet
Have born him from my sight

Gon. I suffer for him.

Farn. We share in it, but must not, sir, forget
Your means of safety.

Uber. In the war I have served you,
And to the death will follow you.

Gon. 'Tis not fit,
We must divide ourselves. My daughter——
If I retain yet[a]
A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friend's with you,
Do, and dispute not; by my example change
Your habits: as I thus put off my purple,
Ambition dies; this garment of a shepherd,
Left here by chance, will serve; in lieu of it,
I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,
And meet me at St. Leo's fort; my daughter,
As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet us.
The city cannot hold out, we must part:
Farewell, thy hand.

Farn. You still shall have my heart. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *We must divide ourselves. My daughter——*
If I retain yet
A sovereign's power o'er thee, &c.] The old copy, which is faithfully followed by Coxeter, with the exception of misprinting *not* for *yet*, reads,

We must divide ourselves.
My daughter, if I retain yet
A sovereign's power o'er thee, &c.

Mr. M. Mason omits *My daughter*, which he presumptuously says the last editor inserted by mistake; the mistake, however, if it be one, is, as the reader now sees, of an older date. In the sixth line, he ventures on another improvement, and for, *Ambition dies*, prints *Ambition's dye!* "which," he continues, "is the name Gonzaga *poetically* gives his purple." He is wrong in both instances. The exclamation *My daughter*—shews that she was uppermost in Gonzaga's thoughts: he interrupts himself to provide for the safety of his friends, and then resumes what he was first about to say: it should not therefore be omitted. Nor should *Ambition dies* be changed to *Ambition's dye*; because such a rhetorical flourish is unnecessary, and because it deprives a passage of sense and grammar, which the author invested with both. It requires no explanation.

SCENE V.

The same. Another part of the Forest.

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, MARTINO, *Captains, and* Soldiers.

Lor. The day is ours, though it cost dear; yet 'tis not
Enough to get a victory, if we lose
The true use of it. We have hitherto
Held back your forward swords, and in our fear
Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward
Due to your bloody toil: but now give freedom,
Nay, license to your fury and revenge;
Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the night,
Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to
The fear-struck hares, our enemies: fire these trees,
And force the wretches to forsake their holes,
And offer their scorch'd bodies to your swords,
Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.
Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him prisoner,
(Which I incline to rather, that he may
Be sensible of those tortures which I vow
To inflict upon him for denial of
His daughter to our bed,) shall have a blank,
With our hand and signet made authentical,
In which he may write down himself what wealth
Or honours he desires.

Alon. The great duke's will
Shall be obey'd.

Pisan. Put it in execution.

Mart. Begirt the wood, and fire it.

Sold. Follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter FARNEZE, *disguised as a* Florentine *Soldier.*

Farn. Uberti, prince Uberti! O my friend,
Dearer than life! I have lost thee. Cruel fortune,
Unsatisfied with our sufferings! we no sooner
Were parted from the duke, and e'en then ready
To take a mutual farewell, when a troop
Of the enemy's horse fell on us; we were forced
To take the woods again, but in our flight
Their hot pursuit divided us: we had been happy
If we had died together. To survive him
To me is worse than death, and therefore should not
Embrace the means of my escape, though offer'd.
When nature gave us life she gave a burthen,
But at our pleasure not to be cast off,
Though weary of it; and my reason prompts me,
This habit of a Florentine, which I took
From a dying soldier, may keep me unknown,
Till opportunity mark me out a way
For flight, and with security.

Enter UBERTI.

Uber. Was there ever
Such a night of horrour?
Farn. My friend's voice! I now
In part forgive thee, fortune.
Uber. The wood flames,
The bloody sword devours all that it meets,
And death in several shapes rides here in triumph.

I am like a stag closed in a toil, my life,
As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's prey:
Why fliest thou, then, what is inevitable?
Better to fall with manly wounds before
Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine honour:
And yet to charge him, and die unrevenged,
Mere desperation.

Farn. Heroick spirit!

Uber. Mine own life I contemn, and would not save it
But for the future service of the duke,
And safety of his daughter; having means,
If I escape, to raise a second army,
And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy
My friend Farneze.

Farn. I am still his care.

Uber. What shall I do? if I call loud, the foe
That hath begirt the wood, will hear the sound.
Shall I return by the same path? I cannot,
The darkness of the night conceals it from me;
Something I must resolve.

Farn. Let friendship rouse
Thy sleeping soul, Farneze: wilt thou suffer
Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free
Thy captived country, perish, when 'tis in
Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life?
Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die;
Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and thy master
Compell'd to shameful flight; the fields and woods
Strew'd o'er with carcases of thy fellow-soldiers:
The miseries thou art fallen in, and before
Thy eyes the horrour of this place, and thousand
Calamities to come; and after all these,
Can any hope remain? shake off delays:
Dost thou doubt yet? To save a citizen,
The conquering Roman in a general
Esteem'd the highest honour: can it be then

Inglorious to preserve a prince? thy friend?—
Uberti, prince Uberti! use this means
Of thy escape;—
[*Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and casts it before Uberti.*
conceal'd in this, thou mayst
Pass through the enemy's guards: the time denies
Longer discourse; thou hast a noble end,[3]
Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend.
[*Exit.*

Uber. Farneze, stay thy hasty steps! Farneze!
Thy friend Uberti calls thee: 'tis in vain;
He's gone to death an innocent, and makes life,
The benefit he confers on me, my guilt.
Thou art too covetous of another's safety,
Too prodigal and careless of thine own.
'Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me
To put this garment on, and live, that he
May have alone the honour to die nobly.
O cruel piety,[4] in our equal danger
To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy friend!
It must not be; I will restore his gift,
And die before him. How? where shall I find
him?——
Thou art o'ercome in friendship; yield, Uberti,
To the extremity of the time, and live:
A heavy ransome! but it must be paid.
I will put on this habit: pitying heaven,
As it loves goodness, may protect my friend,
And give me means to satisfy the debt
I stand engaged for; if not, pale despair,

[3] *Thou hast a noble end,*] Alluding to what Uberti had just said, of raising a second army, &c.

[4] *O cruel* piety,] So the old copy: the modern editions have *O cruel* pity, a tame and unpoetical sophistication.

I dare thy worst; thou canst but bid me die,
And so much I'll force from an enemy.[5] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Lorenzo's *Camp.*

Enter ALONZO *and* PISANO, *with* FARNEZE *bound; Soldiers with torches,* FARNEZE'S *sword in one of the Soldier's hands.*

Alon. I know him, he's a man of ransome.
Pisan. True;
But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.
Alon. I forced him to the woods.
Pisan. But my art found him,
Nor will I brook a partner in the prey
My fortune gave me.
Alon. Render him, or expect
The point of this.
Pisan. Were it lightning, I would meet it,
Rather than be outbraved.
Alon. I thus decide
The difference.
Pisan. My sword shall plead my title.
[*They fight.*

[5] This short scene is very well written; but, at the same time, must strike the reader as extremely inartificial. The two friends speaking on opposite sides of a tree is somewhat too similar to what occurs so often on the Roman stage, where people in mutual quest always jostle before they catch each other's eye or ear. As Farneze had taken the generous resolution to save his friend at the expense of his own life, it was improper to discover himself; but all that is done might be effected with fewer words, and a greater portion of dexterity.

Enter LORENZO, MARTINO, *Captains, and Attendants.*

Lor. Ha! where learn'd you this discipline? my commanders
Opposed gainst one another! what blind fury
Brings forth this brawl? Alonzo and Pisano
At bloody difference! hold, or I tilt
At both as enemies.—Now speak; how grew
This strange division?
Pisan. Against all right,
By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest
Sown by my labour.
Alon. Sir, this is my prisoner,
The purchase of my sword, which proud Pisano,
That hath no interest in him, would take from me.
Pisan. Did not the presence of the duke forbid me,
I would say——
Alon. What?
Pisan. 'Tis false.
Lor. Before my face!
Keep them asunder. And was this the cause
Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base
To raise your fury on? the ties of blood,
Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience
To me, your prince and general, no more
Prevailing on you? this a price for which
You would betray our victory, or wound
Your reputation with mutinies,
Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour?—
This is a course to throw us headlong down
From that proud height of empire upon which
We were securely seated. Shall division
O'erturn what concord built? if you desire
To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy

Still flies before you: would you have spoil? the country
Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness!
What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish us,
Than you pluck on our heads? no, my brave leaders,
Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord
Be banish'd to our enemies.
Alon. Take the prisoner,
I do give up my title.
Pisan. I desire
Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.
[*They embrace.*
Alon. No man's a faithful judge in his own cause,
Let the duke determine of him; we are friends, sir.
Lor. Shew it in emulation to o'ertake
The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of,
With our whole strength we'll follow.
[*Exeunt Alonzo and Pisano, embracing.*
Farn. Death at length
Will set a period to calamity:
I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.

Enter UBERTI, *habited like a* Florentine *Soldier,*[6] *and mixes with the rest.*

Lor. Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel
Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince
Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll quench
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames
Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from hell,
Then forced into the breasts of my commanders.
Bring forth the tortures.
Uber. Hear, victorious duke,

[6] ——— *habited like a* Florentine *Soldier,*] i. e. in the dress which Farneze had thrown to him. See p. 385.

The story of my miserable fortune,
Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue
Condemned to die) was the immediate cause:
And, if my humble suit have justice in it,
Vouchsafe to grant it.

Lor. Soldier, be brief, our anger
Can brook no long delay.[7]

Uber. I am the last.
Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd up
With his best care, for service in your wars:
My father died under his fatal hand,
And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,
Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,
Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance
On perjury and murder. Thus the case stood:
My father, (on whose face he durst not look
In equal mart,[8]) by his fraud circumvented,
Became his captive; we, his sons, lamenting
Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd
Our utmost for his ransome: that refused,
The subtile tyrant, for his cruel ends,
Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,
Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,
If two of us would yield ourselves his slaves.
We, upon any terms, resolved to save him,
Though with the loss of life which he gave to us,
With an undaunted constancy drew lots
(For each of us contended to be one)

7 Lor. *Soldier, be brief, our anger*
Can *brook* no *long delay.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, with equal fidelity and harmony,
Soldier, be brief;
Our anger cannot *brook* a *long delay.*

8 *In* equal mart,)] A vile translation of *æquo marte*, in *equal fight.*

Who should preserve our father; I was exempted,
But to my more affliction. My brothers
Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide
Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks
Pulling my wretched father on his knees,
Said, *Thus receive the father you have ransomed!*
And instantly struck off his head.

Lor. Most barbarous!

Farn. I never saw this man.

Lor. One murmur more,
I'll have thy tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.

Uber. Conceive, sir,
How thunderstruck we stood, being made spectators
Of such an unexpected tragedy:
Yet this was a beginning, not an end
To his intended cruelty; for, pursuing
Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress,
Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a moment,
Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off
My pious brothers' heads, and threw them at me.
Oh, what a spectacle was this! what mountain
Of sorrow overwhelm'd me! my poor heart-strings,
As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd; my knees
Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears,
Blended together follow'd; not one passion
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.——
Now, mighty sir, (bathing your feet with tears,)
Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,
With any cruelty revenge can fancy,
To sacrifice this monster, to appease
My father's ghost, and brothers'.

9 ——————— *I was exempted,*
But to my more affliction. &c.] The strange pointing of this speech by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, shews that the meaning of it was totally misunderstood by them.

Lor. Thou hast obtain'd it:
Choose any torture, let the memory
Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd,
Make thee ingenious in it; such a one
As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his.
Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see
The execution done; but bring his head,
On forfeiture of your own, to us: our presence
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.
[*Exit, with Captains and Attendants.*
Mart. Soldier, to work;
Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,
Provided that he die: his body's thine,
But I must have his head.
Uber. I have already
Concluded of the manner. O just heaven,
The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me!
Mart. Why art thou rapt thus?
Uber. In this soldier's hand
I see the murderer's own sword, I know it;
Yes, this is it by which my father and
My brothers were beheaded: noble captain,
Command it to my hand.—[*Takes Farneze's sword from the Soldier.*]—Stand forth and tremble:
This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,
I would not kill thy soul.
Farn. Canst thou believe
There is a heaven, or hell, or soul? thou hast none,
In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,
With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou hangman,
Where did I ever see thy face? or when
Murder'd thy sire or brothers? look on me,
And make it good: thou dar'st not.
Uber. Yes, I will [*He unbinds his arms.*

In one short whisper; and that told, thou art dead.
I am Uberti: take thy sword, fight bravely;
We'll live or die together.

Mart. We are betray'd.

[*Martino is struck down, the Soldiers run off.*

Farn. And have I leave once more, brave prince, to ease
My head on thy true bosom?

Uber. I glory more
To be thy friend, than in the name of prince,
Or any higher title.

Farn. My preserver!

Uber. The life you gave to me I but return;
And pardon, dearest friend, the bitter language
Necessity made me use.

Farn. O, sir, I am
Outdone in all; but comforted, that none
But you can wear the laurel.

Uber. Here's no place
Or time to argue this; let us fly hence.

Farn. I follow. [*Exeunt.*

Mart. [*rises.*] A thousand Furies keep you company!
I was at the gate of [hell,[1]] but now I feel
My wound's not mortal; I was but astonish'd;
And, coming to myself, I find I am
Reserved for the gallows: there's no looking on
The enraged duke, excuses will not serve;
I must do something that may get my pardon;
If not, I know the worst, a halter ends all. [*Exit.*

[1] *I was at the gate of* [hell,] The dread of a puritanical tribunal induced the printer to make a break here. *Hell* was the word omitted, without doubt; it is characteristick, and becoming the rest of the speech.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Dutchy of Mantua. *A part of the Country near* Octavio's *Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIO, *a book in his hand.*

Oct. 'Tis true, by proof I find it,[2] human reason
Views with such dim eyes what is good or ill,
That if the great Disposer of our being
Should offer to our choice all worldly blessings,
We know not what to take. When I was young,
Ambition of court-preferment fired me:
And, as there were no happiness beyond it,
I labour'd for't, and got it; no man stood
In greater favour with his prince; I had
Honours and offices, wealth flow'd in to me,
And, for my service both in peace and war,
The general voice gave out I did deserve them.
But, O vain confidence in subordinate greatness!
When I was most secure it was not in
The power of fortune to remove me from
The flat I firmly stood on, in a moment
My virtues were made crimes, and popular favour
(To new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion
That I was dangerous: which no sooner enter'd

[2] Oct. *'Tis true, by proof I find it*, &c.] It appears from this that the book which Octavio had been reading was Juvenal; an author with whom Massinger was peculiarly well acquainted, as there is scarcely one of his dramatick pieces in which several happy allusions to him do not occur: these, as well as those to Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Seneca, Claudian, and others, as Massinger does not, like Jonson, ambitiously obtrude them on the eye, I have commonly left to the exercise of the reader's own sagacity.

Gonzaga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd;
My offices were ta'en from me, my state seized on;
And, had I not prevented it by flight,
The jealousy of the duke had been removed
With the forfeiture of my head.
Hort. [*within.*] Or shew compassion,
Or I will force it.
Oct. Ha! is not poverty safe?
I thought proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms ruins,
The sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd
To look on a poor cottage.

Enter HORTENSIO *with* ASCANIO *in his arms,* GOTHRIO *following.*

Goth. What would you have?[3]
The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross
To drive him from it. Be you or thief or soldier,
Or such a beggar as will not be denied,
My scrip, my tar-box, hook, and coat, will prove
But a thin purchase; if you turn my inside outwards,
You'll find it true.
Hort. Not any food? [*Searches his scrip.*
Goth. Alas! sir,
I am no glutton, but an under-shepherd;
The very picture of famine; judge by my cheeks else:
I have my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,

[3] Goth. *What would you have?* &c.] The modern editors have set their wit against poor Gothrio and deprived him of all pretensions to verse. Certainly Massinger meant him to speak in measure, and though it be not such as the superiour characters use, yet it suits the person, and runs glibly off the tongue. What is more, the old copy prints his speeches as they stand here, so that there is no accounting for this vagary of Coxeter and M. Mason.

When I pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse,
A crumb a meal.
Hort. No drop left? [*Takes his bottle.*
Drunkard! hast thou swill'd up all?
Goth. How! drunkard, sir?
I am a poor man, you mistake me, sir,
Drunkard's a title for the rich, my betters;
A calling in repute: some sell their lands for't,
And roar, *Wine's better than money.* Our poor beverages
Of buttermilk or whey allay'd with water,
Ne'er raise our thoughts so high. Drunk! I had never
The credit to be so yet.
Hort. Ascanio,
Look up, dear youth; Ascanio, did thy sweetness
Command the greedy enemy to forbear
To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune
For suffering me to live, that in some part
I might return thy courtesies, and now,
To heighten my afflictions, must I be
Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us,
Heaven deaf to my complaints too, to behold thee
Die in my arms for hunger? no means left
To lengthen life a little! I will open
A vein, and pour my blood, not yet corrupted
With any sinful act, but pure as he is,
Into his famish'd mouth.
Oct. [*comes forward.*] Young man, forbear
Thy savage pity; I have be ttermeans
To call back flying life.
[*Pours a cordial into the mouth of Ascanio.*
Goth. You may believe him;[4]

[4] Goth. *You may believe him;*] This speech, which, like most of the rest, is strangely put into prose, is so carelessly printed, and so ridiculously pointed in the former editions, that it is impossible to understand it.

It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms,
An old man's twice a child; his nurse's milk
Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in too
For soap and candles: though he sell his flock for't,
The baby must have this dug: he swears 'tis ill
For my complexion, but wonderous comfortable
For an old man that would never die.

Oct. Hope well, sir;
A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness;
The blood too by degrees takes fresh possession
On his pale cheeks; his pulse beats high: stand off,
Give him more air, he stirs.

[*Gothrio steals the bottle.*

Goth. And have I got thee,
Thou bottle of immortality!

Asc. Where am I?
What cruel hand hath forced back wretched life?
Is rest in death denied me?

Goth. O sweet liquor!
Were here enough to make me drunk, I might
Write myself gentleman, and never buy
A coat of the heralds.

Oct. How now, slave?

Goth. I was fainting,
A clownlike qualm seized on me, but I am
Recover'd, thanks to your bottle, and begin
To feel new stirrings, gallant thoughts: one draught more
Will make me a perfect signior.

Oct. A tough cudgel
Will take this gentle itch off; home to my cottage,
See all things handsome.

Goth. Good sir, let me have
The bottle along to smell to: O rare pérfume!

[*Exit.*

Hort. Speak once more, dear Ascanio.—How he eyes you,

Then turns away his face! look up, sweet youth;
The object cannot hurt you; this good man,
Next heaven, is your preserver.
Asc. Would I had perish'd
Without relief, rather than live to break
His good old heart with sorrow. O my shame!
My shame, my never-dying shame!
Oct. I have been
Acquainted with this voice, and know the face too:——
'Tis she, 'tis too apparent; O my daughter!
I mourn'd long for thy loss, but thus to find thee,
Is more to be lamented.
Hort. How! your daughter?
Oct. My only child; I murmur'd against heaven
Because I had no more, but now I find
This one too many.—Is Alonzo glutted
[*Maria weeps.*
With thy embraces?
Hort. At his name a shower
Of tears falls from her eyes; she faints again.
Grave sir, o'er-rule your passion, and defer
The story of her fortune.[5] On my life
She is a worthy one; her innocence
Might be abused, but mischief's self wants power
To make her guilty. Shew yourself a father
In her recovery; then as a judge,
When she hath strength to speak in her own cause,
You may determine of her.
Oct. I much thank you

[5] *The story of* her *fortune.*] All the editions read *your* instead of *her*. I have no doubt but that the latter was the author's word, while the former was, probably, inserted by a very common mistake, from the expression immediately over it.

For your wise counsel: you direct me, sir,
As one indebted more to years, and I
As a pupil will obey you: not far hence
I have a homely dwelling; if you please there
To make some short repose, your entertainment,
Though coarse, shall relish of a gratitude,
And that's all I can pay you. Look up, girl,
Thou art in thy father's arms.

Hort. She's weak and faint still—
O spare your age! I am young and strong, and this way
To serve her is a pleasure, not a burthen:
[*Takes her in his arms.*
Pray you, lead the way.

Oct. The saints reward your goodness!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another part of the Country.

Enter MANFROY, *and* MATILDA *disguised.*

Matil. No hope of safety left?

Man. We are descried.

Matil. I thought that, cover'd in this poor disguise,
I might have pass'd unknown.

Man. A diamond,
Though set in horn, is still a diamond,
And sparkles as in purest gold. We are follow'd:
Out of the troops that scour'd the plains, I saw
Two gallant horsemen break forth, (who, by their
Brave furniture and habiliments for the war,

6 ——— *You direct* me, *sir,*] *Me*, which completes both the metre and the sense, is inserted from the old copy.

Seem'd to command the rest,) spurring hard towards us.
See with what winged speed they climb the hill,
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey!
Now they dismount, and on their hands and knees
O'ercome the deep ascent' that guards us from them.
Your beauty hath betray'd you; for it can
No more be night when bright Apollo shines
In our meridian, than that be conceal'd.
Matil. It is my curse, not blessing; fatal to
My country, father, and myself. Why did you
Forsake the city?
Man. 'Twas the duke's command:
No time to argue that; we must descend.
If undiscover'd your soft feet, unused
To such rough travel, can but carry you
Half a league hence, I know a cave which will
Yield us protection.
Matil. I wish I could lend you
Part of my speed; for me, I can outstrip
Daphne or Atalanta.
Man. Some good angel
Defend us, and strike blind our hot pursuers!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALONZO *and* PISANO.

Alon. She cannot be far off: how gloriously
She shew'd to us in the valley!
Pisan. In my thought,
Like to a blazing comet.
Alon. Brighter far:
Her beams of beauty made the hill all fire;

[7] *O'ercome the* deep *ascent*] So the old copy; the modern editions read *steep* ascent, which is not so good, and which, indeed, if it were better, has no business in the text.

From whence removed, 'tis cover'd with thick clouds.
But we lose time; I'll take that way.
Pisan. I, this. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Wood.

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hort. 'Tis a degree of comfort in my sorrow,
I have done one good work in reconciling
Maria, long hid in Ascanio's habit,
To griev'd Octavio. What a sympathy
I found in their affections! she with tears
Making a free confession of her weakness,
In yielding up her honour to Alonzo,
Upon his vows to marry her; Octavio,
Prepared to credit her excuses, nay,
To extenuate her guilt; she the delinquent,
And judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,
The most forlorn of men, no beam of comfort
Deigns to appear; nor can I, in my fancy,
Fashion a means to get it: to my country
I am lost for ever, and 'twere impudence
To think of a return; yet this I could
Endure with patience, but to be divorced
From all my joy on earth, the happiness
To look upon the excellence of nature,
That is perfection in herself, and needs not
Addition or epithet, rare Matilda,[8]

[8] *Addition or epithet,* rare *Matilda,*] To say that Matilda required no epithet, and immediately to give her one, seems an oversight which I am unwilling to attribute to the author. Perhaps the comma should be placed after *rare*, or the word

Would make a saint blaspheme. Here, Galeazzo,
In this obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst
Consume thy youth, and grow old in lamenting
Thy star-cross'd fortune, in this shepherd's habit;
This hook thy best defence, since thou couldst use,
When thou didst fight in such a princess' cause,
Thy sword no better. [*Lies down.*

Enter ALONZO *and* PISANO *with* MATILDA.

Matil. Are you men, or monsters?
Whither will you drag me? can the open ear
Of heaven be deaf, when an unspotted maid
Cries out for succour!
Pisan. 'Tis in vain; cast lots
Who shall enjoy her first.
Alon. Flames rage within me,
And, such a spring of nectar near to quench them;
My appetite shall be cloy'd first: here I stand,
Thy friend, or enemy; let me have precedence,
I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,
As an enemy I defy thee.
Pisan. Friend or foe
In this alike I value, I disdain
To yield priority; draw thy sword.
Alon. To sheath it
In thy ambitious heart.
Matil. O curb this fury,
And hear a wretched maid first speak.
Hort. I am marble.

itself, (though this I do not build on,) may be an *addition* of the players, not always the most competent judges of propriety, or even of poetry. The line might be improved to a modern ear by reading—*Addition, or* rare *epithet*, but not to that of Massinger and his school, who were accustomed to pronounce *addition* as a quadrisyllable.

Matil. Where shall I seek out words, or how restrain
My enemies rage, or lovers'? oh, the latter
Is far more odious: did not your lust
Provoke you, for that is its proper name,
My chastity were safe; and yet I tremble more
To think what dire effects lust may bring forth,
Than what, as enemies, you can inflict,
And less I fear it. Be friends to yourselves,
And enemies to me; better I fall
A sacrifice to your atonement, than
Or one or both should perish. I am the cause
Of your division; remove it, lords,
And concord will spring up: poison this face
That hath bewitch'd you, this grove cannot want
Aspicks or toads; creatures, though justly call'd,
For their deformity, the scorn of nature,
More happy than myself with this false beauty
(The seed and fruit of mischief) you admire so.
I thus embrace your knees, and yours, a suppliant,
If tigers did not nurse you, or you suck
The milk of a fierce lioness, shew compassion
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,
And pity to poor me, my honour safe,
In taking loath'd life from me.

Pisan. What shall we do?
Or end our difference in killing her,
Or fight it out?

Alon. To the last gasp. I feel
The moist tears on my cheeks, and blush to find
A virgin's plaints can move so.

Pisan. To prevent
Her flight while we contend, let's bind her fast
To this cypress-tree.

Alon. Agreed.

Matil. It does presage
My funeral rites.* [*They bind Matilda.*
Hort. I shall turn atheist
If heaven see and suffer this: why did I
Abandon my good sword? with unarm'd hands
I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me
From the apostacy I am falling to,
And by a miracle lend me a weapon
To underprop falling honour.
Pisan. She is fast:
Resume your arms.
Alon. Honour, revenge, the maid too,
Lie at the stake.
Pisan. Which thus I draw.
[*They fight, Pisano falls.*
Alon. All's mine,
But bought with some blood of mine own. Pisano,
Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laurel
In death to comfort thee: for the reward,
'Tis mine now without rival.
[*Hortensio snatches up Pisano's sword.*
Hort. Thou art deceived;
Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth
From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars,
To guard pure chastity from lust and rape.
Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what
Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,

* Matil. *It does presage*
My funeral rites.] To understand this it may be necessary to observe that the Romans and some other nations always carried cypress boughs in their funeral processions. To this Horace alludes in a strain of beautiful pathos:

—— *neque harum quas colis arborum*
Te, præter invisas cupressus,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

It was an ill-timed recollection of this circumstance which drew upon Dryden the clumsy sneer of the stupid Milbourne. See his *Observations on the Translation of the Georgics.*

And sensual baseness; if thy profane hand
But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead.
Matil. I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is sure.
Alon. A rustick swain dare to retard my pleasure!
Hort. No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and servant
To whom the world should owe and pay obedience;
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under
His arm; that spared thy life in the late battle,
At the intercession of the princess' page.
Look on me better.
Matil. 'Tis my virtuous lover!
Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety.
Alon. I know thee, and with courage will redeem
What fortune then took from me.
Hort. Rather keep [*They fight, Alonzo falls.*
Thy compeer company in death.—Lie by him,
A prey for crows and vultures: these fair arms,
[*He unbinds Matilda.*
Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make
A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud
Of such captivity: whatsoe'er you are,
I glory in the service I have done you;
But I entreat you[1] pay your vows and prayers,
For preservation of your life and honour,
To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.
I am her creature, and what good I do
You truly may call her's; what's ill, mine own.

[1] *But I entreat you* &c.] This is in the true spirit of knight-errantry; and, indeed, *nothing* but constantly bearing in mind the language and manners of this gallant but romantick description of men, can reconcile us to the profound reverence with which Galeazzo regards his mistress.

Matil. You never did do ill, my virtuous servant;
Nor is it in the power of poor Matilda
To cancel such an obligation as,
With humble willingness, she must subscribe to.
Hort. The princess? ha!
Matil. Give me a fitter name,
Your manumised bondwoman, but even now
In the possession of lust, from which
Your more than brave,—heroick valour bought me:
And can I then, for freedom unexpected,
But kneel to you, my patron?
Hort. Kneel to me!
For heaven's sake rise; I kiss the ground you tread on,
My eyes fix'd on the earth; for I confess
I am a thing not worthy to look on you,
Till you have sign'd my pardon.
Matil. Do you interpret
The much good you have done me, an offence?
Hort. The not performing your injunctions to me,
Is more than capital: your allowance of
My love and service to you, with admission
To each place you made paradise with your presence,
Should have enabled me to bring home conquest:
Then, as a sacrifice, to offer it
At the altar of your favour: had my love
Answer'd your bounty, or my hopes, an army
Had been as dust before me; whereas I,
Like a coward, turn'd my back, and durst not stand
The fury of the enemy.
Matil. Had you done
Nothing in the battle, this last act deserves more
Than I, the duke my father joining with me,

Can ever recompense. But take your pleasure;
Suppose you have offended in not grasping
Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lips
A full remission.
Hort. Let mine touch your foot,
Your hand's too high a favour.
Matil. Will you force me
To ravish a kiss from you?
Hort. I am entranced.
Matil. So much desert and bashfulness should not march
In the same file. Take comfort; when you have brought me
To some place of security, you shall find
You have a seat here, in a heart that hath
Already studied and vow'd to be thankful.
Hort. Heaven make me so! oh, I am overwhelm'd
With an excess of joy! Be not too prodigal,
Divinest lady, of your grace and bounties
At once; if you are pleased, I shall enjoy them,
Not taste them, and expire.
Matil. I'll be more sparing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OCTAVIO, GOTHRIO, *and* MARIA.

Oct. What noise of clashing swords, like armour fashion'd
Upon an anvil, pierced mine ears; the echo
Redoubling the loud sound through all the vallies?
This way the wind assures me that it came.
Goth. Then with your pardon, I'll take this.
Oct. Why, sirrah?
Goth. Because, sir, I will trust my heels before
All winds that blow in the sky: we are wiser far
Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll prove it;
They said, *Haste to the beginning of a feast,*

There I am with them, *but to the end of a fray*—
That is apocryphal, 'tis more canonical
Not to come there at all; after a storm
There are still some drops behind.
Mar. Pure fear hath made
The fool a philosopher.
Oct. See, Maria, see!
I did not err; here lie two brave men weltering
In their own gore.
Mar. A pitiful object.
Goth. I am in a swoon to look on't.
Oct. They are stiff already.
Goth. But are you sure they are dead?
Oct. Too sure, I fear.
Goth. But are they stark dead?
Oct. Leave prating.
Goth. Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer to them.
This fellow without a sword shall be my patient.
[*Goes to Pisano.*
Oct. Whate'er they are, humanity commands us
To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria,
To the neighbour spring for water; you will find there
A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring it.
[*Exit Maria.*
Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body, and feel
If any life remain?[2]
Goth. By your leave, he shall die first,
And then I'll be his surgeon.
Oct. Tear ope his doublet,
And prove if his wounds be mortal.
Goth. I fear not me, sir:

[2] *Why dost not, dull drone,* bend his body, *and feel*
If any life remain?] See Vol. I. p. 275.

Here's a large wound.—[*Feels his pocket.*]—How
it is swoln and imposthumed!
This must be cunningly drawn out, should it
break, [*Pulls out his purse.*
'Twould strangle him; what a deal of foul mat-
ter's here!
This hath been long a gathering. Here's a gash
too
On the rim of his belly,—[*Feels his side pocket.*]—
it may have matter in it.
He was a cholerick man, sure; what comes from
him [*Takes out his money.*
Is yellow as gold:—how! troubled with the stone
too? [*Seeing a diamond ring on his finger.*
I'll cut you for this.

Pisan. Oh, oh! [*Starts up.*

Goth. He roars before I touch him.

Pisan. Robb'd of my life?

Goth. No, sir, nor of your money,
Nor jewel; I keep them for you:—if I had been
A perfect mountebank, he had not lived
To call for his fees again.

Oct. Give me leave—there's hope
Of his recovery. [*Quits Pisano and goes to Alonzo.*

Goth. I had rather bury him quick
Than part with my purchase; let his ghost walk,
I care not.

Re-enter MARIA *with a dish of water.*

Oct. Well done, Maria; lend thy helping hand:
He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off
The clotted blood: he comes to himself.

Alon. My lust!
The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust!
With horrour now I taste it.

Oct. Do you not know him?

Mar. Too soon. Alonzo! oh me! though disloyal,
Still dear to thy Maria.
Goth. So they know not
My patient, all's cocksure; I do not like
The Romanish restitution.
Oct. Rise, and leave him.
Applaud heaven's justice.
Mar. 'Twill become me better
To implore its saving mercy.
Oct. Hast thou no gall?
No feeling of thy wrongs?
Mar. Turtles have none;
Nor can there be such poison in her breast
That truly loves, and lawfully.
Oct. True, if that love
Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,
In thy disgrace is published; heaven hath mark'd him
For punishment, and 'twere rebellious madness
In thee to attempt to alter it: revenge,
A sovereign balm for injuries, is more proper
To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and thou
Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,
This wretch the vassal of thy wrath: I'll make him,
While yet he lives, partake those torments which
For perjured lovers are prepared in hell,
Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,
Extracted and sublimed from all the simples
The earth, when swoln with venom, e'er brought forth,
Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as
The Furies whips but imitate; and when
Extremity of pain shall hasten death,
Here is another that shall keep in life,
And make him feel a perpetuity
Of lingering tortures.

Goth. Knock them both o' th' head, I say,
An it be but for their skins; they are embroider'd,
And will sell well in the market.
Mar. Ill-look'd devil,
Tie up thy bloody tongue. O sir! I was slow
In beating down those propositions which
You urge for my revenge; my reasons being
So many, and so forcible, that make
Against yours, that until I had collected
My scatter'd powers, I wavered in my choice
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought
My enemy (I can faintly call him so)
Prostrate before my feet; shall I abuse
The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him?
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand
But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.
If you deny me means of reparation,
To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel
Than ever yet Alonzo was; you stamp
The name of strumpet on my forehead, which
Heaven's mercy would take off; you fan the fire
E'en ready to go out, forgetting that
'Tis truly noble, having power to punish,
Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would purchase
My husband by such benefits as should make him
Confess himself my equal, and disclaim
Superiority.
Oct. My blessing on thee!
What I urged was a trial; and my grant
To thy desires shall now appear, if art
Or long experience can do him service.
Nor shall my charity to this be wanting,
However unknown: help me, Maria: you, sir,
Do your best to raise him.—So.
Goth. He's wond'rous heavy;
But the porter's paid, there's the comfort.

Oct. 'Tis but a trance,
And 'twill forsake both.
Mar. If he live, I fear not
He will redeem all, and in thankfulness
Confirm he owes you for a second life,
And pay the debt in making me his wife.
[*Exeunt Octavio and Maria with Alonzo, and Gothrio with Pisano.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lorenzo's *Camp under the Walls of* Mantua.

Enter LORENZO *and* Captains.

Lor. Mantua is ours; place a strong garrison in it
To keep it so; and as a due reward
To your brave service, be our governour in it.
1 *Capt.* I humbly thank your excellence. [*Exit.*
Lor. Gonzaga
Is yet out of our gripe; but his strong fort,
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable
By the aids of art, as nature, shall not long
Retard our absolute conquest. The escape
Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress,
(For whose desired possession 'twas given out
I made this war,) I value not; alas!
Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart,
Or could he see, his arrows are too blunt
To pierce it; his imagined torch is quench'd
With a more glorious fire of my ambition
To enlarge my empire: soft and silken amours,
With carpet courtship, which weak princes style
The happy issue of a flourishing peace,

My toughness scorns. Were there an abstract made
Of all the eminent and canonized beauties
By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd,
I could unmoved behold it; as a picture,
Commend the workmanship, and think no more on't;
I have more noble ends. Have you not heard yet
Of Alonzo, or Pisano?

2 Capt. My lord, of neither.

Lor. Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,
Much less command in war; if they were lost,
I should not pine with mourning.

Enter MARTINO *and Soldiers with* MATILDA *and* HORTENSIO.

Mart. Bring them forward;
This will make my peace, though I had kill'd his father,
Besides the reward that follows.

Lor. Ha, Martino!
Where is Farneze's head? dost thou stare! and where
The soldier that desired the torture of him?

Mart. An't please your excellence——

Lor. It doth not please us;
Are our commands obey'd?

Mart. Farneze's head, sir,
Is a thing not worth your thought, the soldier's less, sir;
I have brought your highness such a head! a head
So well set on too! a fine head——

Lor. Take that [*Strikes him.*
For thy impertinence: what head, you rascal?

Mart. My lord, if they that bring such presents to you

Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive
To be near your grace's pleasures: but I know
You will repent your choler. Here's the head:
And now I draw the curtain, it hath a face too,
And such a face——

Lor. Ha!

Mart. View her all o'er, my lord,
My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb,
And will do her labour tightly, a *bona roba:*
And for her face as I said, there are five hundred
City-dubb'd madams in the dukedom, that would part with
Their jointures to have such another:—hold up your head, maid.

Lor. Of what age is the day?

Mart. Sir, since sunrising
About two hours.

Lor. Thou liest; the sun of beauty,
In modest blushes on her cheeks, but now
Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth
As through a shower in April; every drop
An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,
Were ear-rings for the Catholick king, [to be[3]]
Worn on his birthday.

Mart. Here's a sudden change!

Lor. Incensed Cupid, whom even now I scorn'd,
Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines
(As if he had two bodies, or indeed
A brother-twin whom sight cannot distinguish)

[3] *Were ear-rings for the Catholick king,* [to be]
Worn on his birthday.] I have ventured to insert the words in brackets, something like them, as I conjecture from the deficiency of sense and metre, having accidently dropt out at the press. The riches of the Spanish monarch were now proverbial, and, indeed, with justice, for the mines of Chili and of Peru were, at this time, incessantly pouring into his treasury masses of wealth, which formed at once the envy and the astonishment of Europe. See *the Guardian,* p. 222.

In her fair eyes:—see how they head their arrows
With her bright beams! now frown, as if my heart,
Rebellious to their edicts, were unworthy,
Should I rip up my bosom, to receive
A wound from such divine artillery!
Mart. I am made for ever.
Matil. We are lost, dear servant.
Hort. Virtue's but a word;
Fortune rules all.
Matil. We are her tennis-balls.
Lor. Allow her fair, her symmetry and features
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object
With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,
Nay, force him to forget his faculty
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose.[4]
What's this to me? I that have pass'd my youth
Unscorch'd with wanton fires, my sole delight
In glittering arms, my conquering sword my mistress,
Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and groans
Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my musick:
And shall I, in the autumn of my age,
Now, when I wear the livery of time
Upon my head and beard, suffer myself
To be transform'd, and like a puling lover,
With arms thus folded up, echo *Ah me's!*
And write myself a bondman to my vassal?
It must not, nay, it shall not be: remove
The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, Martino.

[4] *With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,*
Nay, force him to forget his faculty
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose.] I doubt whether the duke was sufficiently conversant with Ovid to decide on this matter. Whatever his *admiration* might be, he would have expressed it with more facility in verse than in prose, for, as he tells us himself, "he lisped in numbers:"

Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.

Mart. I shall have a regiment: colonel Martino,
I cannot go less.[5]
Lor. What thing is this thou hast brought me?
Mart. What thing? heaven bless me! are you a Florentine,
Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and having had her
So long in your power, do you now ask what she is?
Take her aside and learn; I have brought you that
I look to be dearly paid for.
Lor. I am a soldier,
And use of women will, Martino, rob
My nerves of strength.
Mart. All armour and no smock?
Abominable! a little of the one with the other
Is excellent: I ne'er knew general yet,
Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy,
But he desired to have his sweat wash'd off
By a juicy bedfellow.
Lor. But say she be unwilling
To do that office?
Mart. Wrestle with her, I will wager
Ten to one on your grace's side.
Lor. Slave, hast thou brought me
Temptation in a beauty not to be
With prayers resisted; and, in place of counsel
To master my affections, and to guard
My honour, now besieged by lust, with the arms
Of sober temperance, mark me out a way
To be a ravisher? Would thou hadst shewn me
Some monster, though in a more ugly form
Than Nile or Africk ever bred! The basilisk,
Whose envious eye yet never brook'd a neighbour,
Kills but the body; her more potent eye

[5] *I cannot* go less.] I cannot accept of less. See p. 64.

Buries alive mine honour: Shall I yield thus?
And all brave thoughts of victory and triumphs,
The spoils of nations, the loud applauses
Of happy subjects made so by my conquests;
And what's the crown of all, a glorious name
Insculp'd on pyramids to posterity,
Be drench'd in Lethe, and no object take me
But a weak woman, rich in colours only,
Too delicate a[6] touch, and some rare features
Which age or sudden sickness will take from her!
And where's then the reward of all my service,
Love-soothing passions, nay, idolatry
I must pay to her? Hence, and with thee take
This second but more dangerous Pandora,
Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me
All mischiefs that mankind is subject to.
To the desarts with this Circe, this Calypso,
This fair enchantress! let her spells and charms
Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise nature
Ne'er made a viler creature.

Matil. Happy exile!

Hort. Some spark of hope remains yet.

Mart. Come, you are mine now.
I will remove her where your highness shall not
Or see or hear more of her: what a sum
Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio!

Lor. Stay, I feel
A sudden alteration.

Mart. Here are fine whimsies.

Lor. Why should I part with her? can any foulness
Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous palace?
The fish, the fowl, the beasts, may safer leave

[6] *Too delicate a touch,*] I know not how the modern editors understood this passage, but they read, *Too delicate to touch,* which quite perverts the sense of their author.

The elements they were nourish'd in, and live,
Than I endure her absence; yet her presence
Is a torment to me: why do I call it so?
My sire enjoy'd a woman, I had not been else;
He was a complete prince, and shall I blush
To follow his example? Oh! but my choice,
Though she gave suffrage to it, is beneath me:
But even now in my proud thoughts I scorn'd
A princess, fair Matilda; and is't decreed
For punishment, I straight must dote on one,
What, or from whence, I know not? Grant she be
Obscure, without a coat or family,
Those I can give: and yet, if she were noble,
My fondness were more pardonable. Martino,
Dost thou know thy prisoner?

Mart. Do I know myself?
I kept that for the l'envoy;[7] 'tis the daughter
Of your enemy, duke Gonzaga.

Lor. Fair Matilda!
I now call to my memory her picture,
And find this is the substance; but her painter
Did her much wrong, I see it.

Mart. I am sure
I tugg'd hard for her, here are wounds can witness,
Before I could call her mine.

Lor. No matter how:
Make thine own ransome, I will pay it for her.

Mart. I knew 'twould come at last.

Matil. We are lost again.

Hort. Variety of afflictions!

Lor. That his knee,
That never yet bow'd to mortality, [*Kneels.*
Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight,
I know, begets your wonder; hear the reason,
And cast it off:—your beauty does command it.
Till now, I never saw you; fame hath been

[7] *I kept that for the* l'envoy;] i. e. for the last. See p. 438.

Too sparing in report of your perfections,
Which now with admiration I gaze on.
Be not afraid, fair virgin; had you been
Employ'd to mediate your father's cause,
My drum had been unbraced, my trumpet hung up;
Nor had the terrour of the war e'er frighted
His peaceful confines; your demands had been,
As soon as spoke, agreed to: but you'll answer,
And may with reason, words make no satisfaction
For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort,
Something my pious love commands me do,
Which may call down your pardon.

Matil. This expression
Of reverence to your person better suits
[*Raises Lorenzo, and kneels.*
With my low fortune. That you deign to love me,
My weakness would persuade me to believe,
Though conscious of mine own unworthiness:
You being as the liberal eye of heaven,
Which may shine where it pleases, let your beams
Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me!
For, should your love grow to excess, I dare not
Deliver what I fear.

Lor. Dry your fair eyes;
I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,
If humble love could warrant it, you should
Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven bear witness,
And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,
You are, and shall be, in my tent as free
From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun
Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose
Is yet an embryon; but, grown into form,
I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer
Of blessings unexpected; that your father,
Your country, people, children yet unborn too,

In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing
The triumph of your beauty. On your hand
Once more I swear it:—O imperious Love,
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,
Prosper the good ends of thy penitent!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Dutchy. A Room in Octavio's *Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIO, *disguised as a Priest, and* MARIA.

Oct. You must not be too sudden, my Maria,
In being known: I am, in this friar's habit,
As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery
Be almost certain, I must work him to
Repentance by degrees; when I would have you
Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to
Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,——then
You know to act your part.
Mar. I shall be careful. [*Exit.*
Oct. If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,
As I despair not of his body's wounds,
Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio!

Enter GOTHRIO.

Goth. Here, sir.
Oct. Desire my patients to leave their chamber,
And take fresh air here: how have they slept?
Goth. Very well, sir.
I would we were so[8] rid of them.

[8] *I would we were* so *rid of them.*] So the old copy: the modern editors read, *I would we were* soon *rid of them;* which, in the language of the author, is faintly English: but they did not understand the passage.

Oct. Why?
Goth. I fear one hath
The art of memory, and will remember
His gold and jewels: could you not minister
A potion of forgetfulness? What would gallants
That are in debt give me for such a receipt
To pour in their creditors' drink?
Oct. You shall restore all,
Believ't you shall:—will you please to walk?
Goth. Will you please to put off
Your holy habit, and spiced conscience? one,
I think, infects the other. [*Exit.*
Oct. I have observed
Compunction in Alonzo; he speaks little,
But full of retired thoughts: the other is
Jocund and merry, no doubt because he hath
The less accompt to make here.[9]

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Reverend sir,
I come to wait your pleasure; but, my friend,
Your creature I should say, being so myself,
Willing to take further repose, entreats
Your patience a few minutes.
Oct. At his pleasure;
Pray you sit down; you are faint still.
Alon. Growing to strength,
I thank your goodness: but my mind is troubled,
Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,
Your pious habit giving me assurance
Of your skill and power that way, that you would please
To be my mind's physician.

[9] *The less accompt to make* here.] Δεικτικως, laying his hand on his breast.

Oct. Sir, to that
My order binds me; if you please to unload
The burthen of your conscience, I will minister
Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you
In a path that leads to comfort.
Alon. I will open
My bosom's secrets to you.[1] That I am
A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,
And cruel executions, my profession
Admits not to be question'd; but in that,
Being a subject, and bound to obey
Whate'er my prince commanded, I have left
Some shadow of excuse: with other crimes,
As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told,
I am besmear'd all over.
Oct. On repentance,
Mercy will wash it off.
Alon. O sir, I grant
These sins are deadly ones; yet their frequency
With wicked men makes them less dreadful to us.
But I am conscious of one crime, with which
All ills I have committed from my youth
Put in the scale, weigh nothing; such a crime,
So odious to heaven and man, and to
My sear'd-up conscience so full of horrour,
As penance cannot expiate.
Oct. Despair not.
'Tis impious in man to prescribe limits
To the divine compassion: out with it.
Alon. Hear then, good man, and when that I have given you
The character of it, and confess'd myself

[1] Alon. *I will open*
My bosom's secrets *to you.*] This is the old reading, and far more elegant than that which the modern editors have introduced in its stead. *My* bosom-secrets *to you.*

The wretch that acted it, you must repent
The charity you have extended towards me.
Not long before these wars began, I had
Acquaintance ('tis not fit I style it friendship,[2]
That being a virtue, and not to be blended
With vicious breach of faith) with the lord Octavio,
The minion of his prince and court, set off
With all the pomp and circumstance of greatness:
To this then happy man I offer'd service,
And with insinuation wrought myself
Into his knowledge, grew familiar with him,
Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman
Was bless'd with one fair daugther, so he thought,
And boldly might believe so, for she was
In all things excellent without a rival,
Till I, her father's mass of wealth before
My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine honour,
With far more subtile arts than perjured Paris
E'er practised on poor credulous Oenone,
Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it,
No vows or imprecation forgotten
With speed to marry her.

Oct. Perhaps she gave you
Just cause to break those vows.

Alon. She cause! alas,
Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much favour
To me, unworthy of it: 'twas my baseness,
My foul ingratitude—what shall I say more?
The good Octavio no sooner fell
In the displeasure of his prince, his state
Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court,

[2] ——— *'tis not fit* I *style it friendship*, &c.] Mr. M. Mason reads—to *stile it friendship*, which is less in Massinger's manner, and, to say the least of it, a capricious alteration.

And she exposed to want; but all my oaths
And protestation of service to her,
Like seeming flames raised by enchantment, vanish'd;
This, this sits heavy here.
Oct. He speaks as if
He were acquainted with my plot.—You have reason
To feel compunction, for 'twas most inhuman
So to betray a maid.
Alon. Most barbarous.
Oct. But does your sorrow for the fact beget
An aptness in you to make satisfaction
For the wrong you did her?
Alon. Gracious heaven! an aptness?
It is my only study: since I tasted
Of your compassion, these eyes ne'er were closed,
But fearful dreams cut off my little sleep;
And, being awake, in my imagination
Her apparition haunted me.
Oct. 'Twas mere fancy. [*He stamps.*
Alon. 'Twas more, grave sir—nay, 'tis——now it appears!

Enter MARIA.

Oct. Where?
Alon. Do you not see there the gliding shadow
Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears
The very garments that adorn'd her when
She yielded to my crocodile tears: a cloud
Of fears and diffidence then so chased away
Her purer white and red, as it foretold
That I should be disloyal. Blessed shadow!
For 'twere a sin, far, far exceeding all
I have committed, to hope only that
Thou art a substance; look on my true sorrow,

Nay, soul's contrition: hear again those vows
My perjury cancell'd stamp'd in brass, and never
To be worn out.

Re-enter GOTHRIO, *with the purses of* ALONZO *and* PISANO.

Mar. I can endure no more;
Action, not oaths, must make me reparation:
I am Maria.
Alon. Can this be?
Oct. It is,
And I Octavio.
Alon. Wonder on wonder!
How shall I look on you, or with what forehead
Desire your pardon?
Mar. You truly shall deserve it
In being constant.
Oct. If you fall not off,
But look on her in poverty with those eyes
As, when she was my heir in expectation,
You thought her beautiful.
Alon. She is in herself
Both Indies to me.
Goth. Stay, she shall not come
A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress! no,
She shall not want a dower: here's white and red
Will ask a jointure; but how you should make
her one,
Being a captain, would beget some doubt,
If you should deal with a lawyer.
Alon. I have seen this purse.
Goth. How the world's given—I dare not say,
to lying,
Because you are a soldier; you may say as well,
This gold is mark'd too: you, being to receive

Should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a priest
To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring,
I have one for the purpose.—[*Gives Pisano's ring to Alonzo.*]—Now, sir, I think I'm honest. [*Exit.*

Alon. This ring was Pisano's.

Oct. I'll dissolve this riddle
At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,
Which in your honour you are bound to cure,
Exacts our present care.

Alon. I am all yours, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Castle of St. Leo.

Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, *and* MANFROY.

Gon. Thou hast told too much to give assurance that
Her honour was too far engaged, to be
By human help redeem'd: if thou hadst given
Thy sad narration this full period,
She's dead, I had been happy.

Uber. Sir, these tears
Do well become a father, and my eyes
Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,
But that the burning fire of my revenge
Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once more,
Our broken forces rallied up, and with
Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared t'endure
A second trial; nor let it dismay us

That we are once again to affront the fury
Of a victorious army; their abuse
Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down
The Powers above to aid us. I have read
Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that
The general, that gave way to cruelty,
The profanation of things sacred, rapes
Of virgins, butchery of infants, and
The massacre in cold blood of reverend age,
Against the discipline and law of arms,
Did feel the hand of heaven lie heavy on him,
When most secure. We have had a late example,
And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo,
It will be seconded.

Gon. You argue well,
And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you:
Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us
To be the ministers of justice.

Uber. No, sir:
One day given to refresh our wearied troops,
Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer
Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches,
And force him to a battle. [*Shouts within.*

Gon. Ha! how's this?
In such a general time of mourning, shouts,
And acclamations of joy?

[*Cry within*, Long live the princess! long live Matilda!

Uber. Matilda!
The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echoed![3]

[3] [*Cry within:*] *Long live the princess! long live Matilda!* Uber. *Matilda!*

The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echo'd!] So the quarto. The editors have contrived to blunder in every possible way; they first advance a marginal note into the text, and then degrade the text into a marginal note!

Enter FARNEZE.

Gon. What speaks thy haste?
Farn. More joy and happiness
Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith
Almost give credit to: the princess lives;
I saw her, kiss'd her hand.
Gon. By whom deliver'd?
Farn. This is not to be staled by my report,[4]
This only must be told:—As I rode forth
With some choice troops, to make discovery
Where the enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a leader
Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in
His hand an olive-branch, encounter'd me:
He shew'd the great duke's seal, that gave him power
To parley with me; his desires were, that
Assurance for his safety might be granted
To his royal master, who came as a friend,
And not as an enemy, to offer to you
Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.
This being return'd, the duke's prætorium open'd,
When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot
Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were,
For insolence after victory, condemn'd
Unto this slavish office, the fair princess
Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head,
Her robes majestical, their richness far

[4] Farn. *That is not to be* staled *by my report,*] So I read; the old copy has stall'd, which is printed by the modern editors with a mark of aphæresis! if they supposed it to be abridged from *forestall'd*, they must have pretty notions of language. See *the Unnatural Combat*, p. 203.

Above all value, as the present age[5]
Contended that a woman's pomp should dim
The glittering triumphs of the Roman Cæsars.
—I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders,
Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge; choice musick
Ushers the parent of security,
Long-absent peace.

Man. I know not what to think on't.

Usher. May it poise the expectation!

Loud musick. Enter Soldiers unarmed, bearing olive branches, Captains, LORENZO, MATILDA *crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by Soldiers; followed by* HORTENSIO *and* MARTINO.

Gon. Thus to meet you,
Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me;
But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,
And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,
With an excess of comfort overwhelms me:
And yet I cannot truly call myself
Happy in this solemnity, till your highness
Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive
That, in this peaceful way, hath brought you to us.

Lor. I must crave license first; for know, Gonzaga,
I am subject to another's will, and can
Nor speak nor do without permission from her.
My curled forehead, of late terrible

[5] *Above all value, as the present age,* &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, not yet acquainted with the language of their author, insert *if* before *the*, "*as if*," &c. Even to this petty attempt at improvement they were compelled to sacrifice his metre.

To those that did acknowledge me their lord,
Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs;
My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost
Their potent awe, and sweetness: I am transform'd
(But do not scorn the metamorphosis)
From that fierce thing men held me; I am captived,
And, by the unresistible force of beauty,
Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that
I shall deliver those injunctions which
Your absolute command imposed upon me,
Or deign yourself to speak them?

Matil. Sir, I am
Your property, you may use me as you please;
But what is in your power and breast to do,
No orator can dilate so well.

Lor. I obey you.
That I came hither as an enemy,
With hostile arms, to the utter ruin of
Your country, what I have done makes apparent;
That fortune seconded my will, the late
Defeature will make good: that I resolved
To force the sceptre from your hand, and make
Your dukedom tributary, my surprisal
Of Mantua, your metropolis, can well witness;
And that I cannot fear the change of fate,
My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory, conquest,
Stand ready to maintain: yet, I must tell you
By whom I am subdued, and what's the ransome
I am commanded to lay down.

Gon. My lord,
You humble yourself too much; it is fitter
You should propose, and we consent.[6]

[6] ——————— *it is fitter*
You should propose, and we consent.] So the old copy: it

Lor. Forbear,
The articles are here subscribed and sign'd
By my obedient hand: all prisoners,
Without a ransome, set at liberty;
Mantua to be deliver'd up, the rampires
Ruin'd in the assault to be repair'd;
The loss the husbandman received, his crop
Burnt up by wanton license of the soldier,
To be made good;—with whatsoever else
You could impose on me, if you had been
The conqueror, I your captive.
Gon. Such a change
Wants an example: I must owe this favour
To the clemency of the old heroick valour,
That spared when it had power to kill; a virtue
Buried long since, but raised out of the grave
By you, to grace this latter age.
Lor. Mistake not
The cause that did produce this good effect,
If as such you receive it: 'twas her beauty
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues
Of her fair soul, dilated in her converse,
That did confirm it.
Matil. Mighty sir, no more:
You honour her too much, that is not worthy
To be your servant.
Lor. I have done, and now
Would gladly understand that you allow of
The articles propounded.
Gon. Do not wrong
Your benefits with such a doubt; they are
So great and high, and with such reverence
To be received, that, if I should profess

seems perfect as it stands, yet Coxeter and Mr M. Mason have interposed their assistance; they read—

——— *it is fitter* you
Should first *propose*, &c.

I hold my dukedom from you as your vassal,
Or offer'd up my daughter as you please
To be disposed of, in the point of honour,
And a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel
The bond I stand engaged for:—but accept
Of that which I can pay, my all is yours, sir;
Nor is there any here, (though I must grant
Some have deserved much from me,) for so far
I dare presume, but will surrender up
Their interest to that your highness shall
Deign to pretend a title.
Uber. I subscribe not
To this condition.
Farn. The services
This prince hath done your grace in your most danger,
Are not to be so slighted.
Hort. 'Tis far from me
To urge my merits, yet, I must maintain
Howe'er my power is less, my love is more;
Nor will the gracious princess scorn to acknowledge
I have been her humble servant.
Lor. Smooth your brows,
I'll not encroach upon your right, for that were
Once more to force affection, (a crime
With which should I the second time be tainted,
I did deserve no favour,) neither will I
Make use of what is offer'd by the duke,
Howe'er I thank his goodness. I'll lay by
My power, and though I should not brook a rival,
(What we are, well consider'd,) I'll descend
To be a third competitor; he that can
With love and service best deserve the garland,
With your consent let him wear it; I despair not
The trial of my fortune.

Gon. Bravely offer'd,
And like yourself, great prince.
Uber. I must profess
I am so taken with it, that I know not
Which way to express my service.
Hort. Did I not build
Upon the princess' grace, I could sit down,
And hold it no dishonour.
Matil. How I feel
My soul divided! all have deserved so well,
I know not where to fix my choice.
Gon. You have
Time to consider: will you please to take
Possession of the fort? then, having tasted
The fruits of peace you may at leisure prove
Whose plea will prosper in the court of Love.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ALONZO, OCTAVIO, PISANO, MARIA, *and* GOTHRIO.

Alon. You need not doubt, sir, were not peace proclaim'd
And celebrated with a general joy,
The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke,
Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions.
The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven,
To you alone is proper) would force mercy
For an offence, though capital.
Pisan. When the conqueror

Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands
The vanquish'd must not check at.
Mar. My piety pay the forfeit,
If danger come but near you! I have heard
My gracious mistress often mention you,
When I served her as a page, and feelingly
Relate how much the duke her sire repented
His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage
Pronounced against you.
Oct. In a private difference,
I grant that innocence is a wall of brass,
And scorns the hottest battery; but, when
The cause depends between the prince and subject,
'Tis an unequal competition; Justice
Must lay her balance by, and use her sword
For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd,
And, till revoked from exile, to tread on
My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet,
The severe letter of the law calls death;
Which I am subject to in coming so near
His court and person. But my only child
Being provided for, her honour salved too,
I thank your noble change, I shall endure
Whate'er can fall, with patience.
Alon. You have used
That medicine too long; prepare yourself
For honour in your age, and rest secure of't.
Mar. Of what is your wisdom musing?
Goth. I am gazing on
This gorgeous house; our cote's a dishclout to it;
It has no sign,—what do you call't?
Mar. The court;
I have lived in't a page.
Goth. Page! very pretty:
May I not be a page? I am old enough,
Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to carry it:

Pray you, let me be your page; I can swear already
Upon your pantofle.
Mar. What?
Goth. That I'll be true
Unto your smock.
Mar. How, rascal!
Oct. Hence, and pimp
To your rams and ewes; such foul pollution is
To be whipt from court; I have now no more use of you;
Return to your trough.
Goth. Must I feed on husks
Before I have play'd the prodigal?
Oct. No, I'll reward
Your service; live in your own element
Like an honest man; all that is mine in the cottage
I freely give you.
Goth. Your bottles too, that I carry
For your own tooth?
Oct. Full as they are.
Mar. And gold, [*Gives him her purse.*
That will replenish them.
Goth. I am made for ever.
This was done i'the nick.
Oct. Why in the nick?
Goth. O sir!
'Twas well for me that you did reward my service
Before you enter'd the court; for 'tis reported
There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,
Few masters think of their servants, who, grown old,
Are turn'd off, like lame hounds and hunting horses,
To starve on the commons. [*Exit.*
Mar. Bitter knave!

Enter MARTINO.

There's craft
In the clouted shoe. Captain!
Mart. I am glad to kiss
Your valiant hand, and yours; but pray you, take notice,
My title's changed, I am a colonel.
Pisan. A colonel! where's your regiment?
Mart. Not raised yet;
All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now
To have a new militia: all is peace here,
Yet I hold my title still, as many do
That never saw an enemy.
Alon. You are pleasant,
And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring?
Mart. Long since,
Four hours at least, but yet not ready.
Pisan. How!
Mart. Even so; you make a wonder of't, but leave it:
Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp,
To be up and arm'd upon the least alarum;
There's something else to be thought on: here he comes,
With his officers, new-rigg'd.

Enter LORENZO, *as from his chamber;* Doctor, *Gentleman, and Page employed about his person.*

Alon. A looking-glass!
Upon my head, he saw not his own face
These seven years past, but by reflection
From a bright armour.
Mart. Be silent, and observe.

Lor. So, have you done yet?
Is your building perfect?
Doct. If your highness please,
Here is a water.
Lor. To what use? my barber
Hath wash'd my face already.
Doct. But this water
Hath a strange virtue in't, beyond his art;
It is a sacred relick, part of that
Most powerful juice, with which Medea made
Old Æson young.
Lor. A fable! but suppose
I should give credit to it, will it work
The same effect on me?
Doct. I'll undertake
This will restore the honour'd hair that grows
Upon your highness' head and chin, a little
Inclining unto gray.
Lor. Inclining! doctor.
Doct. Pardon me, mighty sir, I went too far,
Not gray at all;—I dare not flatter you,
'Tis something changed; but this applied will help it
To the first amber-colour, every hair
As fresh as when, your manhood in the prime,
Your grace arrived at thirty.
Lor. Very well.
Doct. Then here's a precious oil, to which the maker
Hath not yet given a name, will soon fill up
These dimples in your face and front. I grant
They are terrible to your enemies, and set off
Your frowns with majesty; but you may please
To know, as sure you do, a smooth aspect,
Softness and sweetness, in the court of Love,
Though dumb are the prevailing orators.

Lor. Will he new-create me?
Doct. If you deign to taste too
Of this confection.
Lor. I am in health, and need
No physick.
Doct. Physick, sir! An empress,
If that an empress' lungs, sir, may be tainted
With putrefaction, would taste of it
That night on which she were to print a kiss
Upon the lips of her long-absent lord
Returning home with conquest.
Lor. 'Tis predominant
Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor?
Doct. Clothe the infirmity with sweeter language,
'Tis a preservative that way.
Lor. You are then
Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,
And have the government of the borrow'd beauties
Of such as write near forty.
Doct. True, my good lord,
And my attempts have prosper'd.
Lor. Did you never
Minister to the princess?
Doct. Sir, not yet;
She's in the April of her youth, and needs not
The aids of art, my gracious lord; but in
The autumn of her age I may be useful,
And sworn her highness' doctor, and your grace
Partake of the delight.
Lor. Slave! witch! impostor!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mountebank! cheater! traitor to great nature,
In thy presumption to repair what she
In her immutable decrees design'd
For some few years to grow up, and then wither!
Or is't not crime enough thus to betray

The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,
But thou must make the honour of this age,
And envy of the time to come, Matilda,
Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of
A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,
Which for a perpetuity of youth
And pleasure she disdains to act, such is
Her purity and innocence!

[*Sets his foot on the Doctor's breast.*

Alon. Long since
I look'd for this l'envoy.[7]

Mart. Would I were well off!
He's dangerous in these humours.

Oct. Stand conceal'd.

Doct. O sir, have mercy! in my thought I never
Offended you.

Lor. Me! most of all, thou monster!
What a mock-man property in thy intent
Wouldst thou have made me? a mere pathick to
Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.
Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,
And held a blessing by the wisest men,
And for such warranted by holy writ,
To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame?
Or plaister up these furrows in my face,
As if I were a painted bawd or whore?
By such base means if that I could ascend
To the height of all my hopes, their full fruition

[7] Alon. *Long since*
I look'd for this l'envoy.] i. e. for this termination. The *l'envoy* is explained with great accuracy by Cotgrave: he says, "it is the *conclusion* of a ballad or sonnet in a short stanza by itself, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication of the whole." In French poetry, *l'envoy* sometimes serves to convey the moral of the piece: but our old dramatists, in adopting the word, disregarded the sense, and seldom mean more by it than conclusion, or end. It occurs in Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, in most of our ancient writers.

Would not wipe off the scandal: no, thou wretch!
Thy cozening water and adulterate oil
I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust
Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies:—
Vanish for ever!

Mart. You have your fee, as I take it,
Dear domine doctor! I'll be no sharer with you.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Lor. I'll court her like myself; these rich adornments
And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,
My order too, of which I am the sovereign,
Can meet no ill construction; yet 'tis far
From my imagination to believe
She can be taken with sublimed clay,
The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries:
Nor must I borrow helps from power or greatness,
But as a loyal lover plead my cause;
If I can feelingly express my ardour,
And make her sensible of the much I suffer
In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to take
Compassion on me,—ha! compassion?
The word sticks in my throat: what's here, that tells me
I do descend too low? rebellious spirit,
I cónjure thee to leave me! there is now
No contradiction or declining left,
I must and will go on.

Mart. The tempest's laid;
You may present yourselves.

[*Alonzo and Pisano come forward.*

Alon. My gracious lord.

Pisan. Your humble vassal.

Lor. Ha! both living?

Alon. Sir,
We owe our lives to this good lord, and make it
Our humble suit——

Lor. Plead for yourselves: we stand
Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers
Can save the forfeiture of your own heads:
Though we have put our armour off, your pardon
For leaving of the camp without our license
Is not yet sign'd. At some more fit time wait us.
[*Exeunt Lorenzo, Gentleman, and Page.*
Alon. How's this?
Mart. 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with
A rougher entertainment, yet I had
Good cards to shew. He's parcel mad; you'll find him
Every hour in a several mood; this foolish love
Is such a shuttlecock! but all will be well
When a better fit comes on him, never doubt it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, *and* MANFROY.

Gon. How do you find her?
Uber. Thankful for my service,
And yet she gives me little hope; my rival
Is too great for me.
Gon. The great duke, you mean?
Uber. Who else? the Milanese, although he be
A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs
More than myself.
Farn. A high estate, with women,
Takes place of all desert.
Uber. I must stand my fortune.

Enter LORENZO *and Attendants.*

Man. The duke of Florence, sir.
Gon. Your highness' presence
Answers my wish. Your private ear:—I have used
My best persuasion with a father's power
To work my daughter to your ends; yet she,
Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,
Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves not
At which port to put in. This prince's merits,
Your grace and favour; nor is she unmindful
Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir,
I needs must call them so) Hortensio
Hath done to gain her good opinion of him;
All these together tumbling in her fancy,
Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,
And am assured this instant hour she gives
Hortensio private audience; I will bring you
Where we will see and hear all.
Lor. You oblige me.
Uber. I do not like this whispering.
Gon. Fear no foul play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HORTENSIO, BEATRICE, *and two* Waiting Women.

1 *Wom.* The princess, sir, long since expected you;
And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that
I have often moved her for you.

Hort. I am your servant.

Enter MATILDA.

Beat. She's come; there are others I must place to hear
The conference. [*Exit.*
1 *Wom.* Is't your excellency's pleasure
That we attend you?
Matil. No; wait me in the gallery.
1 *Wom.* Would each of us, wench, had a sweetheart too,
To pass away the time!
2 *Wom.* There I join with you.
[*Exeunt Waiting Women.*
Matil. I fear this is the last time we shall meet.
Hort. Heaven forbid!

Re-enter above BEATRICE *with* LORENZO, GONZAGA, UBERTI, *and* FARNEZE.

Matil. O my Hortensio!
In me behold the misery of greatness,
And that which you call beauty. Had I been
Of a more low condition, I might
Have call'd my will and faculties mine own,
Not seeing that which was to be beloved
With others' eyes: but now, ah me, most wretched
And miserable princess, in my fortune
To be too much engaged for service done me!
It being impossible to make satisfaction
To my so many creditors; all deserving,
I can keep touch with none.
Lor. A sad exordium.
Matil. You loved me long, and without hope, (alas,

I die to think ont't!) Parma's prince, invited
With a too partial report of what
I was, and might be to him, left his country,
To fight in my defence. Your brave achievements
I' the war, and what you did for me, unspoken,
Because I would not force the sweetness of
Your modesty to a blush, are written here:
And, that there might be nothing wanting to
Sum up my numerous engagements, (never
In my hopes to be cancell'd,) the great duke,
Our mortal enemy, when my father's country
Lay open to his fury, and the spoil
Of the victorious army, and I brought
Into his power, hath shewn himself so noble,
So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues[8]
That can set off a prince, that, though I cannot
Render him that respect I would, I am bound
In thankfulness to admire him.

Hort. 'Tis acknowledged,
And on your part to be return'd.

Matil. How can I,
Without the brand of foul ingratitude
To you, and prince Uberti?

Hort. Hear me, madam,
And what your servant shall with zeal deliver;

[8] *So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues*] I shall give this and the six following lines, as they stand in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. A better specimen cannot be desired of the fidelity, good taste, and critical knowledge with which these gentlemen performed their editorial duties. Their interpolations are in Roman characters:

So ful'l of strictest *honour, temperance,*
And all virtues that can set off a prince,
That, though I cannot render him that respect
I would, I m bound in thankfulness t' admire him.
Gal. *'Tis acknowledg'd, and on your part*
To be return'd.
Matil. But oh! *how can I,* &c.

As a Dædalean clew may guide you out of
This labyrinth of distraction.[9] He that loves
His mistress truly, should prefer her honour
And peace of mind above the glutting of
His ravenous appetite: he should affect her,
But with a fit restraint, and not take from her
To give himself: he should make it the height
Of his ambition, if it lie in
His stretch'd-out nerves to effect it, though she fly in
An eminent place,[1] to add strength to her wings,
And mount her higher, though he fall himself
Into the bottomless abyss; or else
The services he offers are not real,
But counterfeit.

Matil. What can Hortensio
Infer from this?

Hort. That I stand bound in duty
(Though in the act I take my last farewell
Of comfort in this life) to sit down willingly,
And move my suit no further. I confess,
While you were in danger, and heaven's mercy made me
Its instrument to preserve you, (which your goodness
Prized far above the merit,) I was bold
To feed my starved affection with false hopes.
I might be worthy of you: for know, madam,
How mean soever I appear'd in Mantua,
I had in expectation a fortune,
Though not possess'd of't, that encouraged me

[9] *This labyrinth of* distraction.] So the old copy: the modern editors capriciously read—*This labyrinth of* destruction! Every page, and almost every speech, teems with similar absurdities. Three lines below, they omit *her*, which destroys the meaning of the whole sentence.

[1] *An eminent* place,] i. e. height. See p. 127.

With confidence to prefer my suit, and not
To fear the prince Uberti as my rival.
Gon. I ever thought him more than what he seem'd.
Lor. Pray you, forbear.
Hort. But when the duke of Florence
Put in his plea, in my consideration
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him
A Mars of men in arms, and, those put off,
The great example for a kingly courtier
To imitate; annex to these his wealth,
Of such a large extent, as other monarchs
Call him the king of coin; and, what's above all,
His lawful love, with all the happiness
This life can fancy, from him flowing to you;
The true affection which I have ever born you,
Does not alone command me to desist,
But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you
To meet and welcome that felicity
Which hastes to crown your virtues.
Lor. We must break off this parley.
Something I have to say. [*Exeunt above.*
Matil. In tears I thank
Your care of my advancement; but I dare not
Follow your counsel. Shall such piety
Pass unrewarded? such a pure affection,
For any ends of mine, be undervalued?
Avert it, heaven! I will be thy Matilda,
Or cease to be; no other heat but what
Glows from thy purest flames, shall warm this bosom,
Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth,
Shall keep thee from me.

Re-enter below LORENZO, GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, *and* MANFROY.

Hort. I fear, gracious lady,
Our conference hath been overheard.
Matil. The better:
Your part is acted; give me leave at distance
To zany it. Sir, on my knees thus prostrate
Before your feet——
Lor. This must not be, I shall
Both wrong myself and you in suffering it.
Matil. I will grow here, and weeping thus turn marble,
Unless you hear and grant the first petition
A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered:
Nor doth the suit concern poor me alone,
It hath a stronger reference to you,
And to your honour; and, if you deny it,
Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were not
Born only for yourself, heaven's liberal hand
Design'd you to command a potent nation,
Gave you heroick valour, which you have
Abused in making unjust war upon
A neighbour-prince, a Christian; while the Turk,
Whose scourge and terrour you should be, securely
Wastes the Italian confines: 'tis in you
To force him to pull in his horned crescents,
And 'tis expected from you.
Lor. I have been
In a dream, and now begin to wake.
Matil. And will you
Forbear to reap the harvest of such glories,
Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces
Of a slight woman? or exchange your triumphs

For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves
(That should with your victorious sword make way
Through the armies of your enemies) in loose
And wanton dalliance? be yourself, great sir,
The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever
Two hearts long since united; your example
May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe
To that which you allow of.
Lor. The same tongue
That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw
A frozen numbness on my active spirit,
Hath disenchanted me. Rise, fairest princess!
And, that it may appear I do receive
Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will
Obey and follow it: I am your debtor,
And must confess you have lent my weaken'd reason
New strengths once more to hold a full command
Over my passions. Here to the world
I freely do profess that I disclaim
All interest in you, and give up my title,
Such as it is, to you, sir; and, as far
As I have power, thus join your hands.
Gon. To yours
I add my full consent.
Uber. I am lost, Farneze.
Farn. Much nearer to the port than you suppose:
In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.
Matil. Ah me, new stops!
Hort. Shall we be ever cross'd thus?
Farn. There is an act upon record, confirm'd
By your wise predecessors, that no heir
Of Mantua (as questionless the princess
Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in marriage

But where the match may strengthen the estate
And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman,
However I must style him honourable,
And of a high desert, having no power
To make this good in his alliance, stands
Excluded by our laws; whereas this prince,
Of equal merit, brings to Mantua
The power and principality of Parma:
And therefore, since the great duke hath let fall
His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can
Challenge the princess' favour.

Lor. Is this true, sir?

Gon. I cannot contradict it.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There's an ambassadour
From Milan, that desires a present audience;
His business is of highest consequence,
As he affirms: I know him for a man
Of the best rank and quality.

Hort. From Milan!

Gon. Admit him.

Enter Ambassadour, *and* JULIO *with a letter, which he presents on his knee to* GALEAZZO.

How! so low?

Amb. I am sorry, sir,
To be the bringer of this heavy news;
But since it must be known——

Gal. Peace rest with him!
I shall find fitter time to mourn his loss.
My faithful servant too!

Jul. I am o'erjoy'd,
To see your highness safe.

Gal. Pray you, peruse this,
And there you'll find that the objection,
The lord Farneze made, is fully answer'd.
Gon. The great John Galeas dead!
Lor. And this his brother,
The absolute lord of Milan!
Matil. I am revived.
Uber There's no contending against destiny:
I wish both happiness.

Enter ALONZO, MARIA, OCTAVIO, PISANO, *and* MARTINO.

Lor. Married, Alonzo!
I will salute your lady, she's a fair one,
And seal your pardon on her lips. [*Kisses Maria.*
Gon. Octavio!
Welcome e'en to my heart.[2] Rise, I should kneel
To thee for mercy.
Oct. The poor remainder of
My age shall truly serve you.
Matil. You resemble
A page I had, Ascanio.
Mar. I am
Your highness' servant still.

[2] Gonz. *Octavio!*
Welcome e'en to my heart. &c.] Massinger had involved his plot in a considerable difficulty, and it must be candidly acknowledged that he has shewn but little contrivance in extricating it. Nothing can be more inartificial than the sudden death of "the great John Galeas:" and certainly an opportunity for a moving scene was here presented in the reconcilement of Gonzaga and Octavio:—but the play had reached its full length, and was, therefore, of necessity to be abruptly concluded. Very little ingenuity might have made the catastrophe more worthy of the commencement.

The story is interesting, and though sufficiently diversified, neither improbable nor unnatural: the language of the superiour characters is highly poetick, and very beautiful.

Lor. All stand amazed
At this unlook'd-for meeting; but defer
Your several stories. Fortune here hath shewn
Her various power; but virtue in the end
Is crown'd with laurel: Love hath done his parts too;
And mutual friendship, after bloody jars,
Will cure the wounds received in our wars.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

PRAY you, gentlemen, keep your seats; something I would
Deliver to gain favour, if I could,
To us, and the still doubtful author. He,
When I desired an epilogue, answer'd me,
" 'Twas to no purpose: he must stand his fate,
" Since all entreaties now would come too late;
" You being long since resolved what you would say
" Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play."
A strange old fellow! yet this sullen mood
Would quickly leave him, might it be understood
You part not hence displeased. I am design'd
To give him certain notice: if you find
Things worth your liking, shew it. Hope and fear,
Though different passions, have the self-same ear.[3]

[3] This Play bears many marks of the heroick or chivalrous manners, or of both together. Some of these we see in the impartial admission of the services of all the suitors of Matilda,—in her free acceptance of the personal devotion of Galeazzo, though he makes his approach only as a gentle stranger,—and particularly in the extraordinary clemency of Lorenzo, and his magnanimous surrender of the beauteous object won by his valour. In some of the preceding Plays the reader will have observed certain traces of these manners. Among the grievances to be redressed in *the Parliament of Love* are those of "disdained lovers." When Almira *(a Very Woman)* abruptly dismisses don John, she is reproved for it, as offering an outrage to her high "breeding," and as guilty of almost a "barbarism." And Camiola *(Maid of Honour)* tolerates the pretensions of signior Sylli himself, and preserves the necessary decorum by styling him her servant. Without some such supposition as this, it would be difficult to account for the incongruities which ap-

pear in this Play: Matilda would act without discretion, and would lose her delicacy and her dignity; and Lorenzo, who indeed, on any supposition, cannot wholly escape censure, would hardly be allowed to retain his senses. It seems therefore to be the object of the story to blazon the effects of Matilda's beauty, and to exhibit the double heroism of action in Galeazzo, and of forbearance in Lorenzo. Several passages of the Play tend to suggest this view of it; and particularly one, in which the clemency of Lorenzo is expressly complimented by Gonzaga, as the true attendant of the "old heroick valour,"—

——————————— "a virtue
"Buried long since, but raised out of the grave
"By you, to grace this latter age."——

The age itself in which the events are supposed to take place, is fixed in the last scene by the death of the great John Galeas. But why a great duke of Florence, or a duke of Mantua, should be attributed to an age which knew of none, or why a war should be invented between Mantua and Florence, instead of the union of both against the ambition of Galeas himself, it would be useless to enquire. Massinger, or the writer from whom he draws his story, cares nothing for this, and accomplishes his purpose of amusement by personages called from any age or country:

Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit.

One circumstance is remarkable. Just before the death of Galeas is announced, Matilda incidentally entreats Lorenzo to point his arms against the Turks, then securely wasting the "Italian confines." In another part of the Play, he is extolled for his splendour, and proverbially named the "king of coin." And we know that somewhat within a century from the death of Galeas, Lorenzo (the magnificent) was the chief instrument of the expulsion of the Turks from Otranto, and became, what Matilda wishes him to be, their "scourge and terrour." It would be very desirable to know from what book of strange adventures this and the plots of some of the other Plays are derived; but this is a piece of information which I am wholly unable to give. Meanwhile, it must be said on behalf of Massinger himself, that this Play is agreeably written. The language is chaste, and of a temperate dignity, and is well adapted to the higher conversation of the stage. Some of the scenes too have considerable effect: the reception of the ambassadour in the first Act is stately and impressive, and the patriotism which it calls forth is only inferiour in animation to that in *the Bondman*. The confession scene too in the fourth Act is interesting, and reminds us, though at some distance, of *the Emperor of the East;* and the discovery of Maria by her father is pretty and

affecting. Some of the characters too are well drawn. Matilda has a pleasing mixture of dignity and condescension, is generous, delicate, and noble-minded, and (a circumstance which Massinger delights to represent,) is won by the modesty of her lover. Galeazzo himself is strongly described, both in his diffidence and his heroism; and his transition from the one to the other at her command, is highly animating. The principal faults arise from the management: the contrivances are sometimes redundant and sometimes defective; either they are accumulated without an answerable effect, or they are withheld when a small employment of them would materially relieve the story. There is also a verboseness in some of the speeches, and more tameness than usual in the soliloquies. He, whose thoughts burst into solitary speech, should pass, with brevity and passion, from one circumstance to another, and, for the purposes of the stage, should substantially convey his intelligence to the audience, while he appears only to labour under the disorder of his own feelings. But this double management is generally too delicate for Massinger: and the soliloquies of this Play are direct and circumstantial narrations, which might be addressed to another person.

A pleasing moral arises from the character of Galeazzo: it teaches us that modesty is essentially connected with true merit. The vulgar, who, like the attendants of Matilda, are fond of boldness, may look on it with contempt; but let it not despair; the eye of taste and sense will mark it for distinction and reward; and even those will join in allowing its deserts, who feel themselves eclipsed by its superiority. Dr. Ireland.

THE OLD LAW.

THE OLD LAW.] Of this Comedy, which is said to have been written by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in conjunction, there is but one edition, the quarto of 1656, which appears to be a hasty transcript from the Prompter's book, made, as I have observed, when the necessities of the actors, now grievously oppressed by the republicans, compelled them, for a temporary resource, to take advantage of a popular name, and bring forward such pieces as they yet possessed in manuscript.

Of Middleton and Rowley some notice has been already taken: I have therefore only to repeat what is hazarded in the Introduction, my persuasion that the share of Massinger in this strange composition, is not the most considerable of the three.

This Play was printed for Edward Archer: it does him no credit; for a work so full of errours, and those too of the most gross and ridiculous kind, has seldom issued from the press. Hundreds of the more obvious are corrected in silence; others, with the attempts to remove them, are submitted to the reader, who, (if he thinks the enquiry worth his labour,) will here find *the Old Law* far less irregular, unmetrical, and unintelligible, than in any of the preceding editions.

This drama was once very popular. The title of the quarto is, "The excellent Comedy called *the Old Law*, or *A New Way to please You*.—Acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury House, and at several other places with great applause."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Evander, *duke of* Epire.
Cratilus, *the executioner.*
Creon, *father to* Simonides.
Simonides, Cleanthes, } *young courtiers.*
Lysander, *husband to* Eugenia, *and uncle to* Cleanthes.
Leonides, *father to* Cleanthes.
Gnotho, *the clown.*
Lawyers.
Courtiers.
Dancing-master.
Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Coachman, Footman, Cook, } *Servants to* Creon.
Clerk.
Drawer.

Antigona, *wife to* Creon.
Hippolita, *wife to* Cleanthes.
Eugenia, *wife to* Lysander, *and mother to* Parthenia.
Parthenia.
Agatha, *wife to* Gnotho.
Old women, wives to Creon's *servants.*
Courtezan.

Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, &c.

SCENE, Epire.

THE

OLD LAW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Creon's *House.*

Enter SIMONIDES *and two* Lawyers.

Sim. Is the law firm, sir?
1 *Law.* The law! what more firm, sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?
Sim. By my troth, sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,
You have indirectly answered my question.
I did not doubt the fundamental grounds
Of law in general, for the most solid;
But this particular law that me concerns
Now at the present, if that be firm and strong,
And powerful, and forcible, and permanent.
I am a young man that has an old father.
2 *Law.* Nothing more strong, sir.
It is—*Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum cum voce senatus, et voce reipublicæ;* nay, *consummatum et exemplificatum.*
Is it not in force
When divers have already tasted it,
And paid their lives for penalty?
Sim. 'Tis true.

My father must be next; this day completes
Full fourscore years upon him.
2 *Law.* He is here, then,
Sub pœna statuti; hence I can tell him
Truer then all the physicians in the world,
He cannot live out tomorrow; this
Is the most certain climacterical year—
'Tis past all danger, for there's no escaping it.
What age is your mother, sir?
Sim. Faith, near her days too;
Wants some two of threescore.
1 *Law.* So! she'll drop away
One of these days too: here's a good age now
For those that have old parents, and rich inheritance!
Sim. And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices
That younger men would walk lustily in?
Churchmen, that even the second infancy
Hath silenced, yet have spun out their lives so long,
That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languish'd in their hoped reversions,
And died upon the thought? and, by your leave, sir,
Have you not places fill'd up in the law
By some grave senators, that you imagine
Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,
Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?
1 Law. *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*[1]

[1] Law. *Dic quibus* &c.] This lawyer is a very clever fellow but I do not see the drift of his quotation.

Sim. But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:
Is't not a sound and necessary law
This, by the duke enacted?

1 *Law.* Never did Greece,
Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,
'Mongst all her *nomothetæ* and lawgivers,
Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,
Whose living memory can never die,
Produce a law more grave and necessary.

Sim. I am of that mind too.

2 *Law.* I will maintain, sir,
Draco's oligarchy, that the government
Of community reduced into few,
Framed a fair state; Solon's *chreokopia,*[2]
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,
Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;
His *seiscatheia* did reform that errour,[3]
His honourable senate of Areopagitæ.
Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free
And licentious reins unto his discipline;
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,
Might choose her able friend to propagate;
That so the commonwealth might be supplied
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,
And so did Aristotle, in allowing
Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws:
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law

[2] ——— *Solon's* chreokopia] Χρεωκοπια signifies the cutting off that part of the debt which arose from the interest of the sum lent. M. Mason.

[3] *His* seisactheia *did reform that errour,*] Σεισαχθεια, i. e. a shaking off a burthen, metaphorically, an abolition of debt. This lawyer's notions of honesty would have fitted him for one of Solon's counsellors.

That all our predecessive students
Have miss'd unto their shame.

Enter CLEANTHES.

Sim. Forbear the praise, sir,
'Tis in itself most pleasing:—Cleanthes!
O, lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down kept the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.
Clean. Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms, among those trees[4]
Which we had shelter from?
Sim. Yes, from our growth
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?
Clean. Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year with me.
Sim. Prithee, how old's thy father? then I can tell thee.
Clean. I know not how to answer you, Simonides;
He is too old, being now exposed
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;
And yet not old enough by many years,
Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.
Sim. These very passions I speak to my father.[5]

[4] Clean. *Whither, sir, I pray?*
To the bleak air of storms; among those trees,
Which we had shelter from?] This short speech is a pretty introduction to the filial piety and tenderness which form the character of Cleanthes.

[5] Sim. *These very* passions *I speak to my father.*] i. e. these pathetick speeches: this word occurs frequently in our old writers, for a short monody or song of the plaintive kind. Thus Tomkis: Not a one shakes his tail, but I sigh out a *passion*. *Albumazar.*

Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may speak
Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,
And shall be counsellors shortly.
Clean. They shall be now, sir,
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.
1 *Law.* Oh, sir, we must undertake of both parts;
But the good we have most good in.
Clean. Pray you, say,
How do you allow of this strange edict?
1 Law. *Secundum justitiam;* by my faith, sir,
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.
Clean. What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot be,
It is no rule in justice there to punish.
1 *Law.* Oh, sir,
You understand a conscience, but not law.[6]
Clean. Why, sir, is there so main a difference?
1 *Law.* You'll never be good lawyer if you understand not that.
Clean. I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad one.
1 *Law.* Why, sir, the very letter and the sense both do overthrow you in this statute, which speaks, that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then be cut off as fruitless to the republick, and law shall finish what nature linger'd at.
Clean. And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in law?

[6] 1 Law. *Oh, sir,*
You understand a conscience, but not law.] These learned gentlemen make very free with their profession; but the distinction is a good one.

1 *Law.* It is so plain it can have no demur,
The church-book overthrows it.
Clean. And so it does;[7]
The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.
1 *Law.* Still you run from the law into errour:
You say it takes the lives of innocents,
I say no, and so says common reason;
What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,
That can die innocent?
Clean. A fine law evasion!
Good sir, rehearse the whole statute to me.
Sim. Fie! that's too tedious; you have already
The full sum in the brief relation.
Clean. Sir,
'Mongst many words may be found contradictions;
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,
If they can pick a quarrel with some errour.
2 *Law.* Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for you:
Anno primo Evandri, Be it for the care and good of the commonwealth, (for divers necessary reasons that we shall urge,) thus peremptorily enacted,—
Clean. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not!
2 Law. *That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, shall on the same day be instantly put to death, by those means*

[7] Clean. *And so it does;*
The church-book *overthrows it, if you read it well.*] Cleanthes and the lawyer are at cross purposes. The latter observes that the church-book (by which he means the register of births kept there) overthrows all demur; to which the former replies, that it really does so; taking the holy Scriptures for the church-book.

To observe upon the utter confusion of all time and place, of all customs and manners, in this drama, would be superfluous; they must be obvious to the most careless observer.

and instruments that a former proclamation, had to this purpose, through our said territories dispersed.

Clean. There was no woman in this senate, certain.

1 Law. *That these men, being past their bearing arms, to aid and defend their country; past their manhood and likelihood, to propagate any further issue to their posterity; and as well past their councils (whose overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their country; to whom, in common reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the good of their country: yet wanting the means to maintain it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary use, be condemned to die: for the women, for that they never were a defence to their country; never by counsel admitted to assist in the government of their country; only necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now, at the age of threescore, past that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit (a quarter abated from the more worthy member) that they be put to death, as is before recited: provided that for the just and impartial execution of this our statute, the example shall first begin in and about our court, which ourself will see carefuly performed; and not, for a full month*[8] *following, extend any further into our dominions. Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace Royal in Epire.*[9]

[8] ——— *and not for a full month* &c.] The reader will see the necessity and the motive of this provision in the act, towards the conclusion of the Play.

[9] Had Acts of Parliament, in Massinger's days, been somewhat like what they are in ours, we might not unreasonably have supposed that this was wickedly meant as a ridicule on

Clean. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded!
And is there no scruple in all these words,
To demur the law upon occasion?

Sim. Pox! 'tis an unnecessary inquisition;
Prithee set him not about it.

2 *Law.* Troth, none, sir:
It is so evident and plain a case,
There is no succour for the defendant.

Clean. Possible! can nothing help in a good case?

1 *Law.* Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,
Which would protract; delay, if not remedy.

Clean. Why, there's some comfort in that; good sir, speak it.

1 *Law.* Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.

Sim. Prithee, do not;
It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,
That may die after it.

Clean. Come, sir, I know
How to make you speak:—will this do it?
[*Gives him his purse.*

1 *Law.* I will afford you my opinion, sir.

Clean. Pray you, repeat the literal words expressly,
The time of death.

Sim. 'Tis an unnecessary question; prithee let it alone.

2 *Law.* Hear his opinion, 'twill be fruitless, sir:
That man, at the age of fourscore, and woman at threescore, shall the same day be put to death.

them; for a more prolix, tautological, confused piece of formality, human wit, or rather human dulness, could not easily have produced. As it stands in the old copy and in Coxeter, it is absolutely incomprehensible. Mr. M. Mason restored it to as much meaning as it was probably intended to have, by a few interpolations; and I have endeavoured to attain the same end, without deviating altogether so much from the original.

1 *Law.* Thus I help the man to twenty-one years more.

Clean. That were a fair addition.

1 *Law.* Mark it, sir; we say, man is not at age
Till he be one and twenty; before, 'tis infancy
And adolescency; now, by that addition,
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.

Sim. Oh, poor evasion!
He is fourscore years old, sir.

1 *Law.* That helps more, sir;
He begins to be old at fifty, so at fourscore
He's but thirty years old; so, believe it, sir,
He may be twenty years in declination,
And so long may a man linger and live by it.

Sim. The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard!
Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.

1 *Law.* There is no law for restitution of fees, sir,

Clean. No, no, sir; I meant it lost when it was given.

Enter CREON *and* ANTIGONA.

Sim. No more, good sir,
Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.

1 *Law.* I have spoke out my fee, and I have done, sir.

Sim. O my dear father!

Creon. Tush! meet me not in exclaims;
I understand the worst, and hope no better.
A fine law! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,
And many watchmen's places will be vacant;[1]

[1] ——— *if this hold, white heads will be cheap,*
And many watchmen's places will be vacant;] The authors could not forbear, even at this serious moment, to indulge a smile at the venerable guardians of the night, who in their time, as well as in ours, seem to have been very "ancient and quiet"

Forty of them I know my seniors,
That did due deeds of darkness too:——their country
Has watch'd them a good turn for't,
And ta'en them napping now:
The fewer hospitals will serve too, many
May be used for stews and brothels; and those people
Will never trouble them to fourscore.
Ant. Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?
Creon. Sorrow! for what, Antigona? for my life,
My sorrow is I have kept it so long well
With bringing it up unto so ill an end.
I might have gently lost it in my cradle,
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong
To bind it faster to me.
Sim. For mine own sake
I should have been sorry for that.
Creon. In my youth
I was a soldier, no coward in my age;
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Dangers, on horse, on foot, [by land,] by water,
I have scaped to this day; and yet this day,
Without all help of casual accidents,
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers
Fourscore years to me. Where is the fault now?
I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,
Nor aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves

personages. The remainder of this speech stands thus in the quarto:

That did due deeds of darkness to their country,
Has watch'd 'em a good turn for't, and tane 'em
Napping now, the fewer hospitals will serve to,
Many may be used for stews, &c.

Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.
He that has been a soldier all his days,
And stood in personal opposition
'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat
And pinching cold, has[2] treacherously at home
In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand
Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance:——
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

1. *Law.* Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law.

Creon. And what's that, but the sword of tyranny,
When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?
I am now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit
I should unbosom my free conscience,
And shew the faith I die in:—I do believe
'Tis tyranny that takes my life.

Sim. Would it were gone.
By one means or other! what a long day
Will this be ere night?

Creon. Simonides.

Sim. Here, sir,—weeping.[3]

[2] *And pinching cold,* has *treacherously at home,*
In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand
Been *basely lost, in* his *stars' ignorance:——*
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.] The old copy gives the conclusion of this speech thus:

And pinching cold has *treacherously at home*
In his secured quiet by a villain's hand
Am *basely lost in my star's ignorance*
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

For *has* Coxeter reads *dies*, and for *Am*, in the third line, *I'm*; but this cannot be right; for Creon had just before acquitted his stars of any concern in his destiny. Mr. M. Mason blindly follows Coxeter. I am not very confident of the genuineness of my readings; but they produce something like a meaning: and in a Play so incorrectly, so ignorantly printed as this, even that is sometimes to be regarded as an acquisition.

[3] Sim. *Here, sir,*—weeping.] This is given by the modern editors as a marginal note; but the old copy makes it, and rightly, a part of the text.

Creon. Wherefore dost thou weep?
Clean. 'Cause you make no more haste to your end.
Sim. How can you question nature so unjustly?
I had a grandfather, and then had not you
True filial tears for him?
Clean. Hypocrite!
A disease of drought dry up all pity from him
That can dissemble pity with wet eyes!
Creon. Be good unto your mother, Simonides,
She must be now your care.
Ant. To what end, sir?
The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,
As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,
With one hour's stay, to go along with you.
Creon. Thou must not, woman, there are years behind,
Before thou canst set forward in this voyage;
And nature, sure, will now be kind to all:
She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law
Seeks to prevent[4] her, she will therefore fight in't,
And draw out life even to her longest thread:
Thou art scarce fifty-five.
Ant. So many morrows!
Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,
To hours, or minutes, for your company.
'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,
Should walk together arm in arm.
Sim. I hope
They'll go together; I would they would, i'faith,
Then would her thirds be saved too.—The day goes away, sir.

[4] *She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law*
Seeks to prevent *her*,] i. e. to *anticipate* the period she had allotted to life. In this classick sense the word is constantly used by our old writers, and, indeed, several instances of it have been noticed in the preceding pages.

Creon. Why wouldst thou have me gone, Simonides?

Sim. O my heart! would you have me gone before you, sir,
You give me such a deadly wound?

Clean. Fine rascal!

Sim. Blemish my duty so with such a question?
Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy;
He that's above the law may mitigate
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning
May be corrupted by a misconstruction!

Creon. Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think thou mean'st so.

Clean. You were in the more errour.

Sim. The words wounded me.

Clean. 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't.

Sim. I have been ransacking the helps of law,
Conferring with these learned advocates:
If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense
Could have been found out to preserve your life,
It had been bought, though with your full estate,
Your life's so precious to me!—but there's none.

1 *Law.* Sir, we have canvass'd her from top to toe,
Turn'd her upside down, thrown her upon her side,
Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails,
Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hoped
But the duke's mercy.

Sim. I know the hope of that;
He did not make the law for that purpose.

Creon. Then to this hopeless mercy last I go;
I have so many precedents before me,
I must call it hopeless: Antigona,
See me deliver'd up unto my deathsman,
And then we'll part;—five years hence I'll look for thee.

Sim. I hope she will not stay so long behind you.
Creon. Do not bate him an hour by grief and sorrow,
Since there's a day prefix'd, hasten it not.
Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now,
Any disease thou wilt may be my end,
Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.
[*Exeunt Creon and Antigona.*
Sim. Cleanthes, if you want money, to morrow use me;
I'll trust you while[4] your father's dead.
[*Exit, with the Lawyers.*
Clean. Why, here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!
Does the kind root[5] bleed out his livelihood
In parent distribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen;
And must not gratitude descend again
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?
Improvident, or at least partial nature!
(Weak woman in this kind,) who in thy last teeming
Forgettest still the former, ever making
The burthen of thy last throes the dearest darling.
O yet in noble man reform [reform] it,
And make us better than those vegetives,
Whose souls die with them. Nature, as thou art old,
If love and justice be not dead in thee,
Make some the pattern of thy piety,
Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,
And thou be blamed for our oblivious

[4] *I'll trust you* while *your father's dead.*] i. e. *until* your father be dead: see Vol. II. p. 409.

[5] *Does the kind root* &c.] This beautiful speech is most unmetrically printed in all the editions; it is, I hope, somewhat improved by a different arrangement, and a repetition of the word in brackets.

Enter LEONIDES *and* HIPPOLITA.

And brutish reluctations! Ay, here's the ground
Whereon my filial faculties must build
An edifice of honour or of shame
To all mankind.
Hip. You must avoid it, sir,
If there be any love within yourself:
This is far more than fate of a lost game
That another venture may restore again;
It is your life, which you should not subject
To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.
Clean. O dearest woman, thou hast doubled now
A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!
Why, she whose love is but derived from me,
Is got before me in my debted duty.
Hip. Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?
Clean. Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee
To be so forward in so good a cause?
Hip. Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,
And then your love and power did both command me.
Clean. They were all blessed angels to direct thee;
And take their counsel. How do you fare, sir?
Leon. Cleanthes, never better; I have conceived
Such a new joy within this old bosom,
As I did never think would there have enter'd.
Clean. Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.
Leon. Death! what is that, Cleanthes? I thought not on't,
I was in contemplation of this woman:

'Tis all thy comfort, son;' thou hast in her
A treasure unvaluable, keep her safe.
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,
For I will die with wonder of her virtues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.
Clean. 'Twere much better, sir,
Could you prevent their malice.
Leon. I'll prevent them,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men
Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.
That the strong tie of wedlock should do more
Than nature in her nearest ligaments
Of blood and propagation! I should never
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,
Were there more such children.
Clean This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.
Leon. Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour
In the search of means to save my forfeit life,
And knew the wise and the sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder in your love to her.
Clean. The thought,
The very thought, sir, claims all that from me,
And she is now possest of't: but, good sir,
If you have aught received from her advice,
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,
And take the surest course.
Leon. I'll tell thee one;
She counsels me to fly my severe country;
To turn all into treasure, and there build up

[7] *'Tis all* thy *comfort, son;*]For *thy* Mr. M. Mason reads *my:* the alteration is specious, but I see no necessity for it.

My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.
Clean. And, sir,
I apprehend it as a safest course,
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us be all most expeditious.
Every country where we breathe will be our own,
Or better soil; heaven is the roof of all,
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.
Hip. Oh, then avoid it, sir; these sad events
Follow those black predictions.
Leon. I prithee peace;
I do allow thy love, Hippolita,
But must not follow it as counsel, child;
I must not shame my country for the law.
This country here hath bred me, brought me up,[3]
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I am in my second infancy, and children
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle
As in their natural mother's.
Hip. Ay, but, sir,
She is unnatural; then the stepmother's
To be preferr'd before her.
Leon. Tush! she shall
Allow it me in despite of her entrails.
Why, do you think how far from judgment 'tis
That I should travel forth to seek a grave
That is already digg'd for me at home,
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it?—
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?
For your dear loves how have I banish'd you
From your country ever? With my base attempt
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that

[3] *This country here hath bred me, brought me up,* &c.] There is something exquisitely tender in this short speech.

Which only for your sakes I bred together;
Buried my name in Epire[9] which I built
Upon this frame, to live for ever in?
What a base coward shall I be to fly from
That enemy which every minute meets me,
And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me
Before this hour of battle! Fly my death!
I will not be so false unto your states,
Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me;
I'll meet him bravely; I cannot (this knowing) fear
That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.
Come, I have days of preparation left.

Clean. Good sir, hear me:
I have a genius that has prompted me,
And I have almost formed it into words;——
'Tis done, pray you observe them: I can conceal you;
And yet not leave your country.

Leon. Tush! it cannot be
Without a certain peril on us all.

Clean. Danger must be hazarded, rather than accept
A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,
So far remote from way of passengers,
That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't;
And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,
Built with such cunning labyrinths within,
As if the provident heavens, foreseeing cruelty,
Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.

[9] *Buried my name in Epire* &c.] This is obscure. Perhaps, Leonides means that he had so conducted himself in his native country, (i. e. so raised his reputation there,) that his memory would always live in the recollection of the people, unless he now quitted them for a residence elsewhere. The conclusion of this speech I do not understand: perhaps, something is lost.

Leon. Fie, fie! 'tis dangerous,—and treason too,
To abuse the law.
Hip. 'Tis holy care, sir,
Of your dear life,[1] which is your own to keep,
But not your own to lose, either in will
Or negligence.
Clean. Call you it treason, sir?
I had been then a traitour unto you,
Had I forgot this; beseech you, accept of it;
It is secure, and a duty to yourself.
Leon. What a coward will you make me!
Clean. You mistake,
'Tis noble courage: now you fight with death,
And yield not to him till you stoop under him.
Leon. This must needs open to discovery,
And then what torture follows?
Clean. By what means, sir?
Why, there is but one body in all this counsel,
Which cannot betray itself: we two are one,
One soul, one body, one heart, that think one thought;
And yet we two are not completely one,
But as I have derived myself from you.——
Who shall betray us where there is no second?
Hip. You must not mistrust my faith, though my sex plead
Weakness and frailty for me.
Leo. Oh, I dare not.
But where's the means that must make answer for me?
I cannot be lost without a full acccount,
And what must pay that reckoning?
Clean. Oh, sir, we will
Keep solemn obits for your funeral;

[1] Hip. *'Tis holy care, sir,*
Of your dear life, &c.] This thought, at once pious and philosophical, is frequently dwelt upon by Massinger.

We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,
That death so gently has prevented you
The law's sharp rigour; and this no mortal ear shall
Participate the knowledge of.
Leo. Ha, ha, ha!
This will be a sportive fine demur,
If the errour be not found.
Clean. Pray doubt of none.
Your company and best provision
Must be no further furnish'd than by us;
And in the interim your solitude may
Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare
[For that] which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you.[2]
Leo. Still there are some doubts
Of the discovery; yet I do allow it.
Hip. Will you not mention now the cost and charge
Which will be in your keeping!
Leo. That will be somewhat,
Which you might save too.
Clean. With his will against him,
What foe is more to man than man himself?
Are you resolved sir?
Leo. I am, Cleanthes;
If by this means I do get a reprieve,
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come
Armed in his own power to give the blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare*
[For that] which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you.] Here again some words are lost by the negligence of the printer, which, in this play, exceeds all credibility. It is impossible to recover them; but to make something like sense of the passage, I have ventured to add what is enclosed between brackets.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter EVANDER, Courtiers, *and* CRATILUS.

Evan. Executioner!
Crat. My lord.
Evan. How did old Diocles take his death?
Crat. As weeping brides receive their joys at night,
With trembling, yet with patience.
Evan. Why, 'twas well.
1 *Court.* Nay, I knew my father would do well, my lord,
Whene'er he came to die; I'd that opinion of him,
Which made me the more willing to part from him;
He was not fit to live in the world, indeed
Any time these ten years, my lord,
But I would not say so much.
Evan. No! you did not well in't,
For he that's all spent, is ripe for death at all hours,
And does but trifle time out.
1 *Court.* Troth, my lord,
I would I'd known your mind nine years ago.
Evan. Our law is fourscore years, because we judge
Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness
In women at threescore; marry, if the son
Can within compass bring good solid proofs
Of his own father's weakness and unfitness

To live, or sway the living, though he want five
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
He dies when he deserves; for every act
Is in effect then when the cause is ripe.
2 *Court.* An admirable prince! how rarely he talks![3]
Oh that we'd known this, lads! What a time did we endure
In two-penny commons, and in boots twice vamp'd!
1 *Court.* Now we have two pair a week, and yet not thankful;
'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come after us.
2 *Court.* Ay, an they knew it.
1 *Court.* Peace, let them never know it.
3 *Court.* A pox, there be young heirs will soon smell't out.
2 *Court.* 'Twill come to them by instinct, man: may your grace
Never be old, you stand so well for youth!
Evan. Why now, methinks, our court looks like a spring,
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds are gone.
1 *Court.* It is as a court should be:
Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for merit;
And herein your law proves a provident act,
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,
Nor colour in their cheeks.

[3] 2 Cour. *An admirable prince!* &c.] This and several of the subsequent speeches have been hitherto printed as prose: they are not, indeed, very mellifluous, yet they run readily enough into such kind of metre as this play is, for the most part, written in.

Evan. But women
By that law should live long, for they're ne'er past it.
1 *Court.* It will have heats though, when they see the painting
Go an inch deep i'the wrinkle, and take up
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my lord,
That should be the sole bravery of a palace,
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;
With clothes as if they sat on their backs on purpose
To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile;
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!
Now ours lie downward here close to the flank,
Right spending pockets, as a son's should be
That lives i'the fashion; where our diseased fathers,
Worried with the sciatica and aches,
Brought up your paned hose first,[4] which ladies laugh'd at,
Giving no reverence to the place lies ruin'd:
They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,
And sits so close makes a man groan again,

[4] ——————— where *our diseased fathers*,
Worried *with the sciatica and aches*,
Brought up your paned hose *first*, &c.] For *where* Mr. M. Mason reads *whereas*, as usual! In the next line the old copy has—Would *with the sciatica*, &c. for which, he says, "we should read *wood*, i. e. mad, raging; but as that leaves the metre imperfect, I have adopted another word, which bids no less fairly to be the genuine one.

Paned hose (see Vol. II. 479) are ribbed breeches, the large and loose slops of our ancestors. The fashion is here ridiculed, as, about the end of Elizabeth's reign, when this Play was

And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those
That carry sway and worth: prick'd up in clothes,
Why should we fear our rising?

Evan. You but wrong
Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't.
Has not our law made you rich before your time?
Our countenance then can make you honourable.

1 *Court.* We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear worthy.

Evan. Why you're i'the noble way then, for the most
Are but appearers; worth itself is lost,
And bravery stands for't.[5]

Enter CREON, ANTIGONA, *and* SIMONIDES.

1 *Court.* Look, look, who comes here!
I smell death and another courtier,
Simonides.

2 *Court.* Sim!

Sim. Pish! I'm not for you yet,
Your company's too costly; after the old man's

apparently written, it was on the decline. In *the Great Duke of Florence*, produced many years subsequent to *the Old Law*, *paned hose* are mentioned as a fashionable article of dress, and this is agreeable to history, for they were again introduced at he accession of James II. and continued through the whole of his reign the characteristick marks of a fine gentleman and a courtier.

[5] *And* bravery *stands for't.*] i. e. ostentatious finery of apparel: in which sense it is frequently used in the Scriptures. "In that day the lord will take away the *bravery* of their tinkling ornaments. *Isaiah*, c. iii. v. 18, &c. &c. This short speech of the duke affords one of those scarcely perceptible openings through which Massinger artfully contrives to give the reader a glimpse of such characters as are hereafter to be developed. In every instance he follows nature, which abhors all sudden conversion; the common resource of modern dramatists.

Dispatch'd I shall have time to talk with you;
I shall come into the fashion you shall see too,
After a day or two; in the mean time,
I am not for your company.
Evan. Old Creon, you have been expected long;
Sure you're above fourscore.
Sim. Upon my life,
Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I search'd
The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think
I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?
'Twere pity o'my life then! no, your act
Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him
While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,
I know he would not offer't:—here he stands.
Creon. 'Tis just I die, indeed, for I confess
I am troublesome to life now, and the state
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counsel; I've o'late
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,
Can never serve a worldly prince well after;
'Tis clean another way.
Ant. Oh, give not confidence
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.
His preparation only for the next world
Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this;
He is not lost in judgment.
Sim. She spoils all again.
Ant. Deserving any way for state employment.
Sim. Mother——
Ant. His very household laws prescribed at home by him
Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,
They are so wise and virtuous.
Sim. Mother, I say——

Ant. I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,
But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,
His are not such; though they shew white, they are worthy,
Judicious, able, and religious.
Sim. Mother,
I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen.
Ant. Away, unnatural!
Sim. Then I am no fool, sure,
For to be natural at such a time
Were a fool's part, indeed.
Ant. Your grace's pity,
And 'tis but fit and just.
Creon. The law, my lord,
And that's the justest way.
Sim. Well said, father, i'faith!
Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.
Evan. Come hither, sir.
Sim. My lord.
Evan. What are those orders?
Ant. Worth observation, sir,
So please you hear them read.
Sim. The woman speaks she knows not what, my lord:
He make a law, poor man! he bought a TABLE, indeed,
Only to learn to die by't, there's the business, now;
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too,
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd on't:
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,
And keep a better TABLE[6] than that, I trow.

[6] *And keep a better* TABLE *than that, I trow.*] This wretched fellow is punning upon the word *table*, which, as applied to his father, meant a book, or rather, perhaps, a large sheet of paper,

Evan. And is that all, sir?
Sim. All, I vow, my lord,
Save a few running admonitions
Upon cheese-trenchers,[7] as——
Take heed of whoring, shun it,
'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.
And such calves' maws of wit and admonition,
Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs;
They are not so easily caught.
Evan. Agent for death!
Crat. Your will, my lord?
Evan. Take hence that pile of years,
Forfeit[8] before with unprofitable age,
And, with the rest, from the high promontory
Cast him into the sea.
Creon. 'Tis noble justice!
Ant. 'Tis cursed tyranny!
Sim. Peace! take heed, mother;
You've but short time to be cast down yourself;

where precepts for the due regulation of life were set down in distinct lines; and as applied to himself—that he would keep a better house, i. e. live more sumptuously than his father. *Then*, which the modern editors have after *table*, and which destroys the metre, is not in the old copy.

[7] *Upon cheese-trenchers,*] Before the general introduction of books, our ancestors were careful to dole out instruction in many ways: hangings, pictures, *trenchers*, knives, wearing-apparel, every thing, in a word, that was capable of containing a short sentence, was turned to account.

"These apophoreta, says Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie,)* we call posies, and do paint them now a dayes upon the back side of our *fruite-trenchers*," &c. p. 47. And Salton-stall observes of one of his characters, that "for talke hee commonly uses some proverbial verses, gathered perhaps from *cheese-trenchers*." *Pictures*, by W. S.

[8] Forfeit *before with unprofitable age.*] Such I take to be the genuine reading: the old copy has *surfeit*, which was adopted by Coxeter; and improved by Mr. M. Mason, by the insertion of *it!*

Before it *surfeit with unprofitable age.*

And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise,
In the mean time.

Ant. Hence, slave!

Sim. Well, seven and fifty,
You have but three years to scold, then comes your payment,

1 *Court.* Simonides.

Sim. Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold you talk yet,
Give a man time, I have a suit a-making.

2 *Court.* We love thy form first; brave clothes will come, man.

Sim. I'll make them come else, with a mischief to them,
As other gallants do, that have less left them.

[*Recorders within.*

Evan. Hark! whence those sounds? what's that?

1 *Court.* Some funeral,
It seems, my lord; and young Cleanthes follows.

Enter a Funeral Procession; the hearse followed by CLEANTHES *and* HIPPOLITA.

Evan. Cleanthes!

2 *Court.* 'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.

Evan. Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark it;
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it?
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed:
Light colours and light cheeks!—who should this be?
'Tis a thing worth resolving.

Sim. One, belike,
That doth participate this our present joy.

Evan. Cleanthes.

Clean. Oh, my lord!

Evan. He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay profess'd openly?
1 *Court.* I have known a widow laugh closely, my lord,
Under her handkerchief, when t'other part
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine;
But all the face to laugh apparently
Was never seen yet.
Sim. Yes, mine did once.
Clean. 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.
Evan. How can that be?
Clean. I joy to make it plain,—my father's dead.
Evan. Dead!
2 *Court.* Old Leonides!
Clean. In his last month dead:
He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest
That ever age was blest to.——
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
Will work it out, I see; when his poor heart broke
I did not do so much: but leap'd for joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
But chose a colour, orient like my mind:
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't; it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning grief
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gawdy-hearted: When I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me,
I could not choose but be entirely merry,

And yet to[9] see now!—of a sudden
Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,
That's never constant to one passion long.
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on't; sorrow's a thief,
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've perform'd
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.

Evan. Well, perform it,
The law is satisfied; they can but die:
And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well,
A rich and fair revenue.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Duke, Courtiers, &c.*

Sim. I would I had e'en
Another father, condition he did the like.[1]

Clean. I have past it bravely now; how blest was I
To have the duke in sight![2] now 'tis confirm'd,
Past fear or doubts confirm'd; on, on I say,
Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

[*Exit Funeral Procession, followed by Cleanthes, and Hippolita.*

Sim. I am rapt now in a contemplation,
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse;
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now

[9] *And yet* to *see now!*] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, I know not why,—*And yet* too, *see now.*

[1] ——— condition *he did the like.*] i. e. on condition: a mode of speech adopted by all our old poets.

[2] ——— *how blest was I*
To have the duke in sight!] Coxeter printed, (after the old copy,) *To have the* dim sight: the variation in the text is from a conjecture of Mr. M. Mason. I suppose the manuscript had only the initial letter of duke, and the printer not knowing what to make of *d. in* sight, corrected it into *dim sight.* These abbreviations are the source of innumerable errours.

To live and follow some seven uncles thus,
As many cousin-germans, and such people
That will leave legacies; pox! I'd see them hang'd else,
Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the way.
Now I've enough to[3] begin to be horrible covetous.

Enter Butler, Tailor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, *and* Footman.

But. We come to know your worship's pleasure, sir,
Having long served your father, how your good will
Stands towards our entertainment.
Sim. Not a jot, i'faith:
My father wore cheap garments, he might do't;
I shall have all my clothes come home to morrow,
They will eat up all you, an there were more of you, sirs.
To keep you six at livery, and still munching!
Tail. Why, I'm a tailor; you have most need of me, sir.
Sim. Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I confess;
But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at?
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that when
I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my doublet
Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight!

[3] *Now I've enough* to *begin to be* horrible *covetous.*] The modern editions have, *Now I've enough* I *begin to be* horribly *covetous.* I think there is more humour in the old reading.

But. I a butler.

Sim. There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

But. But a cup of small beer will do well next morning, sir.

Sim. I grant you; but what need I keep so big a knave for a cup of small beer?

Cook. Butler, you have your answer: marry, sir, a cook
I know your mastership cannot be without.

Sim. The more ass art thou to think so; for what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my house?—the banishing the butler might have been a warning for thee, unless thou mean'st to choak me.

Cook. In the mean time you have choak'd me, methinks.

Bail. These are superfluous vanities, indeed,
And so accounted of in these days, sir;
But then, your bailiff to receive your rents——

Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall take a course to spend them faster than thou canst reckon them; 'tis not the rents must serve my turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at; if a man should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is your business?

Coach. Your good mastership.

Sim. You have stood silent all this while, like men
That know your strengths: in these days, none of you
Can want employment; you can win me wagers,[4]
Footman, in running races.

Foot. I dare boast it, sir.

[4] ——— *you can win me* wagers,] So the old copy: the modern editions read, *you can win me* wages!

Sim. And when my bets are all come in, and store,
Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.
Coach I'll firk them into foam else.
Sim. Speaks brave matter:
And I'll firk some too, or't shall cost hot water.
[*Exeunt Simonides, Coachman, and Footman.*
Cook. Why, here's an age to make a cook a ruffian,
And scald the devil indeed! do strange mad things,
Make mutton-pasties of dog's flesh,
Bake snakes for lamprey pies, and cats for conies.
But. Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice once? for we must make up our fortunes somewhere now as the case stands: let's e'en, therefore, go seek out widows of nine and fifty, an we can, that's within a year of their deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them; for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a wife, for any man living.
Cook. Oracle butler! oracle butler! he puts down all the doctors o' the name.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Creon's *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *and* PARTHENIA.

Eug. Parthenia.
Parth. Mother.

* He alludes to Dr. W. Butler, a very celebrated physician of Elizabeth's days. The oddity of his manners, the singularity of his practice, and the extraordinary cures which he performed, raised many strange opinions of him. He died at an advanced age in 1618

Eug. I shall be troubled[5]
This six months with an old clog; would the law
Had been cut one year shorter!
Parth. Did you call, forsooth?
Eug. Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for
your father, [*Exit Parthenia.*
And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't!
The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.
His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,
And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,
When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?
Alas! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,
Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,
To screw out whiteness when I list——
And some sev'n of the properest men in the
dukedom
Making a banquet ready i'the next room for me;
Where he that gets the first kiss is enviéd,
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
This is a life for nineteen! 'tis but justice:
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,
And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
A woman young enough for their desire;
And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Do never think old men are old enough,
That we may soon be rid o' them; there's our
quittance.
I've waited for the happy hour this two years,
And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,
All that time I have lost.

[5] Eug. *I shall be troubled* &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have absurdly printed this and the following speeches of Eugenia as prose. I cannot account for the motives which induced them to do so, as they are not only very good metre, but are arranged as such in the old copy.

Enter Courtiers.

1 *Court.* Young lady!
2 *Court.* O sweet precious bud of beauty!
Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.
1 *Court.* The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to her——
It does exceed you only in the prickle,
But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.
Eug. What means this sudden visitation, gentlemen?
So passing well perfumed too! who's your milliner?
1 *Court.* Love, and thy beauty, widow.
Eug. Widow, sir?
1 *Court.* 'Tis sure, and that's as good: in troth we're suitors;
We come a wooing, wench; plain dealing's best.
Eug. A wooing! what, before my husband's dead?
2 *Court.* Let's lose no time; six months will have an end;
I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.
Eug. That's a sure knowledge, but it holds not here, sir.
1 *Court.* Do not we[6] know the craft of you young tumblers?
That when you wed an old man, you think upon

[6] 1 Court. *Do not* we *know the craft of* you *young tumblers? That* when *you wed an old man*, &c.] This speech has hitherto stood thus: *Don't* you *know the craft of* your *young tumblers? That you wed an old man*, &c. I have endeavoured to restore it to some degree of sense, by altering one word, and inserting another. To those who are acquainted with the deplorable state of the old copy, I shall easily stand excused for these and similar liberties, which, however, I have sparingly taken, and never but in the most desperate cases.

Another husband as you are marrying of him;—
We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see you.

Enter SIMONIDES *richly drest, and* Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks! 'twas my thought, indeed.
Sim. By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants?
Eug. Widow, again! 'tis a comfort to be call'd so.
1 *Court.* Who's this, Simonides?
2 *Court.* Brave Sim, i'faith.
Sim. Coachman.
Coach. Sir.
Sim. Have an especial care of my new mares;
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well
Must needs love a widow well.—When dies thy husband?
Is't not July next?
Eug. Oh, you are too hot, sir!
Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.
Sim. September! oh, I was but two bows wide.
1 *Court.* Simonides.
Sim. I can entreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Ha! whence this herd' of folly? what are you?

[7] Lys. *Ha! whence this* herd *of folly? what are you?*] This is the reading of the old copy; for which Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason strangely give us,
Ha! whence this unheard-of *folly? what are you?*

Sim. Well-willers to your wife; pray 'tend your book, sir;
We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,
For here be those in place that can supply.
Lys. What's thy wild business here?
Sim. Old man, I'll tell thee;
I come to beg the reversion of thy wife:
I think these gallants be of my mind too.—
But thou art but a dead man, therefore what should a man do talking with thee? Come, widow, stand to your tackling.
Lys. Impious blood-hounds!
Sim. Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.
Lys. Shames of nature!
Sim. Alas, poor ghost! consider what the man is.
Lys. Monsters unnatural! you that have been covetous
Of your own father's death, gape you for mine now?
Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon
Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themselves,
But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd.
For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty
It will not give an old man leave to die,
And leave a widow first, but will make one,
The husband looking on? May your destructions
Come all in hasty figures to your souls!
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake
Your honesties, that died when you were infants!
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,
Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseased
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery!
And may you never know what leisure is
But at repentance!—I am too uncharitable,

Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.
These are the plagues of fondness to old men,
We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.
[*Exit.*

Sim. So, so! the ghost is vanish'd: now, your answer, lady.

Eug. Excuse me, gentlemen; 'twere as much impudence
In me to give you a kind answer yet,
As madness to produce a churlish one.
I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,
Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed;
But I say no such thing: I set no time,
Nor is it mannerly to deny any.
I'll carry an even hand to all the world:
Let other women make what haste they will,
What's that to me? but I profess unfeignedly,
I'll have my husband dead before I marry;
Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.

Sim. Would he were hang'd, for my part, looks for other!

Eug. I'm at a word.

Sim. And I am at a blow, then;
I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you.
[*Kisses her.*

1 *Court.* Well struck, Sim.

Sim. He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.

1 *Court.* He would betray himself to be a botcher,
That goes about to mend it.

Eug. Gentlemen,
You know my mind; I bar you not my house,
But if you choose out hours more seasonably,
You may have entertainment.

Re-enter PARTHENIA.

Sim. What will she do hereafter, when she is a widow,
Keeps open house already?
[*Exeunt Simonides and Courtiers.*
Eug. How now, girl!
Parth. Those feather'd fools that hither took their flight,
Have grieved my father much.
Eug. Speak well of youth, wench,
While thou'st a day to live; 'tis youth must make thee,
And when youth fails, wise women will make it;
But always take age first, to make thee rich:
That was my counsel ever, and then youth
Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.
'Tis the time's policy, wench; what is't to bide
A little hardness for a pair of years, or so?
A man whose only strength lies in his breath,
Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow,
A cough o'the lungs, or say a wheezing matter;
Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after?
Parth. Every one to their liking; but I say
An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.
Yonder's my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITA.

Eug. Art, I must use thee now;
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue
That ever women had, it saves their credit oft.
Hip. How now, cousin!
What, weeping?
Eug. Can you blame me, when the time

Of my dear love and husband now draws on?
I study funeral tears against the day
I must be a sad widow.
Hip. In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too;
But, when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so quited:[8]—yet more sobbing?
Eug. Oh! the greatest part of your affliction's past,
The worst of mine's to come; I have one to die;
Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his
Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.
Hip. You must use patience, coz.
Eug. Tell me of patience!
Hip. You have example for't, in me and many.
Eug. Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband:
O, for a woman that could love, and live
With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin;
So quietly he lies by one, so still!
Hip. Alas! I have a secret lodged within me,
Which now will out in pity:—I cannot hold.
Eug. One that will not disturb me in my sleep
For a whole month together, less it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows,[9]
Against his will too:—he's the quietest man,
Especially in bed.

[8] *And look to be so quited;*] Mr. M. Mason reads—*And look to be so* far requited! What he imagined he had gained by this harsh and unmetrical addition, is difficult to conjecture: the text is very good sense.

[9] *As* aches, *coughs and pains, and these, heaven knows,*] Here again Mr. M. Mason wantonly sophisticates the text; he reads, *achs;* but the true word is that which stands above *(aches)*, which was always used in Massinger's time as a dissyllable, and pronounced *atch-es*.

Hip. Be comforted.
Eug. How can I, lady?
None know the terrour of an husband's loss,
But they that fear to lose him.
Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be;
She is my kinswoman, and I'm pitiful.
I must impart a good, if I know it once,
To them that stand in need on't; I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,
My friends must partake too:—prithee, cease, cousin;
If your love be so boundless, which is rare
In a young woman in these days, I tell you,
To one so much past service as your husband,
There is a way to beguile law, and help you;
My husband found it out first.
Eug. Oh, sweet cousin!
Hip. You may conceal him, and give out his death
Within the time; order his funeral too;
We had it so for ours, I praise heav'n for't,
And he's alive and safe.
Eug. O blessed coz,
How thou revivest me!
Hip. We daily see
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,
That ever life yet shew'd me.
Eug. So should I think,
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well!
Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily blessing;
And we two live so lovingly upon it,
His son and I, and so contentedly,
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.
Eug No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin,

What a great sorrow has thou eased me of?
A thousand thanks go with thee!
Hip. I have a suit to you,
I must not have you weep when I am gone. [*Exit.*
Eug. No, if I do ne'er trust me. Easy fool,
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever;
Take heed of angering of me: I conceal!
I feign a funeral! I keep my husband!
'Las! I've been thinking any time these two years,
I have kept him too long already.—
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,
And prick the man down; I've six months to do't,
But could dispatch it in one, were I put to't.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Church.

Enter GNOTHO *and* Clerk.

Gnoth. You have search'd over the parish-chronicle, sir?
Clerk. Yes, sir; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.
Gnoth. Pray you, be cover'd, sir.
Clerk. When you have shewed me the way, sir.
Gnoth. Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.
Clerk. A small clerk, sir.
Gnoth. Likely to be the wiser man, sir; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.
Clerk. You are a great man in the parish, sir.

Gnoth. I understand myself so much the better, sir; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

Clerk. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my head.

Gnoth. Mine is a capcase: now to our business in hand. Good luck, I hope; I long to be resolved.

Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:[1]
This is the dial that goes ever true;
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,
And it is good in law too.

Gnoth. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

Clerk. Mark, sir. *Agatha, the daughter of Pollux*, (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father,) *born*——

Gnoth. Whose daughter, say you?

Clerk. The daughter of Pollux.

Gnoth. I take it his name was Bollux.

Clerk. Pollux the orthography I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

Gnoth. Well, on sir, — of Pollux; now come on, Castor.

Clerk. *Born in an.* 1540, and now 'tis 99. By this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she's now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

Gnoth. I am sorry she wants so much.

Clerk. Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many ——

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days,[2] 'twill be the

[1] Clerk. *Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:*] *Which*, insert by the modern editors after *that*, is perfectly unnecessary; as they might have discovered, long before they reached this part of their work.

[2] Gnoth. *Do not* deduct *it to days,*] A Latinism, *deducere*, bring it down, or, as we say, reduce it to days.

more tedious; and to measure it by hourglasses were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

Gnoth. O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loth to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? It must needs be a grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!

Gnoth. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

Clerk. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might do you a pleasure.

Gnoth. There is, first, something above your duty: now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

Clerk. I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Gnoth. Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me, not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial I mean.—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

Clerk. Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

Gnoth. I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure's this?

Clerk. Four with a cipher, that's forty.

Gnoth. So! forty; what's this, now?

Clerk. The cipher is turn'd into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; what is't now?

Clerk. The four is turn'd into three; 'tis now thirty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; and can you do this again?

Clerk. Oh! easily, sir.

Gnoth. A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

Clerk. Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

Gnoth. Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

Clerk. A match with you.

Gnoth. Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

Clerk. A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scirophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the 11.[3] If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by law.

Gnoth. That's all one, sir; either do it, or pay me my wager.

Clerk. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Gnoth. A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

Clerk. I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

Gnoth. Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should

[3] Scirophorion, Hecatombaion, *and, soon after*, December; what a medley! This miserable ostentation of Greek literature is, I believe, from the pen of Middleton, who was "a piece" of a scholar.

be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

Clerk. Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

Gnoth. Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, *and* Butler.

Clerk. Lock close, here comes company;[4] asses have ears as well as pitchers.

Cook. Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats, as long as old master lived.[5]

Gnoth. And is this then the end of serving-men?

Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

Gnoth. 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

Tail. And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

But. And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That's strange, methinks, a lord should

[4] Lock *close, here comes company;*] So the old copy: the modern editors read—Look *close*, which has no meaning.

[5] This alludes to some game, in which the low cards were thrown out: *coats* were what we call court cards. *The end of serving-men*, which occurs in the next speech, is the title of an old ballad.

turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail. I do so, so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece.[6]

Bail. Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

Gnoth. Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

Cook. Troth he says true: well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk. With me, sir? any thing that I can.

But. Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tail. The truth is, every man has laid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the town-stock, if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

[6] If the reader wanted any additional proof that no part of this scene was written by Massinger, he might find it in this punning on the terms used by tailors: in these, and similar conceits he never indulges.

All. We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. Oh, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

But. The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

Tail. Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bail. I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clerk. I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

Gnoth. I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest.

Bail. So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

Gnoth. Alack! no, sir; I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

Bail. What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

Gnoth. 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

Bail. Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

Gnoth. Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.

Bail. Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

Gnoth. A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

Bail. A match.

Cook. I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

But. Hey, boys! I am made sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honey moon.

Tail. I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

Gnoth. This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

Bail. Now comes my turn, I hope, goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it.* Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you: Good luck, I beseech thee!

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Bail. That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Cook. How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

Gnoth. You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

But. I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

Gnoth. There's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

But. A bargain.

Cook. Nay, then we'll be all merchants: give me.

Tail. And me.

But. What, has the bailiff sped?

Bail. I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

Clerk. As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

Bail. Oh, clerk, you are to speak last always.

Clerk. I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

Enter AGATHA.

All. For this time, honest register.

Clerk. Fare you well then; if you do, I'll cry Amen to it.[7] [*Exit.*

Cook. Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

Gnoth. My first wife, sir.

But. Nay, then we have made a good match on't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

Tail. I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

Cook. We'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

But. I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

Bail. So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon will never get her.

[*Exeunt all but Gnotho and Agatha.*

Gnoth. Oh, wife, wife!

Aga. What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?[8]

Gnoth. 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect

[7] Clerk. *Fare you well then; if you do, I'll cry* Amen *to it.*] i. e. if you *fare well*:—but this is a sad abuse of criticism.

[8] Aga. *What ail you, man, you speak so* passionately?] i. e. so plaintively, so sorrowfully. See p. 463.

use as ever it was, should be so near her time? —but the Fates will have it so.

Aga. What's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

Gnoth. Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

Aga. Not that I know of, sure.

Gnoth. What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

Aga. Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;
I have years good yet of life in the remainder:
I want two yet at least of the full number;
Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless,
And not the able women.

Gnoth. Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

Aga. Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

Gnoth. I shall but discomfort thee.

Aga. Not at all man, when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

Gnoth. 1539. Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

Aga. Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—an 'twere but five years, I would not care; an able woman, methinks, were to b pitied.

Gnoth. Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days,

that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Alga. Marry, the heavens forbid!

Gnoth. There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physick, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Alga. Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

Gnoth. Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

Alga. Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

Gnoth. Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

Alga. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

Gnoth. No, I do not speak to that purpose; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous

women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time with all their hearts.

Aga. I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

Gnoth. No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out, you have but a month to live by the law.

Aga. Out alas!

Gnoth. Nay, scarce so much.

Aga. Oh, oh, oh, my heart! [*Swoons.*

Gnoth. Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

Aga. Oh my heart, but a month to live!

Gnoth. Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again—oh! woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

Aga. Nay, then I am gone already. [*Swoons.*

Gnoth. I would make haste to the sexton now, but I am afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

Aga. Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

Gnoth. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

Aga. I will not be thus frighted to my death, I'll search the church records: a fortnight!

'Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so near;
O time, if thou be'st kind lend me but a year.
[*Exit.*

Gnoth. What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will? I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.
'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone,
My venture comes in with her two for one:
'Tis use enough o'conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[9]

A Room in Creon's *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *at one door,* SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers *at the other.*

Eug. Gentlemen courtiers.
1 *Court.* All your vow'd servants, lady.
Eug. Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite laughter!
Will nobody take my part?
Sim. An't be a laughing business,
Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe;
My father died last too, I have the most cause.

9 This scene is also printed as prose by the modern editors. Coxeter seems to have been very capricious in his notions of metre, for he has here (as well as in too many other places) deserted the original. Mr. M. Mason is only accountable for his want of attention.

Eug. You have pick'd out such a time, sweet gentlemen,
To make your spleen a banquet.
Sim. Oh, the jest!
Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't,
I'll gape half way, and meet it.
Eug. My old husband,
That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy
And madness at your coming first to woo me—
Sim. Well said.
1 *Court.* Go on.
2 *Court.* On, on.
Eug. Takes counsel with
The secrets of all art to make himself
Youthful again.
Sim. How! youthful? ha, ha, ha!
Eug. A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,
Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed:
Sim. Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.
Eug. Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,
Nor will you know him when you see him again;
There will be five to one laid upon that.
1 *Court.* How!
Eug. Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there,
I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now,
And deceive law and all.
Sim. Marry, gout forbid!
Eug. You little think he was at fencing-school
At four o'clock this morning.
Sim. How, at fencing-school!
Eug. Else give no trust to woman.
Sim. By this light

I do not like him, then; he's like to live
Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.
Eug. His dancer now came in as I met you.
1 *Court.* His dancer, too!
Eug. They observe turns and hours with him;
The great French rider will be here at ten
With his curveting horse.
2 *Court.* These notwithstanding,
His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.
Eug. I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,
Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty
Within these four days, for nine times an hour
He takes a black lead comb, and kembs it over:
Three quarters of his beard is under fifty;
There's but a little tuft of fourscore left,
All o'one side, which will be black by Monday.

Enter LYSANDER.

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes!
Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.
[*They go aside.*
Sim Now, by this hand, he's almost black i'the mouth, indeed.
1 *Court.* He should die shortly, then.
Sim. Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white but a week ago.
1 *Court.* Oh! this same coney-white takes an excellent black
Too soon, a mischief on't!
2 *Court.* He will beguile
Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.
Eug. Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.
Sim. May be some fairy's child held forth at midnight
Has piss'd upon that side.

1 *Court.* Is this the beard?
Lys. Ah, sirrah! my young boys, I shall be for you:
This little mangy tuft takes up more time
Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing;
And I alive and lusty? you shall find
An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet,
(An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault,)[1]
And can do offices of youth yet lightly;
At least, I will do, though it pain me a little.
Shall not a man, for a little foolish age,
Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits
Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live? ha!
I have blood that will not bear't; yet, I confess,
I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer, there!

Enter Dancing-master.

Mast. Here, sir.
Lys. Come, come, come, one trick a day,
And I shall soon recover all again.
Eug. 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all discover'd.
Sim. And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o'mine own,
Will spoil all, I am afraid.
Eug. Marry, take heed, sir.
Sim. Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot leave it;
Pup!—there 'tis. [*Laughs aloud.*
Eug. Peace! oh peace!
Lys. Come, I am ready, sir.

[1] *(An I could match my hair to't, there's the* fault,)] i. e. there's the *misfortune:* this is a further confirmation of what is said upon the subject, Vol. II. p. 97.

I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,
And that shall set me back one twenty years;
There is no little comfort left in that:
And—then my three court-codlings, that look parboil'd,
As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house——
Sim. He means me specially, I hold my life.
Mast. What trick will your old worship learn this morning, sir?
Lys. Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man,
To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.
Mast. That's a hard trick, for an old man specially;
The horse-trick comes the nearest.
Lys. Thou say'st true, i'faith,
They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keeping them,
And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready.
Mast. Look you, here's your worship's horse-trick, sir. [*Gives a spring.*
Lys. Nay, say not so,
'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man,
If I but offer at it.
Mast. My life for yours, sir.
Lys. Say'st thou me so? [*Springs aloft.*
Mast. Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.
Lys. A pox of this horse-trick! 't has play'd the jade with me
And given me a wrench i'the back.
Mast. Now here's your inturn, and your trick above ground.
Lys. Prithee, no more, unless thou hast a mind
To lay me under-ground; one of these tricks
Is enough in a morning.
Mast. For your galliard, sir,

You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge
The proudest coxcomb of them all, I'll stand to't.
Lys. Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest too:
I have prepared for them, if e'er I take.
My Gregories here again,
Sim. Oh! I shall burst,
I can hold out no longer.
Eug. He spoils all. [*They come forward.*
Lys. The devil and his grinners! are you come?
Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play;
All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth,
And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing:[2]
Your own road-ways, you clyster-pipes! I am old, you say,
Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well.
This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-eggs,
Unless such weasels come from court to help us.
We will get our own brats, you letcherous dog-bolts!

Enter a Servant with foils and glasses.

Well said, down with them; now we shall see your spirits.
What! dwindle you already?
2 Court. I have no quality.[3]
Sim. Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd for one.

[2] *And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing:*] This line, which describes what the feats of youth are, and without which the subsequent speeches cannot be understood, is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason.

[3] 2 Court. *I have no* quality.] i. e. no profession: at least that is the sense in which Simonides takes it.

1 *Court.* Why, Sim, it shall.
Lys. Come, dare you choose your weapon now?
1 *Court.* I? dancing, sir, an you will be so hasty.
Lys. We're for you, sir.
2 *Court.* Fencing, I.
Lys. We'll answer you too.
Sim. I am for drinking; your wet weapon there.
Lys. That wet one has cost many a princox life;
And I will send it through you with a powder!
Sim. Let it come, with a pox! I care not, so't be drink.
I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all
A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs.[4]
Lys. Play the first weapon; come strike, strike, I say.
Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules:
Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I hope. [1 *Courtier dances a galliard.*[5]
So, sir! you've spit your poison; now come I.
Now, forty years go backward and assist me,
Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,
That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't,

[4] ——— *of such* trillibubs.] This seems to be a cant word for any thing of a trifling nature: I meet with it again in Shirley—

"But I forgive thee, and forget thy tricks
"And *trillibubs.*" *Hyde Park.*

[5] 1 *Courtier dances a* galliard.] A galliard is described by Sir John Davis, as a *swift and wandering dance, with lofty turns and capriols in the air;* and so very proper to prove the strength and activity of Lysander.

Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [*Dances.*
So, I have hit you.
1 *Court.* You've done well, i'faith, sir.
Lys. If you confess it well, 'tis excellent,
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now:
The second weapon instantly.
2 *Court.* What, so quick, sir?
Will you not allow yourself a breathing-time?
Lys. I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's musk-cod,
To give your perfumed worship three venues
A sound old man puts his thrust better home
Than a spiced young man: there I. [*They fence.*
2 *Court.* Then have at you, fourscore.
Lys. You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall find it.
Sim. I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd had an eye
Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth
Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.
Lys. There's two, pentweezle. [*Hits him.*
Mast. Excellently touch'd, sir.
2 *Court.* Had ever man such luck! speak your opinion, gentlemen.
Sim. Methinks your luck's good that your eyes are in still,
Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half roasted.
Lys. There wants a third—and there it is again! [*Hits him again.*
2 *Court.* The devil has steel'd him.
Eug. What a strong fiend is jealousy!
Lys. You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.
Sim. Now comes my weapon in.
Lys. Here, toadstool, here.
'Tis you and I must play these three wet venues.

Sim. Venues in Venice glasses! let them come,
They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.
2 Court. Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.
Sim. Ay, but that's nothing;
Then they go voluntarily: I do not
Love to have them thrust out, whether they will or no.
Lys. Here's your first weapon, duck's-meat.
Sim. How! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,
Stead of a German faulchion! a shrewd weapon,
And, of all things, hard to be taken down:
Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't;
I shall drink double, I think.
1 Court. The sooner off, Sim.
Lys. I'll pay you speedily, ——— with a trick[6]
I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a half-pike. [*Drinks.*
Sim. Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,
They'd never be asunder by their good will.[7]
1 Court. Well pull'd of an old fellow!
Lys. Oh, but your fellows
Pull better at a rope.
1 Court. There's a hair, Sim,
In that glass.
Sim. An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;
No hair shall cross me. [*Drinks.*

[6] Lysan. *I'll pay you speedily,* ——— *with a trick,* &c.] Lysander gives them all harsh names—here he bestows one on Simonides, which the delicacy or fear of the old publisher would not permit him to hazard in print: tant mieux.

[7] This stuff is not worth explaining; but the reader, if he has any curiosity on the subject, may amply gratify it by a visit to Pantagruel and his companions on the Isle Ennasin.

Lys. I'll make you stink worse than your polecats do:
Here's long-sword, your last weapon.
[*Offers him the glass.*

Sim. No more weapons.

1 *Court.* Why, how now, Sim? bear up, thou shamest us all, else.

Sim. 'Slight I shall shame you worse, an I stay longer.
I have got the scotomy in my head already,[8]
The whimsey: you all turn round—do not you dance, gallants?

2 *Court.* Pish! what's all this? why, Sim, look, the last venue.

Sim. No more venues go down here, for these two
Are coming up again.

2 *Court.* Out! the disgrace of drinkers!

Sim. Yes, 'twill out,
Do you smell nothing yet?

1 *Court.* Smell!

Sim. Farewell quickly, then;
You will do, if I stay. [*Exit.*

1 *Court.* A foil go with thee!

Lys. What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues?
Beat folly in her own ground? wondrous much!
Why may not we be held as full sufficient
To love our own wives then, get our own children,
And live in free peace till we be dissolved,
For such spring butterflies that are gaudy wing'd,
But no more substance than those shamble flies

[8] *I have got the* scotomy *in my head already,*] The *scotomy* (σκοτωμ) is a dizziness or swimming in the head. Thus Jonson:
"*Cart.* How does he with the swimming of his head?
"*Mos.* O, sir, 'tis past the *scotomy:* he now
"Hath lost his feeling, &c." *The Fox.*

Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking?
Come but to crush you once, you are but maggots,
For all your beamy outsides!

Enter CLEANTHES.

Eug. Here's Cleanthes,
He comes to chide;—let him alone a little,
Our cause will be revenged; look, look, his face
Is set for stormy weather; do but mark
How the clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down straight.
Clean. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grief.
Could you not all be lost? that had been handsome,
But to be known at all; 'tis more than shameful;
Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander?
Lys. 'Tis so still, coz.
Clean. Judgment, defer thy coming! else this man's miserable.
Eug. I told you there would be a shower anon.
2 *Court.* We'll in, and hide our noddles.
[*Exeunt Eugenia and Courtiers.*
Clean. What devil brought this colour to your mind,
Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear?
[Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss
Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it,
And change the livery of saints and angels
For this mixt monstrousness: to force a ground
That has been so long hallowed like a temple,
To bring forth fruits of earth now; and turn back

To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
Of sin in act, lost and long since repented!
Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,
To pull time backward?
See what your wife will do! are your wits perfect?
Lys. My wits!
Clean. I like it ten times worse, for't had been safer
Now to be mad,[9] and more excusable:
I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.
Lys. I must confess I have been put to some, coz.
Clean. And yet you are not mad! pray, say not so;
Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad,
That I may think you are at worst; for if
You are not mad, I then must guess you have
The first of some disease was never heard of,
Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful:
You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care
To pray would quickly turn you white again.
I had a father, had he lived his mouth out,
But to have seen this most prodigious folly,
There needed not the law to have him cut off;
The sight of this had proved his executioner,
And broke his heart: he would have held it equal
Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob
That of her ornament, it is accurst[1]

[9] ——— *for't had been safer*
Now to be mad, &c.] *Minus est insania turpis.* There are many traits of Massinger in this part of the scene.

[1] ——— *it is accurst*] The editors are nearly arrived at the conclusion of their labours, yet they are as far from any acquaintance with the manner of their author, as

As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.
[*Exit Lysander.*
I see 't has done him good; blessing go with it,
Such as may make him pure again.

Re-enter EUGENIA.

Eug. 'Twas bravely touch'd, i' faith, sir.
Clean. Oh, you are welcome.
Eug. Exceedingly well handled.
Clean. 'Tis to you I come; he fell but in my way.
Eug. You mark'd his beard, cousin?
Clean. Mark me.
Eug. Did you ever see a hair so changed?
Clean. I must be forced to wake her loudly too,
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep:—strumpet!
Eug. Do you call, sir?
Clean. Whore!
Eug. How do you, sir?
Clean. Be I ne'er so well
I must be sick of thee; thou art a disease
That stick'st to the heart,—as all such women are.
Eug. What ails our kindred?
Clean. Bless me, she sleeps still!
What a dead modesty is in this woman,
Will never blush again! Look on thy work
But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart
Into a shower of blood, to be the cause
Of that old man's destruction, think upon't,

they were at setting out, they both insert *as* before accurst; though it spoils the metre, and was not the language of the time. It would be unpardonable to pass over this admirable speech without calling the reader's attention to the concluding lines: the conception is happy, and the expression beautiful in the highest degree.

Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose follies,
Heaven has found him a faint servant lately:
His goodness has gone backward, and engender'd
With his old sins again; he has lost his prayers,
And all the tears that were companions with them:
And like a blind-fold man, (giddy and blinded,)
Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one foot,
And turns to the same place where he set out;
So he, that took his farewell of the world,
And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,
Summ'd up his hours, made even with time and men,
Is now in heart arrived at youth again,
All by thy wildness: thy too hasty lust
Has driven him to this strong apostacy.
Immodesty like thine was never equall'd:
I've heard of women, (shall I call them so?)
Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold;
But thou, thy husband living:—thou'rt too bold.

Eug. Well, have you done now, sir?

Clean. Look, look! she smiles yet.

Eug. All this is nothing to a mind resolved;
Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much:
You have only shewn a pretty saucy wit,
Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.
You shall hear from me shortly.

Clean. Shameless woman!
I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,
And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master:
Bless the sex o' thee from thee! that's my prayer,
Were all like thee, so impudently common,
No man would e'er be found to wed a woman.
[*Exit.*

Eug. I'll fit you gloriously.
He that attempts to take away my pleasure,

I'll take away his joy;[2] and I can sure.
His conceal'd father pays for't: I'll e'en tell
Him that I mean to make my husband next,
And he shall tell the duke—mass, here he comes.

Re-enter SIMONIDES.

Sim. He has had a bout with me too.
Eug. What! no? since, sir?[3]
Sim. A flirt, a little flirt; he call'd me strange names,
But I ne'er minded him.
Eug. You shall quit him, sir,
When he as little minds you.
Sim. I like that well.
I love to be revenged when no one thinks of me;
There's little danger that way.
Eug. This is it then;
He you shall strike your stroke shall be profound,
And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.
Sim. O' my troth I love to give such wounds.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *I'll take away his joy; and I can* sure.] So the old copy: Coxeter sophisticated this passage very awkwardly, he reads,

——— —— *and I can* 'sure him
His conceal'd father pays for't!

The pretty aphæresis *('sure* for *assure,)* and the vulgar running of the sentence into the next line, might have raised suspicions in an ordinary editor that the text was incorrect: but Mr. M. Mason was not an ordinary editor; if Coxeter be right, it is well; if not, he looks no further.

[3] Eug. *What! no? since, sir?*] So the quarto. Coxeter reads, *What? no since, sir?* and Mr. Mason, always correcting in the wrong place, *What?* not *since, sir!*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before a Tavern.

Enter GNOTHO, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer, *and* Courtezan.

Draw. Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw near? will you drink at door; gentlemen?

But. Oh! the summer air is best.

Draw. What wine will't please you drink, gentlemen?

But. De Clare, sirrah. [*Exit Drawer.*

Gnoth. What, you're all sped already, bullies?

Cook. My widow's o' the spit, and half ready, lad; a turn or two more, and I have done with her.

Gnoth. Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this time.

Cook. And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten her; she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards! she must needs be fly-blown.

Gnoth. Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her; the weather's hot.

Cook. Why, drawer!

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by:—here, gentlemen, here's the quintessence of Greece; the sages never drunk better grape.

Cook. Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can

taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before them.—Fill, lick-spiggot.

Draw. *Ad imum*, sir.

Gnoth. My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one; this is she.

Cook. I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee: but shall they be both of a day?

Gnoth. Oh! best of all, sir; where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding.

But. How long do you make account to be a widower, sir?

Gnoth. Some half an hour; long enough o' conscience. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no musick in the house?

Draw. Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in the house.

Cook. Oh! that makes them and you seldom part; you are wine-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

Tail. And both govern by the pegs too.

Gnoth. And you have pipes in your consort too.

Draw. And sack-buts too, sir.

But. But the heads of your instruments differ; yours are hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gittern-heads.

Bail. All wooden heads; there they meet again.

Cook. Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance, Gnotho; come, thou shalt foot it too.

[*Exit Drawer.*

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

Cook. Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

Gnoth. Five drachmas of that; I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.

Gnoth. Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

Cook. 'Tis done.

Tail. Take heed what you do, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Do not I know our own country women, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?

Cook. That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

Gnoth. As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

Tail. Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

Gnoth. She grew longer,[4] if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held more, by four ounces, than Cressida.

Bail. They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

Gnoth. True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaister of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

[4] Gnoth. *She grew longer*, &c.] This poor trash, which is quite silly enough to be original, has yet the merit of being copied from Shakspeare. The reader who has a taste for niceties of this kind will find, upon examination, that Massinger's assistants hav improved upon the indecency, if not the filth, of their original.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the musick is ready to strike up; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what do you call them, wizards on their faces.

Cook. Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

But. If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-fellows for a strain or two.

Enter Old Women[5] *and Agatha in masks.*

Cook. We'll strain ouselves with them, say; let them come, Gnotho; now for the honour of Epire!

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A dance by the Old Women and Agatha; they offer to take the men, all agree except Gnotho, who sits with the Courtezan.*

Cook. Ay? so kind! then every one his wench to his several room; Gnotho, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Exeunt all but Gnotho, Courtezan, and Agatha.*

Gnoth. I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

[5] *Enter old Women.*] The stage direction in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason is, *Enter old Women.* Gnotho's dance. The former editor had carelessly taken the name from the speech of the Cook, and the latter ridiculously continued the blunder, though he must have seen that Gnotho is the only person who does *not* dance.

Aga. What, a mermaid?[6] [*Takes off her mask.*

Gnoth. No, but a maid, horse-face: oh, old woman! is it you?

Aga. Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

Gnoth. Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

Aga. Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

Gnoth. No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou? must thou find no time to think of thy end?

Aga. O, unkind villain!

Gnoth. And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

Aga. O rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already too?

Gnoth. Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes; for thou shalt have thine[7] of the new fashion.

[6] Aga. *What, a mermaid?*] The mermaids of the writer's time had succeeded to the Syrens of the ancients, and possessed all their musical as well as seductive qualities. Mermaid also was one of the thousand cant terms which served to denote a strumpet; and to this, perhaps, Agatha alludes.

[7] ——— *for thou shalt have* thine *of the new fashion.*] The old copy reads—nine *of the new fashion:* I have little doubt but that the word which I have inserted is the genuine one.

Aga. Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

Gnoth. You may hear she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

Aga. Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

Gnoth. Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice, my two-to-one!

Aga. No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thee yet, I have a reprieve for five years of life; I am with child.

Court. Cud so, Gnotho, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

Gnoth. Alas! give the poor woman leave to talk, she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

Aga. The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

Gnoth. I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

Aga. No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

Gnoth. Oh! you'd be stoned to death, would you? all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first.

Court. Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is *loth to depart*;[8] she never sung other tune in her life.

[8] *The old woman is* loth to depart;] There was anciently a

Court. We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

Gnoth. Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon thy middle finger: your least considering bawd does so much; be not thou worse, though thou art an old woman, as she is: I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half; prithee, die before thy day, if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

Aga. No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery: thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

Gnoth. Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready, we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt Gnotho and Courtezan.*

Aga. Nay, I'll follow thee, and shew myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die,[9] that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [*Exit.*

tune of this name, and to that Gnotho alludes. In *Wit at several Weapons*, the old copy has—

"*Pompey.* Hum, hum, hum! He hums loth to depart."

On which the editors observe that "the impropriety of putting this passage into Pompey's mouth is evident upon the bare mention, as it *unquestionably* belongs to the next speaker." And to the next speaker they boldly give it! but they did not understand their author. The last part of the quotation is merely a marginal direction, and the passage in future should be thus regulated:

"*Pomp.* Hum, hum, hum!
[*He hums* Loth to Depart."

[9] *And I'll bury some money before I die*, &c.] This, as every

SCENE II.

The Country. A Forest.

Enter CLEANTHES.

Clean. What's that? oh, nothing but the whispering wind
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much never to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost: and if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,
That prove vexation often more than comfort;
How mighty ought our providence to be
To prevent those, if any such there were,

one knows, was an infallible method of causing the person who did it, to walk after death. It is not unpleasant to remark how often one folly is counteracted by another:—but for this salutary persuasion, which was once very prevalent, much money would have been lost to the community in troublesome times. This petty superstition is dignified by the adoption of Shakspeare; it is also frequently to be found in the writers of his age. Thus Shirley:

"I do but think how some like ghosts will walk
"For *money surely* hidden."

Again:

"Call this a churchyard, and imagine me
"Some wakeful apparition 'mong the graves,
"That, *for some treasure buried in my life*,
"Walk up and down thus." *The Wedding.*

That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make poor man delight to live!
Pshaw! I'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change
The place continually; where'er it keeps,
There will the fear keep still: yonder's the storehouse
Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

Enter HIPPOLITA.

A dear one to me:—Precious chief of women,
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?
Hip. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to day—
Much good may't do his health.
Clean. A blessing on thee,
Both for thy news and wish!
Hip. His stomach, sir,
Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.
Clean. Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come, we are safe here;
I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.
Hip. Father!

Enter LEONIDES.

Leon. How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,

It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

Clean. I hope to see you often and return[1]
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some;
I find them all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands, they are dispersed
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.
I find them, as angels are found, by legions:
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the chiefest of all temporal blessings;
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul
Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal riches,
Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage!

Leon. Rise, thou art all obedience, love, and goodness.
I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And that's my precious comfort, never son
Was in the way more of celestial rising:
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,
That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within.*

Clean. Ha!

Leon. What was't disturb'd my joy?

Clean. Did you not hear,
As afar off?

[1] Clean. *I hope to see you* often and return
Loaden with blessings,] *Often and return*, for *often return*, is a mode of speech so familiar to Massinger, that we might almost affirm this exquisite scene to be his, if we could maintain any thing with confidence in this most incorrect publication. Be it whose it may, however, it makes large amends for the dull and tedious buffoonery of the former part of this act.

Leon. What, my excellent comfort?[a]
Clean. Nor you?
Hip. I heard a —— [*A horn.*
Clean. Hark, again!
Leon. Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden?
Clean. Now? since lately?
Leon. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care, man.
Clean. Alas! you do not hear well.
Leon. What was't, daughter?
Hip. I heard a sound, twice. [*A horn.*
Clean. Hark! louder and nearer:
In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!
Louder and nearer yet! at hand, at hand!
[*Exit Leonides.*
A hunting here? 'tis strange! I never knew
Game followed in these woods before.

Enter EVANDER, SIMONIDES, Courtiers, *and* CRATILUS.

Hip. Now let them come, and spare not.
Clean. Ha! 'tis—is't not the duke?—look sparingly.
Hip. 'Tis he, but what of that? alas, take heed, sir,
Your care will overthrow us.
Clean. Come, it shall not:
Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,

[a] Leon. *What, my excellent* comfort?] The old copy has *consort*, which induced Coxeter to give the speech to Hippolita. I have little doubt but that the mistake is in this word, which should be *comfort* as it stands in the text: by this term the fond parent frequently addresses his children. In the mouth of

Though our hearts shake with horrour.—Ha, ha, ha!

Evan. Hark!

Clean. Prithee, proceed;

I am taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's deceasé; ha!—so they parted? ha, ha, ha!

Evan. Why, how should I believe this? look, he's merry
As if he had no such charge: one with that care
Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still (with no difference)
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with;
He laugh'd thus then, you know.

1 *Court.* Ay, he may laugh,
That shews but how he glories in his cunning;
And is, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
That only he has over-reach'd the law,
Than to express affection to his father.

Sim. He tells you right, my lord, his own cousin-german
Reveal'd it first to me; a free-tongued woman,
And very excellent at telling secrets.

Evan. If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.

Sim. Troth, my lord,
'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe:
I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.

Evan. Cleanthes.

Clean. My loved lord.

Evan. Not moved a whit,

Leonides too, it forms a natural reply to the question of Cleanthes, who then turns to make the same demand of his wife.

Constant to lightness still![3] 'Tis strange to meet you
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir:
This does not fit your passion, you're for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.

Clean. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,
For any thing too much is vicious,
I come to these disconsolate walks, of purpose,
Only to dull and take away the edge on't.
I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
A natural propension, I confess,
Before that cheerful accident fell out—
If I may call a father's funeral cheerful
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Evan. It seems, then, you take pleasure in these walks, sir.

Clean. Contemplative content I do, my lord:
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that in the parting
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

Evan. So, sir!

Clean. Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.

Evan. And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to afford you
The least delight that has a name.

Clean. My lord!

Sim. Now it begins to fadge.

1 *Court.* Peace! thou art so greedy, Sim.

Evan. In your excess of joy you have express'd
Your rancour and contempt against my law:
Your smiles deserve a fining; you have profess'd

[3] *Constant to* lightness *still!*] The old copy reads—*Constant to* lightening *still!* the emendation by Mr. M. Mason.

Derision openly, e'en to my face,
Which might be death, a little more incensed.
You do not come for any freedom here,
But for a project of your own:—
But all that's known to be contentful to thee,
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,
If ever your presumption do but lead you
Into these walks again,—ay, or that woman;
I'll have them watched o' purpose.

[*Cleanthes retires from the wood, followed by Hippolita.*

1 *Court.* Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

Sim. Mark her's too.

Hip. Oh, who shall bring food to the poor old man, now!

Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever.

Clean. Oh, you did wonderous ill to call me again.

There are not words to help us; if I entreat,
'Tis found, that will betray us worse than silence;*
Prithee let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

1 *Court.* You have struck them dumb, my lord.

Sim. Look how guilt looks!
I would not have that fear upon my flesh,
To save ten fathers.

Clean. He is safe still, is he not?

* ——— *if I entreat,*
'Tis found, *that will betray us worse than silence;*] The sense of this, and, indeed, of the whole speech, is sufficiently clear. You should not have called me back, says Cleanthes; no words can help us, for if I beseech the duke to suffer me to remain here, the secret will be discovered: entreaties will be worse than silence, for by these his suspicions will be confirmed. This, however, does not satisfy Mr. M. Mason, who chooses to modernize it in this way:

——— *if I entreat,*
'Tis sound *that will betray us worse than silence;*

Hip. Oh, you do ill to doubt it.
Clean. Thou art all goodness.
Sim. Now does your grace believe?
Evan. 'Tis too apparent.
Search, make a speedy search; for the imposture
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.
Clean. Ha!
Sim. He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid,
That cries most when she's furthest from the nest.[5]
Clean. Oh, we are betray'd.
Hip. Betray'd, sir!
Sim. See, my lord,
It comes out more and more still.
[*Simonides and Courtiers enter the wood.*
Clean. Bloody thief!
Come from that place; 'tis sacred, homicide!
'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.
Hip. Oh miserable virtue, what distress
Art thou in at this minute!
Clean. Help me, thunder,
For my power's lost! angels, shoot plagues, and help me!
Why are these men in health, and I so heart-sick?
Or why should nature have that power in me
To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,
And not one comfort? only make me lie
Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,
Panting with horrour,

[5] Sim. *He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid,*
That cries most when she's furthest from the nest.] Our old poets abound in allusions to this stratagem of the lapwing: thus Jonson:
"He that knows, will like a lapwing fly
"Far from the nest, and so himself belie
"To others, &c." *Underwoods.*

And have not so much force in all my vengeance,
To shake a villain off me.

Re-enter SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers *with* LEONIDES.

Hip. Use him gently,
And heaven will love you for it.
Clean. Father! oh father! now I see thee full
In thy affliction; thou'rt a man of sorrow,
But reverendly becom'st it, that's my comfort:
Extremity was never better graced
Than with that look of thine, oh! let me look still,
For I shall lose it; all my joy and strength
[*Kneels.*
Is e'en eclipsed together: I transgress'd
Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't;
Be once just, sir, and let the offender die:
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.
Leo. Your grace knows when affection only speaks,
Truth is not always there; his love would draw
An undeserved misery on his youth,
And wrong a peace resolved, on both parts sinful.
'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,
And, like a worldly coward, injured heaven
With fear to go to't:—now I see my fault,
And am prepared with joy to suffer for it.
Evan. Go, give him quick dispatch, let him see death:
And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.
[*Exeunt Evander, Courtiers, Simonides, and Cratilus with Leonides.*
Hip. He's going! oh, he's gone, sir!
Clean. Let me rise.

Hip. Why do you not then, and follow?
Clean. I strive for it,
Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,
And take this villain from my heart awhile?
[*Rises.*
Hip. Alas! he's gone.
Clean. A worse supplies his place then,
A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.
Hip. Oh misery of affliction!
Clean. They will stay
Till I can come; they must be so good ever,
Though they be ne'er so cruel:
My last leave must be taken, think of that,
And his last blessing given; I will not lose
That for a thousand consorts.
Hip. That hope's wretched.
Clean. The unutterable stings of fortune!
All griefs are to be born save this alone,
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns
The frame of nature:
For he that gives us life first, as a father,
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,
They are incorporate to us.
Hip. Noble sir!
Clean. Let me behold thee well.
Hip. Sir!
Clean. Thou shouldst be good,
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged
So near the heart of man.
Hip. What means this, dear sir?
Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret
Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;
What follows to be thought on't?
Hip. Miserable!
Why, here's the unhappiness of woman still:

That, having forfeited in old times her trust,
Now makes their faiths suspected that are just.
Clean. What shall I say to all my sorrows then,
That look for satisfaction?

Enter EUGENIA.

Eug. Ha, ha, ha! cozen.
Clean. How ill dost thou become this time!
Eug. Ha, ha, ha!
Why, that's but your opinion; a young wench
Becomes the time at all times.
Now, coz, we are even: an you be remember'd,
You left a strumpet and a whore with me,
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost you
Less than a father.
Clean. Is it come that way?
Eug. Had you an uncle,
He should go the same way too.
Clean. Oh eternity,
What monster is this fiend in labour with?
Eug. An ass-colt with two heads, that's she and you:
I will not lose so glorious a revenge,
Not to be understood in't; I betray'd him;
And now we are even, you'd best keep you so.[6]
Clean. Is there not poison yet enough to kill me?
Hip. Oh, sir, forgive me; it was I betray'd him.
Clean. How!
Hip. I.
Clean. The fellow of my heart! 'twill speed me, then.

[6] *And now we are even, you'd best keep* you *so.*] I know not how Mr. M. Mason understood this line, but he altered *you* to him!

Hip. Her tears that never wept, and mine own pity
Even cozen'd me together, and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have purchased.

Clean. Nay, then we are at an end; all we are false ones,
And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,
In trusting woman; thou wert false to faith,
In uttering of the secret; and thou false
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity:
We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,
And for thy infectious spots ought'st to die first.
[*Offers to kill Eugenia.*

Eug. Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your mistress,
I come not so ill friended:—rescue, servants!

Re-enter SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers.

Clean. Are you so whorishly provided?

Sim. Yes, sir,
She has more weapons at command than one.

Eug. Put forward, man, thou art most sure to have me.

Sim. I shall be surer if I keep behind, though.

Eug. Now, servants, shew your loves.

Sim. I'll shew my love, too, afar off.

Eug. I love to be so courted, woo me there.

Sim. I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er fought with.
I'm sharper set within than I am without.

Hip. Oh gentlemen! Cleanthes!

Eug. Fight! upon him!

Clean. Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now a strumpet.

Eug. 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting;
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

Enter Guard.

1 *Officer.* Forbear, on your allegiance, gentlemen.
He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him
To answer this contempt against the law.

Clean. I obey fate in all things.

Hip. Happy rescue!

Sim. I would you'd seized upon him a minute sooner, it had saved me a cut finger: I wonder how I came by't, for I never put my hand forth, I'm sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if truth were known; may be the wire in the handle: I have lived these five and twenty years and never knew what colour my blood was before. I never durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves.

Eug. You've shewn your spirits, gentlemen; but you
Have cut your finger.

Sim. Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't!

1 *Court.* You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, Sim, to have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.

Sim. I'll never draw sword again, to have such a jest put upon me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Court of Justice.

Enter SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers, *sword and mace carried before them.*

Sim. Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly,
And rise before eleven, or when we please;
Shall we not, fellow-judges?
1 *Court.* 'Tis committed
All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.
Sim. Leave that to us, but, whatsoe'er we do,
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd;
Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that,
Before we sit upon him?
2 *Court.* Make you question
If not?—Cleanthes! and an[s] enemy!
Nay, a concealer of his father too!
A vile example in these days of youth.
Sim. If they were given to follow such examples;

[s] 2 Court. *Make you question*
If not?—Cleanthes! and an *enemy!*
Nay, a concealer of his father too!] The old copy reads,
Make you question
If not Cleanthes and one *enemy—*
which Coxeter printed, though he conjectured it should be,
Make you question
If not Cleanthes is our *enemy?*
while Mr. M. Mason gravely pronounces that, *stand our* enemy, is nearer to the original!

But sure I think they are not: howsoever
'Twas wickedly attempted, that's my judgment,
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.
Never by prince were such young judges made,
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,
He must make young or none; for all the old ones
He hath sent a fishing—and my father's one,
I humbly thank his highness.

Enter EUGENIA.

1 *Court.* Widow!

Eug. You almost hit my name now, gentlemen;
You come so wonderous near it, I admire you
For your judgment.

Sim. My wife that must be! She.

Eug. My husband goes upon his last hour now.

1 *Court.* On his last legs, I am sure.

Eug. September the seventeenth—
I will not bate an hour on't, and to morrow
His latest hour's expired.

2 *Court.* Bring him to judgment,
The jury's panell'd, and the verdict given
Ere he appears; we have ta'en a course for that.

Sim. And officers to attach the gray young man,
The youth of fourscore: be of comfort, lady,
You shall no longer bosom January;
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty April.

Eug. The month that ought, indeed,
To go before May.

1 *Court.* Do as we have said,
Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.
Lady Eugenia, see this charge performed,
That, having his life forfeited by the law,
He may relieve his soul.

Eug. Willingly.

From shaven chins never came better justice
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor.' [*Exit.*
Sim. What you do,
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose
To make but a short sessions:—a new business!

Enter HIPPOLITA.

1 *Court.* The fair Hippolita! now what's your suit?
Hip. Alas! I know not how to style you yet;
To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads and beards[1] shew more antiquity;—
Yet sway yourselves with equity and truth,
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads
Placed upon young men's shoulders.
2 *Court.* Hark, she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous.
Hip. Prove not so;
For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men;
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves
To make you appear angels,) but if you crimson

9 *From shaven chins never came better justice*
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor.] This is the conjectural emendation of Mr. M. Mason: the old copy reads—*Than these* new tucht by reason; which, though not absolutely void of meaning, is so poor, in comparison of the substitution in the text, that few doubts can remain as to the propriety of the exchange.

[1] *To call you judges doth not suit your years,*
Nor heads and beards *shew more antiquity;*—] Mr. M. Mason reads,

To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads; and brains shew more antiquity:

It is evident that he did not comprehend the sense, which, though ill conceived and harshly expressed, is—You have not the years of judges, nor do your heads and *beards* (old copy *brains*) shew more of age.

Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice,[2]
Both against heaven and nature draw your sword,
Make either will or humour turn the soul[3]
Of your created greatness, and in that
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there
You are more than monstrous; in the very act
You change yourselves to devils.

1 *Court.* She's a witch;
Hark! she begins to conjure.

Sim. Time, you see,
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I
Give her her answer?

2 *Court.* None upon the bench
More learnedly can do it.

Sim. He, he, hem! then list:
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,
That thou darest plead for such a base offender.
Conceal a father past his time to die!
What son and heir would have done this but he?

1 *Court.* I vow, not I.

Hip. Because ye are parricides;
And how can comfort be derived from such
That pity not their fathers?

2 *Court.* You are fresh and fair; practise young women's ends;
When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.

Sim. I'll set him forward for thee without fee:
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.

[2] ——— *and enlarge* bold *vice,*] The quarto has, *ofold* vice, of which the former editors have made *old;* but I know not in what sense vice could here be termed *old.* This speech has suffered both by alterations and interpolations. I have thrown out the one, and reformed the other.

[3] ——— *turn the* soul] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *turn the* scale, which has neither the spirit nor the sense of the original.

Hip. Times of amazement! what duty, goodness dwell——[4]
I sought for charity, but knock at hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter EUGENIA, *and Guard with* LYSANDER.

Sim. Eugenia come! command a second guard
To bring Cleanthes in; we'll not sit long;
My stomach strives to dinner.[5]
Eug. Now, servants, may a lady be so bold
To call your power so low?
Sim. A mistress may,
She can make all things low; then in that language
There can be no offence.
Eug. The time's now come
Of manumissions, take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedom.
2 *Court.* This the man!
He hath left off o' late to feed on snakes;
His beard's turn'd white again.
1 *Court.* Is't possible these gouty legs danced lately,
And shatter'd in a galliard?
Eug. Jealousy
And fear of death can work strange prodigies.
2 *Court.* The nimble fencer this, that made me tear
And traverse 'bout the chamber?

[4] Hip. *Times of amazement! what duty, goodness dwell*—] Mr. M. Mason takes this for a complete sentence, and would read, *Where do you goodness dwell?* In any case the alteration would be too violent; but none is needed here. Hippolita sees the woman who betrayed her approaching, breaks off her intended speech with an indignant observation, and hastily retires from the court.

[5] *My stomach* strives *to dinner.*] This is very good sense, and therefore I have not tampered with it: but I suppose that the author wrote, *My stomach* strikes *to dinner.*

Sim. Ay, and gave me
Those elbow healths, the hangman take him for't!
They'd almost fetch'd my heart out: the Dutch what-you-call
I swallow'd pretty well, but the half-pike
Had almost pepper'd me; but had I ta'en long-sword,
Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out.

A Flourish. Enter EVANDER *and* CRATILUS.

1 *Court.* Peace, the duke!
Evan. Nay, back[6] t' your seats: who's that?
2 *Court.* May't please your highness it is old Lysander.
Evan. And brought in by his wife! a worthy precedent
Of one that no way would offend the law,
And should not pass away without remark.
You have been look'd for long.
Lys. But never fit
To die till now, my lord. My sins and I
Have been but newly parted; much ado
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult lesson how to learn to die.
I never thought there had been such an act,
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.

[6] Evan. *Nay,* back t' *your seats:*] The old copy reads, *Nay,* bathe *your seats,* out of which Mr. M. Mason formed *keep,* Davis, *take;* and every one may make what he can. I believe the young men were pressing forward to receive the duke, and that his exclamation was, as above, *Nay,* back t' *your seats.*

Coxeter has changed almost all the speakers in this scene; some of them indeed were evidently wrong, but I can see no reason for giving the duke's second speech to Simonides, as it is in perfect unison with his real character.

I now can look upon thee, erring woman,
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,
And no way envy their delicious health,
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine own,
And mine must be theirs one day.

Evan. You have tamed him.

Sim. And know how to dispose him; that, my liege,
Hath been before determined. You confess
Yourself of full age?

Lys. Yes, and prepared to inherit——

Eug. Your place above.

Sim. Of which the hangman's strength
Shall put him in possession.

Lys. 'Tis still cared'
To take me willing and in mind to die;
And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,
Most fit for heaven.

Sim. The court shall make his mittimus,
And send him thither presently: i' the mean time——

Evan. Away to death with him.

[*Exit Cratilus with Lysander.*

[7] Lys. *'Tis still cared*
To take me willing and in mind to die;
And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,
Most fit for heaven.] Half of this speech Coxeter omits, and gives the other half, which in his edition has no sense, to Simonides: it is needless to observe how ill it suits with his character. Mr. M. Mason follows him, as usual!

Enter Guard with CLEANTHES, HIPPOLITA *following, weeping.*

Sim. So! see another person brought to the bar.
1 *Court.* The arch-malefactor.
2 *Court.* The grand offender, the most refractory
To all good order; 'tis Cleanthes, he——
Sim. That would have sons grave fathers, ere their fathers
Be sent unto their graves.
Evan. There will be expectation
In your severe proceedings against him;
His act being so capital.
Sim. Fearful and bloody;
Therefore we charge these women leave the court,
Lest they should swoon to hear it.
Eug. I, in expectation
Of a most happy freedom. [*Exit.*
Hip. I, with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. [*Exit.*
1 *Court.* We bring him to the bar——
2 *Court.* Hold up your hand, sir.
Clean. More reverence to the place than to the persons:
To the one I offer up a [spreading[8]] palm
Of duty and obedience, as to heaven,
Imploring justice, which was never wanting
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,

[8] *To the one I offer up a* [spreading] *palm*] I have inserted *spreading*, not merely on account of its completing the verse, but because it contrasts well with *contracted*. Whatever the author's word was, it was shuffled out of its place at the press, and appears as a misprint *(showdu)* in the succeeding line.

As threatening vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought, shed innocent blood.——
With pardon of your highness, too much passion
Made me forget your presence, and the place
I now am call'd to.
Evan. All our majesty
And power we have to pardon or condemn,
Is now conferr'd on them.
Sim. And these we'll use
Little to thine advantage.
Clean. I expect it:
And, as to these, I look no mercy from them,
And much less mean[9] to entreat it, I thus now
Submit me to the emblems of your power,
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend judges,
Ere you proceed to sentence, (for I know
You have given me lost,) will you resolve me one thing?
1 *Court.* So it be briefly question'd.
2 *Court.* Shew your honour;
Day spends itself apace.
Clean. My lords, it[1] shall.
Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,
Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,
That should attend your fathers' funerals?
Though the strict law (which I will not accuse,
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,

[9] *And much less* mean *to entreat it,*] For *mean* the old copy has *shown*, which is pure nonsense: it stands, however, in all the editions. I have, I believe, recovered the genuine text by adopting *mean*, which was superfluously inserted in the line immediately below it.

[1] *Clean. My lords,* it *shall.*] i. e. it shall *be briefly questioned.* This would not have deserved a note had not Mr. M. Mason mistaken the meaning, and corrupted the text to, *My lords,* I *shall.*

It doth not bar you to lament their deaths:
Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,
Lay subtile trains to antedate their years,
To be the sooner seized of their estates.
Oh, time of age! where's that Æneas now,
Who letting all his jewels to the flames;
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,
Fortunes and all things, save the name of son,
Which you so much forget, godlike Æneas,
Who took his bedrid father on his back,
And with that sacred load (to him no burthen)
Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire, through [arms,[2]]
Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,
Only to save a father?

Sim. We've no leisure now
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are past school,
And all this time thy judges.

2 *Court.* It is fit
That we proceed to sentence.

1 *Court.* You are the mouth,
And now 'tis fit to open.

Sim. Justice, indeed,
Should ever be close-ear'd, and open-mouth'd;
That is to hear a little, and speak much.
Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be
A good son and bad subject; for, if princes

[2] *Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire, through [arms,]*
Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,
Only to save a father?] So the lines stand in the old copy, with the exception of the word enclosed in brackets, for which I am answerable. They wanted but little regulation, as the reader sees; yet both the editors blundered them into downright prose. Coxeter, a circumstance by no means common with him, gave an incorrect statement of the original, and Mr. M. Mason, who never looked beyond his page, was reduced to random guesses!

Be called the people's fathers, then the subjects
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince
Doth disobey his father: there you are gone.
1 *Court.* And not to be recover'd.
Sim. And again—
2 *Court.* If he be gone once, call him not again.
Sim. I say again, this act of thine expresses
A double disobedience: as our princes
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too,
And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty
Doth commit treason in the height of degree:
And now thou art quite gone.
1 *Court.* Our brother in commission
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little, howsoever
It shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example,
Ought to be made example for the fault.
Clean. A fault! no longer can I hold myself
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.
A fault! judge, I desire, then, where it lies,
In those that are my judges, or in me:
Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty.
Sim. Where are they, sir? who sees them but yourself?
Clean. Not you; and I am sure
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.
You think that you arraign me, but I hope
To sentence you at the bar.
2 *Court.* That would shew brave.
Clean. This were the judgment-seat we [stand at] now![2]
Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],
Unnaturalness, and inhumanity,

[2] Clean. *This were the judgment seat we* [*stand at*] *now!* &c.] i. e. O, that this were, &c. But, indeed, this speech is so

You are found foul and guilty, by a jury
Made of your father's curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you; and I now
Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges.
The common laws of reason and of nature
Condemn you *ipso facto;* you are parricides,
And if you marry, will beget the like,
Who, when they are grown to full maturity,[3]
Will hurry you, their fathers, to their graves.
Like traitours, you take counsel from the living,
Of upright judgment you would rob the bench,
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away
From the earth's face,) turn all into disorder,
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,
And put the sword of justice in the hands
Of boys and madmen.

Sim. Well, well, have you done, sir?

Clean. I have spoke my thoughts.

Sim. Then I'll begin and end.

Evan. 'Tis time I now begin—
Here your commission ends.
Cleanthes, come you from the bar. Because
I know you are severally disposed, I here

strangely printed in the quarto, that it is almost impossible to guess what the writer really meant. The first three lines stand thus:

Clean. *This were the judgment seat, we now*
The heaviest crimes that ever made up
Unnaturallness in humanity.

Whether the genuine, or, indeed, any sense be elicited by the additions which I have been compelled to make, is not mine to say; but certainly some allowance will be made for any temperate endeavour to regulate a text where the words, in too many instances, appear as if they had been shook out of the printer's boxes by the hand of chance.

[3] *Who, when* they are *grown to full maturity,*] Former editors have, *Who when* you're: but this cannot be right.

Invite you to an object will, no doubt,
Work in you contrary effects. Musick!

Loud Musick. Enter LEONIDES, CREON, LYSANDER, *and other old men.*

Clean. Pray, heaven, I dream not! sure he moves, talks comfortably,
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed,
(Far above from me,) he's not ill entreated;
His face doth promise fulness of content,
And glory hath a part in't.
Leo. Oh my son!
Evan. You that can claim acquaintance with these lads
Talk freely.
Sim. I can see none there that's worth
One hand to you from me.
Evan. These are thy judges, and by their grave law
I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed:
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.
[*To Cleanthes.*
1 *Court.* Here's fine dancing, gentlemen.
2 *Court.* Is thy father amongst them?
Sim. Oh, pox! I saw him the first thing I look'd on.
Alive again! 'slight, I believe now a father
Hath as many lives as a mother.
Clean. 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.
Oh! bring me back to the same law again,
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, officers,
And bring me to new sentence.
Sim. What's all this?

Clean. A fault not to be pardon'd,
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.
Sim. I am glad of that; I hope the case may alter,
And I turn judge again.
Evan. Name your offence.
Clean. That I should be so vile
As once to think you cruel.
Evan. Is that all?
'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.
Creon: I should have one amongst them, had he had grace
To have retained that name.
Sim. I pray you, father. [*Kneels.*
Creon. That name, I know,
Hath been long since forgot.
Sim. I find but small comfort in remembering it now.
Evan. Cleanthes, take your place with these grave fathers,
And read what in that table is inscribed.
[*Gives him a paper.*
Now set these at the bar,
And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terrour
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.

Clean. [reads.] *It is decreed by the grave and learned council of Epire, that no son and heir shall be held capable of his inheritance at the age of one and twenty, unless he be at that time as mature in obedience, manners, and goodness.*

Sim. Sure I shall never be at full age, then, though I live to an hundred years; and that's nearer by twenty than the last statute allow'd.

1 *Court.* A terrible act!

Clean. *Moreover, it is enacted that all sons aforesaid, whom either this law, or their own grace, shall*

reduce into the true method of duty, virtue, and affection, [shall appear before us] and relate their trial[4] *and approbation from Cleanthes, the son of Leonides*—from me, my lord!

Evan. From none but you, as fullest. Proceed, sir.

Clean. *Whom, for his manifest virtues, we make such judge and censor of youth, and the absolute reference of life and manners.*

Sim. This is a brave world! when a man should be selling land he must be learning manners. Is't not, my masters?

Re-enter EUGENIA.

Eug. What's here to do? my suitors at the bar! The old band shines again:[5] oh miserable!

[*She swoons.*

Evan. Read the law over to her, 'twill awake her:

'Tis one deserves small pity.

[4] [*Shall appear before us*] and relate *their trial*, &c.] In the old copy, which the modern editions follow, *and relate* comes immediately after virtue and affection. That this cannot be right is evident: whether the words which I have inserted convey the author's meaning, or not, may be doubted, but they make some sense of the passage, and this is all to which they pretend.

[5] *The old* band *shines again:*] Coxeter printed, *The old* bard *shines again;* Mr. M. Mason, who could make nothing of this, proposes, as the genuine reading, The old revived *again!* While Mr. Davies, with due solemnity, declares that the insertion of a letter will make all right, and that it should be, *The old* beard *shines again!* Nothing can be more preposterous than the conduct of these gentlemen, in thus presuming to correct Massinger upon the authority of Coxeter. The old copy neither reads *bard* nor *beard*, but *baud*, a misprint, perhaps, for *band*. In the last scene of *the Fatal Dowry*, by a similar oversight, *band* is printed for *baud*.

Clean. *Lastly, it is ordained, that all such wives now whatsoever, that shall design their husbands' death, to be soon rid of them, and entertain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—*

Sim. You had best read that a little louder; for, if any thing, that will bring her to herself again, and find her tongue.

Clean. *Shall not presume, on the penalty of our heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.*

Eug. That law's too long by nine years and a half,
I'll take my death upon't, so shall most women.

Clean. *And those incontinent women so offending, to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.*

Eug. Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

Re-enter HIPPOLITA.

Clean. Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy joys,
Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest;
Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

Hip. Leonides! [*She faints.*

Clean. I fear'd it all this while;
I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!
What contrariety is in women's blood?
One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

Evan. Of sons and wives we see the worst and best.
May future ages yield Hippolitas
Many; but few like thee, Eugenia!
Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame,
But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name—
[*Musick within.*
Ha! what strange kind of melody was that?

Yet give it entrance, whatsoe'er it be,
This day is all devote to liberty.[6]

Enter Fiddlers, GNOTHO, *Courtezan,* Cook, Butler, *&c. with the old Women,* AGATHA, *and one bearing a bridecake for the wedding.*

Gnoth. Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on;[7] let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

[6] It is to be lamented that *the Old Law* did not end here: the higher characters are all disposed of; and the clown and his fellows might have been silently sunk on the reader without exciting the slightest regret. But the *groundlings* of those days, like the godlings of the present, were too apt to cry out with Christophero Sly, *When does the fool come, Sim?* and, unfortunately, they have had but too much influence, at all times, over the managers.

What follows is utterly unworthy of Massinger, (indeed, it was not written by him,) and may be past over without loss: of all pertness, that of folly is the most tiresome; and here is little else: but the audience were to be dismissed in good humour, and they undoubtedly walked home as merry as noise and nonsense could make them.

It appears from the title-page of the quarto, that *the Old Law* was a favourite with all ranks of people, and not, indeed, without some degree of justice; for the plot, though highly improbable, is an interesting one, and conducted with singular artifice, to a pleasing and surprising end. It must be allowed, however, that the moral justice of the piece is not altogether what it should be; for though Cleanthes and Hippolita receive the full reward of their filial piety, yet Simonides and Eugenia do not meet a punishment adequate to their unnatural conduct. As a composition, this play has several charming scenes, and not a few passages of exquisite beauty: it once, perhaps, had more; but the transcriber and the printer have conspired to reduce them.

[7] Clown. *Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on;*] Mr. M. Mason observes, that a fiddle was *formerly* called a crowd. Why *formerly?* Is it not still called so in almost every part of the kingdom? But he was ambitious of following the learned commentators on other dramatick writers, who gravely tell us that words, which are in every one's mouth, once signified such and such things in Cornwall, perhaps, or Northumberland!

Evan. Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

Clean. Sirrah, do you know where you are?

Gnoth. Yes, sir; I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

Lys. Your hat is too high crown'd, the duke in presence.

Gnoth. The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it,[8] and that's equal change all the world over: as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance my bonnet. Crowd on afore.

Leo. Good sir, a few words, if you will vouchsafe them;
Or will you be forced?

Gnoth. Forced! I would the duke himself would say so.

Evan. I think he dares, sir, and does; if you stay not,
You shall be forced.

Gnoth. I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then: will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

Evan. Oh, by no means, sir; you shall not deface so fair an ornament for me.

Gnoth. If your grace please to be cakated, say so.

Evan. And which might be your fair bride, sir?

[8] Gnoth. *The duke! as he is my* sovereign, *I do give him* two crowns *for it*, &c.] Here is some poor pun. A sovereign was a gold coin worth *ten* shillings; or, is the wit in some fancied similarity of sound between *duke* and *ducat* (a piece of the same value as the other)? *pudet, pudet!*

Gnoth. This is my two for one that must be the *uxor uxoris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.

Evan. And hast thou any else?

Gnoth. I have an older, my lord, for other uses.

Clean. My lord,
I do observe a strange decorum here:
These that do lead this day of jollity,
Do march with musick and most mirthful cheeks:
Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,
Nearer the haviour of a funeral
Than of a wedding.

Evan. 'Tis true; pray expound that, sir.

Gnoth. As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging; and your grace in the due consideration shall find them much alike; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. *I take thee, Beatrice*, says the bridegroom; *I take thee, Agatha*, says the hangman; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us.*

Evan. This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

Gnoth. If further your grace examine it, you shall find I shew myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law: only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

Evan. Oh! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger;
If the law finds you with two wives at once,
There's a shrewd premunire.

Gnoth. I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to sea,

your grace knows whither, better than I do: she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop; when you please, let her disembogue.

Cook. And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

Gnoth. And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.

Evan. Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you marry,
And your wife yet living?

Gnoth. Alas! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her: I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

Evan. Come, my lords, we must sit again; here's a case
Craves a most serious censure.

Cook. Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the way.

Gnoth. I would they were gone once; the time goes away.

Evan. Which is the wife unto the forward bridegroom?

Aga. I am, an it please your grace:

Evan. Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied,
And well-blooded cheeks.

Gnoth. Oh, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of her lady.

Evan. Sure I think she cannot be so old.

Aga. Truly I think so too, an't please your grace.

Gnoth. Two to one with your grace of that! she's threescore by the book.

Leon. Peace, sirrah, you are too loud.

Cook. Take heed, Gnotho: if you move the

duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

Gnoth. Cut off my head! away, ignorant! he knows it cost more in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine; I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law, the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

Evan. My lords, I leave this censure to you.

Leon. Then first, this fellow does deserve punishment
For offering up a lusty able woman,
Which may do service to the commonwealth,
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

Creon. Therefore to be severely punished
For thus attempting a second marriage,
His wife yet living.

Lys. Nay, to have it trebled;
That even the day and instant when he should mourn
As a kind husband, at her funeral,
He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd
With all severity.

But. The fiddles will be in a foul case too by and by.

Leon. Nay, further; it seems he has a venture
Of two for one at his second marriage,
Which cannot be but a conspiracy
Against the former.

Gnoth. A mess of wise old men!

Lys. Sirrah, what can you answer to all these.

Gnoth. Ye are good old men, and talk as age will give you leave. I would speak with the youthful duke himself; he and I may speak of things that shall be thirty or forty years after

you are dead and rotten. Alas! you are here to day, and gone to sea to morrow.

Evan. In troth, sir, then I must be plain with you.
The law that should take away your old wife from you,
The which I do perceive was your desire,
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:
There has been since another parliament
Has cut it off.

Gnoth. I see your grace is disposed to be pleasant.

Evan. Yes, you might perceive that; I had not else
Thus dallied with your follies.

Gnoth. I'll talk further with your grace when I come back from church; in the mean time you know what to do with the old women.

Evan. Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you mean
I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way,
And hang you at your return.

Aga. O gracious prince!

Evan. Your old wives cannot die to day by any law of mine: for aught I can say to them,
They may, by a new edict, bury you,
And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fine too.

Gnoth. This is fine, indeed!

Aga. O gracious prince! may he live a hundred years more.

Cook. Your venture is not like to come in to day, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Give me the principal back.

Cook. Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for we have taken old wives of purpose, that we had thought to have put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a pennyworth.

Evan. Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge your new charge, and take your old one to you.

Gnoth. Oh musick, no musick, but prove most doleful trumpet;
Oh bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a strumpet;
Oh venture! no venture, I have, for one, now none;
Oh wife! thy life is saved when I hoped it had been gone.
Case up you fruitless strings; no penny, no wedding;
Case up thy maidenhead; no priest, no bedding:
Avaunt, my venture! ne'er to be restored,
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard:
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;
Let bride and venture with woful musick go.

Cook. What for the bridecake, Gnotho?

Gnoth. Let it be mouldy now 'tis out of season,
Let it grow out of date currant and reason;
Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.
No more is got by that, than William Dickins
Got by his wooden dishes.
Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,
The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and wipes.
Fiddlers, farewell! and now, without perhaps,
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

Lys. This passion[1] has given some satisfaction yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now, with all the rest, so they live honestly with the wives they have.

Evan. Oh! most freely; free pardon to all.

[1] Lys. *This* passion *has given some satisfaction yet.*] i. e. this pathetick exclamation: it is parodied in part from *the Spanish Tragedy*, and is, without all question, by far the stupidest attempt at wit to which that persecuted play ever gave rise. That it afforded *some satisfaction* to Lysander ought, in courtesy, to be attributed to his having more good nature than taste.

Cook. Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we can live honestly with such reverend wives, that have no motion in them but their tongues.

Aga. Heaven bless your grace! you are a just prince.

Gnoth. All hopes dash'd; the clerk's duties lost; My venture gone; my second wife divorced; And which is worst, the old one come back again! Such voyages are made now-a-days! Besides these two fountains of fresh water, I will weep two salt out of my nose. Your grace had been more kind to your young subjects—heaven bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull your poor countrymen: but I am not the first, by forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave: I would they had been asleep in their beds when they opened them to see this day. Come Ag, come Ag. [*Exeunt Gnotho and Agatha.*

Creon. Were not you all my servants?

Cook. During your life, as we thought, sir; but our young master turn'd us away.

Creon. How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy ruin!

Sim. I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men did. If you were as we thought you had been, we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and mutton, and such like.

Creon. Well, what damage or charge you have run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor deliver you from your wives; them you must keep; yourselves shall again return to me.

All. We thank your lordship for your love, and must thank ourselves for our bad bargains.

[*Exeunt.*

Evan. Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,
To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men,
That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

Clean. My lord, I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,
Beating my words back in their utterance.
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties, as the sea propagates.
The elephants have found their joints too——
[*They kneel.*
Why, here's humility able to bind up
The punishing hands of the severest masters,
Much more the gentle father's.

Sim. I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low as my knees again; but since there's no remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we confess we have deserved more than we are willing to receive at your hands, though sons can never deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

Creon. And what way can you decline your feeding now?
You cannot retire to beeves and muttons sure.

Sim. Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and are down to our marrowbones already.

Creon. Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind you now; [*They rise.*
You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be govern'd.

Lys. Cleanthes,
I meet your justice with reconcilement:
If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,
I have received a myriad, which confirms me
To find a happy renovation.

Clean. Here's virtue's throne,

Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels
Of love and faith, peace and affection!
This is the altar of my sacrifice,
Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.
Age-honoured shrine! time still so love you,
That I so long may have you in mine eye
Until my memory lose your beginning!
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,
Your justice and your wisdom never die,
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land,
Which you reach to her from your regent hand!

Leon. O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted
The entertainment of our retirement,
Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,
You might have sooner died upon the wonder,
Than any rage or passion for our loss.
A place at hand we were all strangers in,
So sphered about with musick, such delights,
Such viands and attendance, and once a day
So cheered with a royal visitant,
That oft times, waking, our unsteady fancies
Would question whether we yet lived or no,
Or had possession of that paradise
Where angels be the guard!

Evan. Enough, Leonides,
You go beyond the praise; we have our end,
And all is ended well: we have now seen
The flowers and weeds that grow about our court.

Sim. If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear none so good again as long as my father lives.

Evan. Only this gentleman we did abuse
With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus,
[*Discovers Cratilus.*
The man that you supposed had now been travell'd;
Which we gave leave to learn to speak,

And bring us foreign languages to Greece.
All's joy, I see; let musick be the crown:
And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*[2]

[2] It must be unacceptable both to the reader and to myself, to enter into any examination of this unfortunate comedy. The purpose which it professes is sufficiently good; but we lose sight of it in the meanness and extravagance which disfigure the subject. Yet it is impossible not to be touched by occasional passages, which, in tenderness and beauty, are hardly excelled by any of Massinger. They are either descriptive or sentimental, and are rather excrescences from the story than essential parts of it; and, on this account they may be easily detached, and remembered, for their own excellence, when the place in which they were found is deservedly forgotten. Perhaps they derive a grace from their very situation;—they are "precious jewels" in the "head" of ugliness. Any attempt to ascertain the portions contributed by Middleton or Rowley, would be but loss of labour. The ruggedness of the versification, and the obscurity of so many of the thoughts, laboured in their expression, and trivial in their meaning, prove that a great part of the play came from some other than Massinger. Nor could the lighter scenes, if the awkward movements of filth and dullness may claim that name, have been furnished by him. His manner is chiefly to be perceived in the second scene of the fourth act, and where Cleanthes and Leonides fondly expatiate on the happiness of their contrivance, at the very moment when their security is about to be interrupted.

But the reader shall be no longer detained on so questionable a composition as *the Old Law*. He may be better pleased with a few observations arising from a general view of the Plays of Massinger, and affording some illustration, however imperfect, of his talents and character.

It is truly surprising that the genius which produced these Plays should have obtained so little notice from the world. It does not appear that in any age since his own Massinger has been ranked among the principal writers for the stage. Rarely have any of his pieces been acted; and dramatick criticism has been unwilling to mention his name. It has attributed variety and greatness of character to Shakspeare and Fletcher, as if Massinger had never existed, or were entitled to none of this

praise. It has objected to the clenches and bombast which disfigure the scenes of our great bard, as if it were no credit to Massinger that he has little of the one and less of the other; and it has lamented the too close and laboured language of Jonson, without observing that the language of Massinger is some of the most chaste and flowing which the English stage can boast.—One of his characteristick qualities is his STYLE; and, on this account he is entitled to a portion of the praise which has followed the names of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is obvious, that he seldom, if ever, approaches the harsh compactness of Jonson; and he is free from certain peculiarities which too often cloud the poetry of Shakspeare. The construction of his sentences is direct and uninvolved, even in the most solemn and passionate of his scenes; and rarely does he seek for uncommon meanings by forcing his words upwards to their original sources. He is content with their usual acceptation, and does not attempt to heighten poetick effect either by inversion or a strange use of current terms. The faults into which he occasionally falls are his own, and arise from the ease which generally distinguishes him. He frequently ends a line with an unimportant word serving only as a passage to the next line; and sometimes two following lines are hurried on in the same inconsiderate manner: sometimes he raises a jingle by throwing into the same line two words of somewhat similar sound, but of different meaning: now and then too he rhymes in the middle of a speech. These are blemishes; but they grow from the very freedom of his poetry, and shew his habitual ease through the accidental carelessness which they betray: nor can it be denied that in general he is entitled to our sincere admiration for the purity and simplicity of his language, the free structure of his lines, and the natural flow and unaffected harmony of his periods. It is observable that Mr. Hume regrets the want of "purity and simplicity of diction," qualities which he cannot discover in Shakspeare. He might have praised them in Massinger; but he must have been a stranger to these Plays, and affords one instance more of the undeserved neglect which has hitherto been their portion.

Another of the peculiarities of Massinger arises from the management of his PLOT. The reader must have observed, in too many instances, with what rapidity the story is carried on, with what neglect of time and place, and, not unfrequently, of character itself. This indeed was not unusual with other writers of that age. What distinguishes Massinger, is his carefulness of memory amidst his neglect of probability. He does not fall into hurry of scene through inadvertence. He draws a plan of his irregularities before he enters upon the execution of them,

This appears from the caution with which they are introduced; for some of the strangest incidents which are to befall his characters are pointed out by early strokes and studied intimations. Thoughtlessness as to the conclusion of his story does not therefore apply to him, as it does to others. He looks forward to the frequent change of his business, and is satisfied. He is rapid "by advice," and unites, in a greater degree than almost any other writer, precipitation with precaution:

——————— *insanit certâ ratione modoque.*

Among the writers of that age, Jonson alone, perhaps, knew all the impropriety arising from a frequent and violent change of scene. This sense of exactness was doubtless impressed upon him by his love of the ancients; and he has obtained the difficult praise both of copiousness and close connexion of his incidents. Yet Jonson himself, who blamed Shakspeare's change of scene, was not wholly free from the same practice: and this has been remarked by Dryden with some appearance of triumph. Whatever might have been the sentiments of Massinger, his general practice was a disregard of consistency of plan; and his striking propensity to hurry of scene is, perhaps, to be considered as a principal cause of his comparative want of success, when he undertakes the higher and more regular subjects of history. Either he seems constrained by the new restrictions to which he occasionally submits; or, tired of these, he suddenly falls into liberties which ill accord with the gravity of his first design. Sometimes he lessens the effect of history by a choice not sufficiently sagacious or comprehensive; and sometimes he interrupts its influence by additions extraneous to the subject, or unimportant in themselves. He is then most successful when he approaches the scenes of invention under cover of some previous truth; when he glances at some known event, and presently resigns himself to the accustomed license of romance. How extravagant is the mixture of fable with fact in several of these plays, the reader must have already observed. But if he feels with me, he will derive a pleasure from the detection of some circumstance of truth amid the mass of invention, and will hail the "sacred influence" of historick light, which sometimes—

"Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
"A glimmering dawn."

The Learning of Massinger here suggests itself. It seems to have been not without respectability; yet rather ornamental to his poetry than very solid or very comprehensive. It was such, perhaps, as Jonson might have sneered at, but with some injustice. Apart from his treatment of history, which has been just noticed, it chiefly consists in an acquaintance with the

moralists and poets, and shews itself in an occasional introduction of some ancient maxim resulting from the observation of common life; or of some pretty image or tender sentiment transplanted into his love scenes. Not unfrequently, indeed, a classical thought is discoverable in him, not formally applied, but incorporated with his own sentiment, as if the recollection of an ancient writer were familiar and habitual with him; and, in an instance or two, this is done with some ruggedness, as if he had no objection to make a momentary experiment on what was the general character of Jonson. His favourite book is Ovid; and his chief display is of the common and popular mythology. Of this, indeed, he is by far too fond. Sometimes he indulges it against probability, in scenes from which the ignorance and vulgarity of the speakers ought to have excluded it; and sometimes against propriety, when the solemnity of the business, and the engagement of the attention of his personages ought to have been secured from such unseasonable interruption. He is also apt, on some of these untoward occasions, to state his mythological tale too circumstantially, and to adapt it, point by point, to the situation which he means to illustrate. He is minutely exact in applying what should have been conveyed, if conveyed at all, by a general glance; and while he pleases himself with the scrupulous fidelity of his particulars, the reader is more and more impatient at too long a detention from the proper business of the stage. There is, indeed, another kind of reading which is peculiar to himself, and claims a separate notice. It is impossible not to observe how zealous he is on religious subjects, how conversant with the images and sentiments which occur in the history of the early persecutions, and how ready in the use of ecclesiastical terms and arguments. He seems to dwell with fondness on conversions to the faith; indulges with fervour the mode of reasoning which had been used between the early Christians and the Pagans, and is so impressed with it that he employs the same train of thought for the persuasion of Mahometans and idolaters. Where he obtained this knowledge, it is difficult to say. The reader must determine whether he is likely to have drawn it from the sources pointed out in the observations on *the Virgin-Martyr*, or in those on *the Renegado*: from the general appearance of his learning, I have no objection to the opinion that he was acquainted with the works of the Christian writers themselves. One thing is very observable in him. When he describes the ceremonies of religion as they are practised in the church of Rome, it is with an earnestness and a reverence more than sufficient for the support of the character that speaks. Of this *the Renegado* alone furnishes several instances; and not only in

he anxious to procure from any hand the rite of baptism for the new convert (Donusa) about to suffer death; but, a doubt being raised for the sake of an authoritative decision, the question of lay baptism is familiarly settled upon Roman Catholick principles—

"A question in itself with much ease answered:
"Midwives, upon necessity, perform it;
"And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for
"The freedom of Jerusalem, when full
"Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmets
"The fount, out of which with their holy hands
"They drew that heavenly liquor: &c."* Vol. II. p. 209.

One circumstance, however, seems to have escaped his attention, which the history of Christian antiquity would have afforded him. In cases of extremity, when the rage of persecution would not allow the consolation of religious rites, the death itself of the sufferer was supposed by some to convey the desired benefit, and the blood of the martyr was the salutary water of baptism. But I will add no more on this subject. The learning of Massinger appears, in this view of it, to have some connexion with his religion. Indeed, the sources from which his plots were derived might have furnished some of the circumstances just noticed: but if they are his own, they are sufficient to raise a suspicion that he had a secret attachment to the church of Rome: and this seems to be the more probable opinion.

The Morals of Massinger shall next be noticed. It may seem surprising that the licentiousness which too frequently appears in these Plays, should be accompanied with any expressions of regard for morality. However, we must remember the times in which he wrote, and make allowance for the influence which the general state of society will always have on compositions for the stage. The comparative grossness of common conversation, the rude manner in which theatrical business was conducted, the wish of giving as strong an effect as possible to the character represented, and a taste as yet imperfectly formed for the management of delicate situations, and the expression of wrong desires; these and many other causes must have been very unfriendly to the purity which virtue demands. In these particulars Massinger was unhappy with other writers. Indeed no situation in life was a sufficient security for theatrical decorum; and Beaumont and Fletcher, one the son of a judge, the other of a bishop, are still more licentious than Massinger,

* The reader may compare this with the pious office which Tasso makes Tancred perform to Clorinda:
Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte, &c. Canto 12, St. 67.

without the consoling attention to moral consequences which he discovers.

In the observations on several of these Plays, the reader will have noticed the seriousness of the moral arising from the conclusion of the story: and in justice to Massinger it must be added, that, however blameable he is for the admission of any indecency of others into a work over which he had a control, the most offensive parts are not his own.* The licentiousness for which he is personally answerable, is of two sorts—one, the chief part, consists in the incidents of the story itself; the other, in loose conversation not strictly subservient to the plot, but rather gratuitously indulged. It is with much satisfaction we observe, that the indelicacy in the former case is in some measure atoned for by the merited punishment to which he commonly conducts the offenders; and lest his design should be misunderstood, he earnestly reminds us, that, notwithstanding the grossness of the story, he still means to serve the cause of virtue, and that wickedness is sure to be "mulcted" by him "in the conclusion." *The Parliament of Love*, where this caution occurs, is a convincing instance of the practice just noticed, as it combines licentiousness of incident with characteristick punishment on the contrivers of the mischief. For the other part no excuse can or ought to be offered. There is only one consolation under it: happily, his loose dialogue is ill managed. It is without spirit or attraction, as if his mind had no natural inclination to it; and the reader must be of a disposition decidedly prurient who will turn to those scenes a second time. One praise remains for Massinger, and I mention it with heartfelt satisfaction; he is entirely without profaneness. How is it to be wished that Shakspeare had been thus! and that the extraordinary power with which he impresses both good and evil sentiment had never been employed in loosening the reverence of sacred principles in the mind of the young and inexperienced reader, or in teaching other men of genius to recommend the most pernicious levity through the attractions of their wit!

The Political Character of Massinger is very creditable to him. His allusions to the publick events of the times are not unfrequent; and they are such as to shew him a man of honesty and spirit. He ridicules, with successful humour, the weak and licentious fops who infested the court. He indignantly exposes the system of favouritism, which was so injurious to the country in the reign of James, and lashes the easy or corrupt grant of monopolies with the honest views of a patriot. In return, he takes a pleasure in contrasting the loyalty of the true friends of the throne with the interested services of common courtiers. He also endeavours to correct the profligate facility with which

a personal devotion was pledged to the sovereign, and glances at the thoughtless or fallacious offers of "lives and fortunes." The dreadful events which took place not long after the expression of these sentiments throw an unusual interest over them; and we are persuaded by his personal satire, as well as by the open praises which he liberally bestows on his country, how strong and sincere was the patriotism of Massinger. It is observable too, that he does not bend to the slavish doctrine which was inculcated by so many other writers of the age; but, while he preserves a firm and substantial reverence to the throne, he watches over the actions of the sovereign, and distinguishes between his just authority and the arbitrary excesses of it. One circumstance more. Massinger lived for the most part in poverty and neglect; and it is highly honourable to him that there are no traces of publick spleen or faction in his writings. He is always a good subject; and if he reprehends the follies or the vices which stood too near the throne, he does it as a friend, and with the view of restoring it to that purity and wisdom which became it, and to that lustre in which he loved to see it shine.

It would not be necessary to mention Massinger's IMITATIONS of his contemporaries, if such a practice had not been unduly attributed to him. Mr. M. Mason seems disposed to talk of passages remembered from Shakspeare. But the practice is not very frequent, and whenever it does occur, the obligation is too unimportant to be dwelt upon. Indeed, it may be affirmed in general, that, though he may adopt occasional sentiments of Shakspeare, he can hardly be said to copy his incidents or situations. Perhaps the nearest approach to such an obligation is in *the Emperor of the East*, where jealousy on account of the apple recalls to our mind the handkerchief of Othello. Yet even here the history itself may well be supposed to furnish the situation without assistance from any other quarter; and the imitation is, after all, confined to a few scattered thoughts. It ought, indeed, to be allowed, (since the subject is thus entered upon,) that when such an imitation does take place, it is sometimes not quite so happy as the reader might wish. Either the thoughts are not so forcibly expressed as by Shakspeare, or they are given to persons whose characters do not so well agree with them. Thus, when Asambeg *(Renegado)* repeats his determination to do something terrible, but what, he does not yet know, he reminds us of a sentiment highly characteristick of the wild and ungoverned temper of Lear. But Asambeg is of a different cast. In the midst of his passion his interest is consulted; he blusters indeed, but stops to calculate consequences, and in reality is a tame character. Again, when imprecations are used

against Richard, and guilty fear is to deprive him of the power of wielding his sword, we feel that the thought is natural. But when Overreach *(New Way to pay Old Debts)* finds that the curses of those whom he has undone are upon him, and take away his strength, we perceive an incongruity. A sword was the natural and proper weapon of Richard,—the instrument by which his situation was to be maintained. Overreach has a sword never intended to be drawn: he endeavours to use it in the moment of frenzy; yet talks of its failure in the terms of a baffled soldier, as if it would no longer avenge his cause, or preserve his falling fortunes.

This notice will be sufficient for the imitations attributed to Massinger, and the circumstances which attend them. In fact, he has borrowed little from his contemporaries, and has given to Milton alone perhaps as much sentiment as he has himself taken from Shakspeare. To some later writers he has been too convenient a quarry. Without acknowledgement, they have dug from his scenes for the construction of their own, and have done him at once an injustice and an honour. By their unskilful use of his plundered matter, they have proved how much he is their superiour. The imitation of *the Fatal Dowry* in *the Fair Penitent*, has been already noticed. If the reader will pass from one of these Plays to the other, he will hardly fail to acknowledge the truth of this assertion, bold as it may appear: he will find, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on Rowe by Dr. Johnson, that laboured softness and artificial sentiment are but an ill exchange for the genuine feelings of nature, and the genuine expression of them. Again, if he will compare *the Guardian* of Massinger with the imitation of it in *the Inconstant* of Farquhar, he cannot but observe how much the natural briskness and flowing humour of Durazzo are degraded in the forced levity and empty bustle of Old Mirabel. I am not certain that Lee remembered Massinger in his *Theodosius, or the Force of Love;* but he boasts of the reception of that piece by the publick. Yet whoever will compare *the Emperor of the East* with it, will soon learn to think favourably of Massinger on this account also; and will wonder that his nature and force should be neglected, while the publick taste has been content to admire in Lee passion which never moves the soul, and vehemence which does but excite ridicule.

From these few particulars some conclusion may be drawn respecting the genius and disposition of Massinger. Perhaps he cannot be called sublime. He does not, like Shakspeare, seize the soul, and in a moment pierce it with terrour or affliction; nor does he sustain it at will in transports beyond the usual height of nature. He moves us rather by the accumulation of circum-

stances, than by single passages of unusual strength and impression. He melts too, rather than terrifies. Yet while we surrender all our compassionate feelings to *the Fatal Dowry*, we must remember the horrour excited by *the Unnatural Combat*; horrour inherent in the very situations of the principal agents, and increased, with equal artifice and power, by dark and mysterious allusions to the causes of their strange enmity, and of the fearful imprecations which they utter. He does not venture into the ideal world, and create new personages and imagine strange agencies for them. His few ghosts deserve no mention. The good and bad spirit in *the Virgin-Martyr* are not to be compared with the fantastick beings of Shakspeare: their appearance is, for the most part, human; and when their true nature breaks forth, they act in a manner which custom had already prescribed for them. The most imposing use of an event beyond the experience of common life occurs in *the Picture*; yet this is an extraordinary trick of art, which appeals rather to the ear than the eye, and which, once allowed, suffices throughout the piece: there is no magical apparatus, no visible agent conducting the train of surprise.

His comick talent is not equal to his tragick power. His merit chiefly consists in the invention of comick situations; and in these he is often remarkably happy. But the great support of Comedy is dialogue; and in this he is deficient. In general it wants briskness and variety. Of course, we must not look into him for those characters whose wit predominates through the piece, or whose fatuity is the principal cause of laughter. He has neither a Falstaff nor a Bessus; not even a master Stephen, or a Slender. Sylli, however small his pretensions, is his chief mirth-maker. Indeed, the Comedy of Massinger has a near connexion with history and the graver satire. He draws copious descriptions of the trifling or vicious manners of the age, and discovers strong purposes of moral correction, rather than smartness of conversation, and the attacks and defences of dramatick wit. Of this sort is *the City Madam*. This I regard as the chief effort of his Comedy; as *the Fatal Dowry* is of his Tragedy. These two Plays alone would be sufficient to create an high reputation. Pity for suffering virtue can hardly be excited in a stronger manner than in the latter. In the former it is difficult to say which quality prevails, the powerful ridicule of an unfeeling affectation, or the just reprobation of hypocrisy.

This determines the nature of Massinger's writings. He does not soar to the heights of fancy; he dwells among men, and describes their business and their passions with judgment, feeling, and discrimination. He has a justness of principle which is admirably fitted to the best interests of human life; and I know

no writer of his class from whom more maxims of prudence, morality, or religion may be drawn. He is eminently successful in representing the tender attachment of virtuous love, and in maintaining the true delicacy and dignity of the female character; and in general he displays a warmth of zeal on the side of goodness which at once pleases and elevates the reader. To this excellence of sentiment he adds much strength and variety of talent; nor will any one doubt it who has perused these Plays with attention. The general chasteness of language with which they are written, the peculiar elegance of style in *the Great Duke of Florence* and *the Parliament of Love*,—the united dignity and madness of passion of *the Duke of Milan*,—the animation and heroism of *the Bondman*, and the talent of discrimination added to those in *the Maid of Honour*.—the striking eloquence of *the Roman Actor*,—the comick force of the *Very Woman*,—the strong ridicule and moral reprobation in the *New Way to pay Old Debts*,—and the peculiar playfulness of *the Picture*,—these, and many others which might be mentioned with equal justice, are incontrovertible proofs of a genius far beyond the common level. Cartwright has invidiously remarked the "wretched genius and dependent fires" of those who, in his time, wrote plays for bread. This cannot be said of Massinger without the greatest injustice. He has written not for his benefactors alone; his country owes him an obligation, and it would be a reproach to our discernment if so much merit were still overlooked. Indeed it is very difficult to account for the long inattention of which he has hitherto to complain. The troubles which so soon followed the first appearance of these Plays, dropt the curtain on Massinger and every other genuine writer for the stage. Perhaps for about twenty years the stage was altogether silent. It might have been expected, however, that the Restoration, which revived several of the plays of Shakspeare, and more of Beaumont and Fletcher, would have done some justice to Massinger.

I am not sanguine about my conjecture, but the following may be considered as one of the leading causes of the neglect which he experienced. It appears that the prevailing taste of those times was such as his scenes were not much calculated to gratify. An extraordinary attachment burst forth to the swift turns and graces of the stage, as Dryden terms them, and to the chase of wit briskly pursued in dramatick conversation. These qualities, as it was just now observed, do not distinguish Massinger. They were supposed at that time to be possessed by Fletcher alone; and this probably was the reason of the marked preference which he obtained; for we know from Dryden, that two of Fletcher's Plays were acted for one of

Shakspeare. As to the wit of Jonson, it was considered as too stiff for that age. But the chief injustice seems to rest with Dryden himself. In his *Essay on Dramatick Poetry* he praises others for qualities of which Massinger might have been adduced as an example, and blames them for failings from which he was free; yet of Massinger no mention is made: and probably this was sufficient warrant for succeeding criticks to pass by a name which so great a man had appeared not to know, or not to value. As to the attempts in the last century to make Massinger known through succeeding editions of his works, they call for some acknowledgment on account of their motive; but the performance can hardly be mentioned without indignation. Lord Bacon somewhere talks of the disservice done to literature by the "*rash diligence*" of some "in the correction and edition of authors." One would think he had looked forward to the treatment of poor Massinger by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason!— But it is time that his obscured merit should at length appear in its proper light; and Massinger has found, from the present Editor, what has been so humanely wished for him, a vindication of his name in a pure and accurate text.

One thing yet remains; to explain why I have taken a part in the present publication. The account is short and simple. The Editor, having already resolved on the publication, and prepared the text for the press, requested of me a revision of these Plays, and such observations as the active discharge of professional duties would allow me to bestow on them. To this he was doubtless impelled by his known partiality to the judgment of his friend; and, in some measure, perhaps, by the recollection that, in our early days, we had read together some of the works of our dramatick writers. This statement, it is hoped, will excuse me with the professed lovers of the drama, who may find these observations of too serious a cast, or wanting that minute acquaintance with the stage which might be required. My chief attention has long since been turned to other pursuits; nor have I thrust myself into this employment; neither, indeed, has any "calling" been "left" for it. Massinger has truly said, that to be able

"——————— to pierce to the depth,
"Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,
"Is but an ornament."

The great business of life has more solemn claims; and it is a consolation to add, that while this act of friendship has been performed, the higher and more important duties have not suffered. If, with this necessary reservation, the talent of Massinger has been at all unfolded; and especially, if his writings are now made more useful than they might otherwise have been, by

the careful observation of his subject, and the pointing of his moral, I shall be satisfied. As to the rest, it is but a trifling service which can be performed by me in this, or perhaps any other, province of letters: but, to apply the words of a great man on a far higher occasion, "so have I been content to tune the instruments of the Muses, that they may play who have better hands." Dr. Ireland.

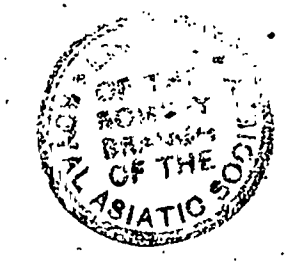
POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY

PHILIP MASSINGER.


OF THE
ROYAL
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY

POEMS.

To my judicious and learned Friend the Author, [JAMES SHIRLEY] *upon his ingenious Poem,* the Grateful Servant, *a Comedy, published in* 1630.

THOUGH I well know, that my obscurer name
Listed with theirs[1] who here advance thy fame,
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,
Among the rest a modest votary
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise;
Or hope it can find credit in this age,
Though I should swear, in each triumphant page
Of this thy work there's no line but of weight,
And poesy itself shewn at the height:
Such common places, friend, will not agree
With thy own vote, and my integrity.
I'll steer a mid way, have clear truth my guide,
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.
Here are no forced expressions, no rack'd phrase;
No Babel compositions to amaze
The tortured reader; no believed defence
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence;
No obscene syllable, that may compel
A blush from a chaste maid, but all so well
Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say
It is a grateful poem, a good play:
And such as read ingeniously, shall find
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

[1] *Listed with theirs,*] John Fox, John Hall, Charles Aleyn, Thomas Randolph, Robert Stapylton, Thomas Craford, William Habington.

To his Son, J. S. *upon his* Minerva.[a]

Thou art my son; in that my choice is spoke:
Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.
It shew'd more art in Virgil to relate,
And make it worth the hearing, his gnat's fate,
Than to conceive what those great minds must be
That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy.
And such as read and do not apprehend,
And with applause, the purpose and the end
Of this neat poem, in themselves confess
A dull stupidity and barrenness.
Methinks I do behold, in this rare birth,
A temple built up to facetious Mirth,
Pleased Phœbus smiling on it: doubt not, then,
But that the suffrage of judicious men
Will honour this Thalia; and, for those
That praise sir Bevis, or what's worse in prose,
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write
In a new strain, and from it raise delight,
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance,
But merit, crown thee with the laurel branch.

Philip Massinger.

[a] *To his Son,* J. S. *upon his* Minerva.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason (or rather Coxeter alone, for poor Mr. M. Mason neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter,) say this little poem was addressed to James Shirley; and Davies, in his *Life of Massinger,* reasons upon it as an indisputable fact. The truth, however, is, that these initial letters belong to James Smith, a man of considerable wit and learning, and a dignitary of the church. He was the author of several short pieces, and, among the rest, of that to which this, with other commendatory poems, is prefixed, *the Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses,* a burlesque satire upon some incoherent translation of those days, and the prototype, perhaps, of Cotton's *Virgil,* and *the Rehearsal.* Wood says, that Smith "was much in esteem with the poetical wits of that day, particularly with Philip Massinger, *who called him his son.*" *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. p. 397.

SERO SED SERIO.

To the Right Honourable my most singular good Lord and Patron, PHILIP *Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Lord-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, &c. upon the deplorable and untimely Death of his late truly noble Son,* CHARLES *Lord* HERBERT, *&c.*[2]

'TWAS fate, not want of duty, did me wrong;
Or, with the rest, my hymenæal song
Had been presented, when the knot was tied
That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride
A happy pair. I curs'd my absence then
That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd pen,
Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,
When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time
To pay a general debt; mine being more
Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise
Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise
To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,
Being silent then, aim at an elegy?
Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one verse
Deserving to wait on the sable hearse
Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies
Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes
That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would

[2] Charles lord Herbert, whose early death is here lamented, was the eldest surviving son of Philip earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. He was made a knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I. and married in 1634 to Mary, daughter of the great duke of Buckingham; soon after which he went abroad, (for she was too young for cohabitation,) and died of the smallpox at Florence, in January 1635-6.

Write what he was, to all posterity, should
Have ample credit in himself, to borrow,
Nay, make his own, the saddest accents sorrow
Ever express'd, and a more moving quill
Than Spenser used when he gave Astrophil
A living epicedium. For poor me,
By truth I vow it is no flattery,
I from my soul wish, (if it might remove
Grief's burthen, which too feelingly you prove,)
Though I have been ambitious of fame,
As poets are, and would preserve a name,
That, my toys burnt, I had lived unknown to men,
And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.
Vain wish, and to be scorn'd! can my foul dross
With such pure gold be valued? or the loss
Of thousand lives like mine merit to be
The same age thought on, when his destiny
Is only mentioned? no, my lord, his fate
Is to be prized at a higher rate;
Nor are the groans of common men to be
Blended with those which the nobility
Vent hourly for him. That great ladies mourn
His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn
Drops of compassion; that true sorrow, fed
With showers of tears, still bathe the widow'd bed
Of his dear spouse; that our great king and queen
(To grace your grief) disdain'd not to be seen
Your royal comforters; these well become
The loss of such a hope, and on his tomb
Deserve to live: but, since no more could be
Presented, to set off his tragedy,
And with a general sadness, why should you
(Pardon my boldness!) pay more than his due,
Be the debt ne'er so great? No stoick can,
As you were a loving father, and a man,
Forbid a moderate sorrow; but to take

Too much of it, for his or your own sake,
If we may trust divines, will rather be
Censured repining, than true piety.
I still presume too far, and more than fear
My duty may offend, pressing too near
Your private passions. I thus conclude,
If now you shew your passive fortitude
In bearing this affliction, and prove
You take it as a trial of heaven's love
And favour to you, you ere long shall see
Your second care[3] return'd from Italy,
To bless his native England, each rare part,
That in his brother liv'd, and joy'd your heart,
Transferr'd to him, and to the world make known
He takes possession of what's now his own.

Your honour's

Most humble

And faithful servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

[3] *Your second care*] Philip Herbert, who survived him, and succeeded to his title and estates.

THE END.

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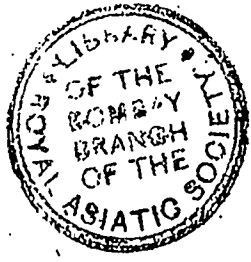
ERRATA.

P. 44, l. ult. for *Ex. Antog* read *Ex Analog.*
P. 192, l. 16, *for* borough, *read* burrow.
P. 519, l. 11, *after* venues, *insert* a semicolon.
P. 544, l. 6, *for* cozen, *read* cousin.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